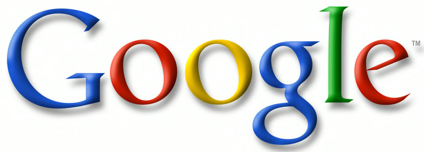


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THE MUTINY IN INDIA



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THE INDIAN MUTINY.

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THE

INDIAN MUTINY,

TO

THE FALL OF DELHI.

COMPILED BY

A FORMER EDITOR OF THE "DELHI GAZETTE."



LONDON:
G. ROUTLEDGE & CO. FARRINGDON STREET;
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1857.

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PREFACE.

Although the time has not yet arrived for a calm, impartial narrative of the extraordinary episode in Indian History that is still fascinating the attention of the civilized world, it may not be altogether inopportune to present to the Public a careful outline of the principal events by which it has been characterized. It is fondly believed that the following epitome of the terrible scenes that have been enacted in our Indian empire will be found substantially correct, and sufficiently comprehensive for all general purposes. The Compiler has endeavoured to sift and assort his redundancy of materials so as to omit nothing of real interest that appeared to be authentic, at the same time that he rejected the idle fictions that throw a certain spurious romance around particular persons and incidents: there remains, however, enough of the heroic to satisfy the most craving appetite. Whatever other defects may be noted in this humble narrative, the Compiler claims for himself the credit of having "nothing extenuated, nor set down aught in malice."

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THE INDIAN MUTINY.

CHAPTER I.

Mutterings of the Storm.

Mutinies among the native troops of India in the British service have oftentimes occurred within the present century, but never before on so grand a scale, or with such an extensive organization. The very principle of a mercenary host implies a love of greed rather than a passion for military glory. That a conquered race should struggle to cast off a foreign yoke, or that a hireling soldiery should murmur upon any reduction of their accustomed pay and allowances, would be, in the one case, creditable, and, in the other, perfectly natural and human. But the vast majority of the population of Hindostan has for so many centuries been subjected to the domination of a strange people, that patriotism has long since become etiolated, if not positively extinct. There remains, indeed, a passive and feline partiality for the spot where they were born, for the wells and groves constructed or planted by their ancestors, and for the temples erected by the piety or vain-glory of their forefathers. It is the ashes of the dead, says a popular French poet, which create a fatherland; but with the genuine Hindoo, the fatherland extends no farther than the boundaries of his natal village. He has a keen interest, indeed, in all that exists or vegetates within those narrow limits, and would freely hazard his life in defence of his neighbour's ox, or ass, or anything that is his; but beyond that line, he has no sympathies or concern, except on one point alone, and that is the purity of caste. This is the only bond that binds together the many millions of the Hindoo race, but, unlike Alexander's knot, it can neither be untied nor severed. Thus, although it would be vain to look for any abstract love of country according to European notions, an equally powerful, if not a still greater, motive for combined and enthusiastic action pervades the breast of every believer in Brahma. The most patient of mankind, he will submit with apparent apathy to every caprice of his conquerors, so long as his caste remains

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untainted; while that is preserved free from suspicion, he is ready to endure any form of oppression, and will even kiss the rod that smites him. His caste is literally his god: it is all that he lives for now,—all that he relies upon for an hereafter. His religion is wholly ceremonial. He ejaculates the name of Ram, whether for prayer or thanksgiving; he feeds Brahmins; he reveres the holy water from the sacred streams of the Ganges or the Jumna; he makes his humble offering at a favourite shrine of a handful of common flowers, and his mind is at rest, for he has fulfilled his outer religion. But there is also an inner and a mysterious faith, which is his real conception of the religious idea, and that is expressed by the word Caste. There are certain things he cannot do, certain things he cannot touch or taste, without becoming unclean, without losing his caste: and the loss of caste implies the rupture of all family ties, the severance of the closest and dearest bonds of kindred. The out-caste is an alien in his own home: he is despised and deserted by his wife, abandoned by his children, loathed and reviled by his kinsmen, and, finally, thrust out of the community. No man will give him his daughter to wife. His favourite child will refuse to give him bread or water. His neighbours shrink from him with horror, as if he were some foul, leprous thing. His hearth is left desolate, his household gods are broken, he is alone, and a wanderer on the face of the earth. It may be that this is a gross and ridiculous superstition, but, at least, it is the only substitute for religion and patriotism of which the unconverted Hindoo appears to be possessed. We may marvel at such intensity of childish ignorance, we may despise and ridicule such absurd prejudices, but we shall grievously err as men, philosophers, and statesmen, if we attempt too hastily to extinguish this one scintillation of faith, to loosen this one social tie, to trample under foot this one common feeling, this one connecting link of sympathy with their kind. An oppressive taxation, a debasement of the current coin of the realm, a violation of the political constitution, a tampering with religious forms or faith,—any one of these or similar causes will suffice to create a revolution, or a civil war, in a Christian state; but the Hindoo cares for none of these things, nor can he thus be roused to action and enterprise. But let his caste be menaced, and there is no wild beast in the forest more fierce and fell; no reptile more treacherous; no demon ever imagined by priest or poet more cruel and relentless. It was the knowledge of this fact, this prejudice, this national monomania—the only trace, indeed, of nationality existent among the Hindoos—that has rendered the

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Court of Directors so jealous on the subject of Christian proselytism. They foresaw the danger that must eventually arise from indiscreet, though well-meaning persons, who, from excess of zeal or ignorance of human nature, might be induced to undervalue, or ignore, this great stumbling-block and rock of offence. They, therefore, refrained from offering any encouragement to missionary enterprise, and even positively forbade their own servants, civil, ecclesiastical, and military, to interfere in any way with the religious notions of the people among whom their lot was temporarily cast. Until very recently this prohibition was strictly enforced, and even to the present time—except in a few very rare instances—no military or magisterial influence has been brought to bear upon sepoy, peasant, or tradesman. The result was a thorough confidence in our good faith, or indifference, and the most bigoted Hindoo never dreamed of our being worse than bad Christians. Unacquainted with our private devotions, and observing only a somewhat lax attendance at places of public worship, the natives naturally imagined that men who seemed so careless about their own religion would never take much trouble about the religion of their neighbours. Thus, free from suspicion, they held on the even tenor of their dull, monotonous lives, relieved only by an occasional funeral or feast of betrothal. And, without doubt, this is the chief reason why the country-people, generally, have abstained from taking any active part in the present revolt. Their feelings were not interested. They had no apprehension about the preservation of their caste. They knew that, in other respects, their persons and property were more secure under the British than under any native government, and they therefore wisely preferred to endure the grievances to which they had become accustomed, rather than incur certain risks to obtain uncertain advantages. It is almost a matter of demonstration that so far as the people—in our sense of that word—are concerned, no rebellion would ever take place, unless they believed their caste to be in danger, and on that head they are still perfectly satisfied. How then, it will be asked, came the sepoys to be so deeply impressed with the conviction that *their* caste was imperiled, as to sacrifice their present pay and future pensions, and to plunge into an unequal struggle with their pale-faced masters? The explanation is simple—the causes lie on the surface.

The facility with which, in our early Indian campaigns, large masses of native troops were defeated and dispersed by a mere handful of Europeans, led to the obvious conclusion that they were deficient in personal courage as well

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as utterly destitute of the higher qualities which can alone insure success in war. It was, therefore, with a feeling of agreeable surprise that the discovery was subsequently made, that the sepoy when commanded by English officers becomes as good a soldier as any in the world. On more than one occasion the Madras sepoys crossed bayonets with French grenadiers and drove them from the field, and at Bhurtpore a Bengal regiment thrice planted their colours on the breach, while two British regiments hung back and refused to leave the trenches. Nor are these mere isolated examples of exceptional enthusiasm. Through long years of arduous warfare the native soldiers continued to display a steady discipline under fire, only equalled by their general good conduct in quarters. A revulsion of sentiment and opinion consequently took place in their favour. They were lauded to the skies in General Orders. Their pay and allowances were at various times increased, without any previous application on their part. The most scrupulous respect was shown to their whims and prejudices. They were petted and pampered like children, or as if they had been Prætorian cohorts, with whom it rested to bestow or withhold the imperial title and power. No wonder, then, that they became inflated with an idea of their vast importance, and considered themselves the real masters of the state. Their self-complacency gradually overstepped all bounds; and, like all mercenary armies, they threatened to become more formidable to their employers than to the enemy. The most experienced of the Indian statesmen for some time past had perceived and denounced the folly of humouring them too far. The late Mr. Thomason, the lieutenant-governor of the North-West Provinces, was so fully prescient of the danger, that, one day, as a native sentry saluted him, he turned to his companion and said: "There stands our future enemy." Lord Hardinge, too, is reported to have declared to a friend, before he started to assume the government of India, that he had no apprehension about any enemy he was likely to encounter except the Bengal army. Of Sir Charles Napier it is useless to speak, as that hot-tempered old chief usually expressed at some time or another two diametrically opposite opinions on every subject. Lord Metcalfe, however,—a far higher authority—is known to have entertained considerable uneasiness of mind as to the permanence of British supremacy in the East, and once made the humorous remark, that some fine morning all the Europeans in India would get up with their throats cut. In short, our position was not unlike the terrestrial system of the

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Brahmins, according to which the earth is represented as being supported by an elephant standing on a tortoise which rests upon nothing. The elephant in this case was our Anglo-Saxon energy and high moral organization; while the tortoise was the native army, whose allegiance depended on the gratification of their avarice and every caprice. So long as there were new states to be conquered, or any active work to be done, the sepoys remained tolerably faithful and manageable. But when all foreign enemies had been crushed, and internal tranquillity likewise appeared to have been secured, they fretted under the weariness of inaction, and grew captious and discontented. In default of real grievances, they conjured up imaginary slights and indignities. The Brahmins, of whom there were only too many in every regiment, fomented the feeling of disaffection. Curtailed of their former influence, these inveterate intriguers spread abroad ambiguous hints as to the proselytizing tendencies of their Feringhee masters. It was reported and believed, that the government had resolved to take an early opportunity to make Christians of them all. This opportunity was being hastened on by the construction of roads, canals, telegraphs, and railways. When all these means of rapid communication should be completed, nothing would be easier than to issue simultaneous orders to every station throughout Hindostan, to mass the European troops at commanding points; and then in an instant of time to Christianize the entire army. It must be borne in mind that the Hindoos do not regard baptism as a profession of faith, as the necessary preliminary to becoming members of the Christian fold. In their eyes it is sufficient to deprive them of their caste to make them proselytes. The simple fact of their pollution implies the change of religion, for theirs is entirely a ceremonial religion. An illustration of this statement is furnished in the annals of the rajahs of Etah. At a time when Mahommedan emperors occupied the throne of Delhi, and were acknowledged as suzerains by all the petty princes within hundreds of miles, a usurper seized upon the fort and principality of Etah. The deposed rajah straightway proceeded to the imperial court, stated his case, and was supplied with a body of troops to enable him to recover his rights. In the battle that ensued, the usurper was worsted and made prisoner, and the Mahommedan general inquired of the rajah what punishment he wished to inflict. "Make a Mussulman of him," was the stern reply. The poor wretch was instantly circumcised, and being compelled to take a morsel of beef into his mouth, his conversion was complete.

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The remainder of his days he spent as a fakir at a Mahommedan tomb or shrine. In like manner, under Aurungzebe, some thousands of Hindoos were converted to Islam, whose descendants still occupy several villages in the neighbourhood of Delhi, but are nevertheless Hindoos in all save the name, and the outward and visible form. It would therefore have been sufficient for their conversion to Christianity, were they inveigled into tasting or touching the unclean animal. "Me, master's religion—me eat pork," is the ordinary profession of faith on the part of worthless servants at the presidency towns, who have picked up a few of the words and all the vices of their Christian rulers. Even since the commencement of the mutiny, the reason assigned for their desertion by some of the sepoys at Agra, who absconded from their lines but afterwards returned, was a report that the local authorities intended to set out on the parade-ground tables covered with meat, and to compel both Hindoos and Mahommedans to eat and be defiled. It may, therefore, be fairly assumed that a belief, however unfounded, pervaded the native army, especially the Hindoo portion of it, that their involuntary conversion to Christianity was already premeditated, and that a favourable opportunity alone was now wanting to strike the decisive blow. Defensive measures were promptly taken on their part. The Hindoos are essentially gregarious and cohesive. Nowhere is the principle of organization better understood, nowhere is the force of systematic and combined action better appreciated, than in Hindostan. For a long time past it was notorious that a brisk and sustained correspondence was kept up between the different regiments of the Bengal army, however remote might be their respective stations. There is no reason to suppose that any aggressive schemes were in contemplation; all that was desired was the understanding that they would mutually rely upon one another in offering a combined resistance, if Government attempted to coerce them in any way contrary to their religion, or the conditions under which they took service. As an emblem or token of their universal agreement, a chupatty, or flat cake—and some say a lotus-flower—was passed on from station to station, pledging each corps to stand by its neighbour. It is evident that when men's minds are in this state of unquiet expectation, it needs but a trifling cause to create a wide-spread and terrible commotion. For that cause they had not long to wait.

If Mahommedans, generally, are noted for their insolent and overbearing demeanour, those of Delhi surpass all others

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in a swaggering gait, and in intense hatred to the Feringhee. Nor is this any matter for surprise. The loss of empire could hardly fail to inspire them with at least a sullen animosity towards their conquerors. Instead of being the dominant race, friends and kinsmen of the mighty emperor of Hindostan, they found themselves reduced to the miserable alternative of engaging in trade or agriculture, or of accepting subordinate situations in our law courts, or, finally, of submitting to a wretched dependence on a puppet king, the pensioner of unbelievers. The unwonted humiliation rankled sorely in their hearts, but they felt their impotence, and were constrained to abide their time.

The late kingdom of Oude was formerly an appendage of the Mogul empire. The Nawab of Oude was hereditary wuzeer, or prime-minister, of the emperor, and from him received the investiture of his dignity. Lord Hastings, however, plumed himself on a brilliant stroke of policy, by which he raised up Lucknow as a check and counterpoise to Delhi. In the year 1819, the Nawab Ghazee-ood-deen Hyder was encouraged to assume the title of king, and to deny the suzerainty of the emperor. The Delhi Mahommedans, however, never recognized the right of the East-India Company to confer independent power; for, in theory, the Company itself was a vassal of the great Mogul. There was also another point of difference. The royal family of Delhi are orthodox Soonnees, that of Oude schismatic Sheeahs. The former accept as leaders of the faithful, Mahommed's three actual successors, Abubeker, Omar, and Othman, who are rejected by the latter in favour of Mahomed Ali, the prophet's nephew, Hassan, and Hossein. There are likewise some minor points of difference in ceremonial matters, which suffice, however, to generate and maintain a deadly enmity between the two sects. The Turks, the Afghans, and the majority of Indian Mahommedans, are Soonnees, while the Persians, and many of the Oude people, profess themselves followers of Ali.

The restless discontent of the Delhi Mahommedans was inflamed to fever heat by Lord Dalhousie's final decision in 1849, that, on the death of the reigning king, his grandson should be recognized as heir-apparent to the title, on condition that he retired from the palace-fort at Delhi, and fixed his residence at the Kootub. A few years later the Oude Mahommedans were also disquieted by the dethronement of their king, and the annexation of their territory to the British empire. The act may have been just and necessary, but it proved to be ill-timed, nor were efficient measures adopted

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to secure its immediate success; as to its ultimate good effects there can scarcely be two opinions. The consequence was a perfect reconciliation of the Delhi and Oude Mussulmans, though it does not appear that they had any definite object in view, and they were certainly destitute of a leader. There is not the slightest ground for the assertion that a conspiracy existed for the extirpation and extermination of the Europeans. The only point of union was a feeling of distrust, and a shadowy apprehension of some mysterious danger that threatened the religion of both Hindoos and Mahommedans. A very large proportion of the Bengal army were natives of Oude, and of these probably two-thirds were Hindoos. The extinction of that kingdom, for no cause intelligible to the natives themselves, thus united all religions and sects against the imaginary proselytism of their Christian rulers. Alone, neither Hindoo nor Mussulman would have been formidable; and it was usually affirmed that their mutual jealousies would always prevent their combination, and that our own predominance was mainly based on that very circumstance. Numberless prophets, indeed, have since come forward and invited public attention to their ancient predictions; but it must be admitted that they were sufficiently vague to suggest some doubts as to the clearness of the seer's own vision. The fact is, the catastrophe anticipated at the close of the fifth act has been put upon the stage before the drama was more than half played out. The universal sentiment of Anglo-Indian society is expressed in the reply made, only a few months before the outbreak, by a member of the Calcutta Council, when a colleague uttered some doubts as to the result of certain new enactments:—"Oh, the thing will last our time, and so we need not care!" Like the dwellers upon Mount Vesuvius, the authorities, and, indeed, the entire European community, lightly tripped over the hidden fires, conscious that they might at any moment burst forth, and overwhelm them—certain that there would be a terrible eruption sooner or later, but carelessly hoping that it would not happen in their time. Dazzled by the brilliant facility of their past triumphs, they had brought themselves to believe in a peculiar mission, like the ancient Hebrews; and, blindly trusting in their special Providence, they neglected all ordinary human precautions for securing the safety and permanence of their position. They knew that there was an evil spirit abroad, but they took no steps to disabuse men's minds until the mischief was done. They made no preparations against the coming storm; though the sea-birds on the shore were shrilly screaming, though a black murky spot was already visible on

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the horizon, though the hoarse murmur of the tempest was breathing heavily on the darkening waters. The trumpet gave forth a sound, but it was an uncertain one, and so no one armed himself against the day of battle. Suddenly a spark was applied to the train laid by many hands, and in a moment of time all was death, desolation, and despair.

CHAPTER II.

The Storm bursts—Misconduct of the 19th and 34th N.I.—Mutiny at Meerut—Revolt of Delhi.

A MAN of low caste employed in the artillery arsenal at Dum-dum—so runs the tale—one day asked a Brahmin soldier to allow him to drink some water out of his *lotah* (a small vessel of brass used for drawing and containing water). The Brahmin declined, on the ground that his *lotah* would be rendered unclean by the touch of the thirsty and low-caste man. "You are very particular about your caste to-day," rejoined the other with a sneer; "but you don't mind biting cartridges that are made up with animal fat." The Brahmin, in an agony of shame and terror, inquired the meaning of this startling accusation, and was informed that the cartridges given out for the new Enfield rifles were made up with pigs' or bullocks' fat. The story spread with the rapidity of fire in a stack-yard, and the credulous sepoys, both Hindoo and Mahommedan, readily believed that a covert attempt was being made to undermine their respective religions. It is needless to insist upon the absurdity of the idea: *they* were convinced of its truth, and could not be persuaded that, although the cartridge-paper might be glazed, it was not greased. In every regiment there is always a certain number of chattering mischief-makers, who obtain a sort of importance by seeing further through a mill-stone than their neighbours. These fellows were, of course, delighted with the semblance of an excuse for their mysterious nods, shrugs, and words of dark meaning. They pounced upon the fable of the cartridges like vultures upon carrion, and served it up in all quarters with various embellishments. The first consequence was a refusal on the part of the 19th N.I., stationed at Berhampore, to make use of the new cartridges. It so happened, indeed, that the cartridges which were actually given out to them were of the old fashion, such as they had used for years without scruple or hesitation, and

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were some that had been left in store by the 7th N.I. But they were in no mood to listen to reason, nor did the remonstrances and explanations of their European officers avail to bring them to their senses. Colonel Mitchell had, therefore, no alternative but to coerce them by a demonstration of force. He accordingly ordered a general parade for the morning of the 25th February, and drew up the refractory regiment in a position that was commanded by a European regiment and a battery of guns. He then ordered them to ground their arms—an order which they promised to obey so soon as the Europeans and the artillery were withdrawn from the ground. Unwilling to have resort to force except as a last resource, Colonel Mitchell gave the desired orders, and the sepoys instantly laid down their arms. They were afterwards marched down to Barrackpore, and being there disbanded on the 3rd of April, were turned adrift to carry their grievances and discontent to every station in the Upper Provinces.

The next regiment to show the cloven foot was the 34th N.I., stationed at Barrackpore. On the 29th March, a sepoy of that corps, named Mungul Pandy, maddened by excessive indulgence in intoxicating drugs, armed himself with a loaded musket and sword, and staggered up and down in front of the lines, uttering seditious and drunken cries. Lieut. Baugh, the adjutant, assisted by Serjeant-major Hewson, attempted to seize and disarm the riotous scoundrel, and called upon the quarter-guard to turn out and do their duty. The latter remained sullen and passive spectators of the struggle that ensued, which resulted in the European officers being severely wounded. For this mutinous conduct, both Mungul Pandy and the native officer in command of the quarter-guard were tried, convicted, and hanged, and that wing of the regiment—for the three companies at Chittagong were naturally excepted—was disbanded and turned out of the service. The painful ceremony took place at Barrackpore on the 6th of May. "At daylight, two sides of a square were formed by H.M.'s 53rd and 84th, the 2nd, 43rd, and 70th N.I., two squadrons of cavalry, consisting of the body-guard and the 11th irregulars, and a light field-battery with six guns. When the line was formed, seven companies of the 34th, about 400 strong, were halted in front of the guns; the order for disbandment was read out by the interpreter, Lieut. Chamier; and after a few energetic remarks upon the enormity of their offence, General Hearsey commanded them to pile their arms, and strip off the uniform which they had disgraced. They obeyed without a moment's hesitation. The work of paying up their arrears was then commenced, and in two hours the disorderly

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sepoys, now converted into an orderly mob, were marched off to Pulta Ghaut for conveyance to Chinsurah, the grenadiers of the 84th and a portion of the body-guard attending their footsteps." A few days later, the Governor-general in council issued a proclamation, warning the army of Bengal against the idle and unfounded tales which were being disseminated by designing and evil-minded men, and assuring them that the government of India entertained no desire to interfere with their religion or caste, but would continue, as of aforetime, to treat the religious feelings of all its subjects with careful respect. But the season for explanations and mild remonstrance had already passed away. The mutinous spirit had inoculated almost the entire army, and from this time scarcely a mail arrived from the Upper Provinces without bringing tidings of some new and terrible disaster.

On the 3rd of May, the 7th Oude irregular infantry refused to receive the cartridges served out to them, and left the parade-ground; but Sir Henry Lawrence, officiating chief commissioner in the absence of Sir James Outram, took immediate measures to repress their insolence. The regular native troops, with H.M.'s 32nd foot, and a battery of eight guns, were at once called out; but the sight of the artillery with their lighted matches was too severe a trial for the courage of the mutineers, who instantly threw down their arms and fled in wild confusion.

A more eventful scene was now at hand. Ninety men of the 3rd light cavalry at Meerut were ordered out for practice with the new rifle, but only five would make use of the cartridges. The eighty-five malcontents were consequently brought before a court-martial and condemned to imprisonment for ten years with hard labour. Their sentences were read out on parade on the 9th May, and the offenders marched off to jail. This was on a Saturday. On the following evening, while the Europeans were attending divine service, the men of the 11th and 20th regiments of native infantry assembled tumultuously upon the parade-ground, evidently bent upon mischief. No sooner were the European officers apprized of what was going on, than they hurried to the spot, in the hope of pacifying the misguided soldiery. One of the first to arrive was Colonel Finnis of the 11th, brother of the Lord Mayor of London for that year; but while he was haranguing the 20th, a sepoy shot him in the back. He fell fainting from his horse, and was speedily hewed to death. The work of slaughter being thus inaugurated, the sepoys gave way to the most violent and riotous excesses. The troopers of the 3rd light cavalry hastened, in the first

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instance, to the jail, forced the doors, and released their comrades. The felons and miscreants confined in the prison were likewise set at liberty. Joined by these reckless villains and by the vagabonds that infest every large military station, and indeed every large town, the mutineers rose upon their officers, set fire to the European bungalows, or dwelling-houses, and commenced an indiscriminate massacre of all the Christians they encountered, without sparing either age or sex. Mr. Greathed, the commissioner, and his wife were saved by the fidelity of their servants, but others were not so fortunate. About thirty Europeans were cruelly murdered. "On all sides shot up into the heavens great pinnacles of waving fire, of all hues and colours, according to the nature of the fuel that fed them, huge volumes of smoke rolling sullenly off in the sultry night air, and the crackling and roar of the conflagration mingling with the shouts and riot of the mutineers." There was at Meerut at the time a European force consisting of H.M.'s 60th rifles, the 6th dragoon guards (carabineers)—only partly mounted—a troop of horse artillery, and 500 artillery recruits; in all, nearly 2,000 men of all arms, with a full complement of officers. But, unhappily, the divisional command was in the hands of a worn-out old man, who had done good service, indeed, in his time, but was now unfitted by age and a long residence in an enervating clime, to act with the promptitude necessary in such a crisis. Much valuable time was lost in calling out the Europeans, whose barracks were some little distance from the native lines. When the carabineers were at length mounted, they rode off at a brisk trot, through clouds of suffocating dust and darkness—for it was already past eight o'clock, and there is no twilight in India. They did not, however, advance in the direction of the conflagration, but, skirting it, finally debouched on the left rear of the native infantry lines, which were all in a blaze. Passing along in the rear of these, they presently came upon the 11th parade-ground, where they found the rifles and the artillery, but the mutineers had already made off towards Delhi. The rifles, taking the lead, picked off a few of the rearmost fugitives, and then the horse artillery, galloping to the front, unlimbered and opened fire upon a copse in which some of the mutineers had sought shelter, with heavy discharges of grape and canister which tore and rattled among the trees, but failed to do much other damage. After this useless demonstration the force returned to cantonments to protect the station against any nocturnal assaults, while the mutineers,

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flushed with their partial success, pushed on to the imperial city, without being further molested even by the cavalry.

Between seven and eight o'clock on Monday morning, the 11th May, a small body of the 3rd light cavalry arrived at the bridge of boats that spans the Jumna at Delhi. A report was at once made to the commissioner, Mr. Simon Fraser, who instantly drove down to order the city gates to be closed. But before he could reach the spot the mutineers had already entered within the walls, and commenced the work of destruction. They first set on fire the bungalows in Durya Gunge, and killed all the Europeans they encountered. They then plundered the dispensary near the fort, and murdered Chimmun Lall, the native doctor. Seeing the commissioner driving up to the palace-fort they dashed after him, overtook him, and cut him down, but not before he had shot at least one of their number. It is said they afterwards cut off his head and carried it about in triumph. At the palace gate they asked to see Capt. Douglas, commandant of the palace guards, and when that officer came down to remonstrate with them, they shot him dead upon the spot. Rushing up-stairs into his room, they found the Rev. Mr. Jennings, the chaplain of the station, and his daughter, an amiable young lady lately arrived from England and engaged to be married. In spite of her tears and shrieks they butchered her father before her eyes, and eventually put her also to death, after subjecting her to the vilest indignities.

Meanwhile a noble instance of self-devotion was being given by British officers in the magazine. The arsenal at Delhi was, perhaps, the largest in India, stored with vast numbers of heavy guns and a large supply of firearms, percussion-caps, and other warlike *matêriel.* It also contained a powder-magazine, but the principal one was situated near the cantonments fully two miles beyond the city walls.

"On the morning of that day (the 11th May), between 7 and 8 A.M., Sir Theophilus Metcalfe came to my house, and requested that I [Lieut. G. Forrest] would accompany him to the magazine, for the purpose of having two guns placed on the bridge, so as to prevent the mutineers from passing over. On Sir Th. Metcalfe alighting from his buggy, Lieut. Willoughby and I accompanied him to the small bastion on the river face, which commanded a full view of the bridge, from which we could distinctly see the mutineers marching in open column, headed by the cavalry, and the Delhi side of the bridge was already in the possession of a body of cavalry. On Sir Th. Metcalfe observing this, he proceeded with Lieut. Wil-

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loughby to see if the city gate was closed against the mutineers. However, the step was needless, as the mutineers were admitted directly to the palace, through which they passed cheering. On Lieut. Willoughby's return to the magazine, the gates were closed and barricaded, and every possible arrangement that could be made was at once commenced. Inside the gate leading to the park were placed two 6-pounders, double-charged with grape, one under acting Sub-conductor Crow and Sergeant Stewart, with the lighted matches in their hands, and with orders that if any attempt were made to force that gate, both guns were to be fired at once, and they were to fall back on that part of the magazine in which Lieut. Willoughby and I were posted. The principal gate of the magazine was similarly defended by two guns, with the *chevaux de frise* laid down on the inside. For the further defence of this gate and the magazine in its vicinity, there were two 6-pounders so placed as either to command the gate or a small bastion in its vicinity. Within sixty yards of the gate and in front of the office, and commanding two cross roads, were three 6-pounders and one 24-pounder howitzer, which could be so managed as to act upon any part of the magazine in that neighbourhood. After all these guns and howitzers had been placed in the several positions above named, they were loaded with double charges of grape. The next step taken was to place arms in the hands of the native establishment, which they most reluctantly received, and appeared to be in a state not only of excitement, but also of insubordination, as they refused to obey any orders issued by the Europeans, particularly the Mussulman portion of the establishment. After the above arrangements had been made, a train was laid by Conductors Buckley, Scully, and Sergeant Stewart, ready to be fired by a preconcerted signal. So soon as the above arrangements had been made, guards from the palace came and demanded the possession of the magazine in the name of the king of Delhi, to which no reply was given.

"Immediately after this the subadar of the guard on duty at the magazine informed Lieut. Willoughby and me that the king of Delhi had sent down word to the mutineers that he would without delay send scaling-ladders from the palace for the purpose of scaling the walls, and which shortly after arrived. On the ladders being erected against the wall, the whole of our native establishment deserted us, by climbing up the sloped sheds on the inside of the magazine, and descending the ladders on the outside; after which the enemy appeared in great number on the top of the walls, on whom

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we kept up an incessant fire of grape, every round of which told well as long as a single round remained. Previous to the natives deserting us, they hid the principal pouches, and one man in particular, Kurreem Buksh, a durwan, appeared to keep up a constant communication with the enemy on the outside, and kept them informed of our situation. Lieut. Willoughby was so annoyed at this man's conduct, that he gave me an order to shoot him should he again approach the gate.

Conductor Buckley, assisted only by myself, loaded and fired in rapid succession the several guns above detailed, firing at least four rounds from each gun, and with the same steadiness as if standing on parade, although the enemy were then some hundreds in numbers, and kept up a continual fire of musketry on us, within forty or fifty yards. After firing the last round, Conductor Buckley received a musket-ball in his arm, above the elbow, which has since been extracted; I, at the same time, was struck in the left hand by two musket-balls, which disabled me for the time. It was at this critical moment that Lieutenant Willoughby gave the order for firing the magazine, which was at once responded to by Conductor Scully firing the several trains. Indeed, from the very commencement, he evinced his gallantry by volunteering his services for blowing up the magazine, and remained true to his trust to the last moment. As soon as the explosion took place, such as escaped from beneath the ruins, and none escaped unhurt, retreated through the sally port on the river face. Lieutenant Willoughby and I succeeded in reaching the Cashmere gate. Lieutenant Raynor and Conductor Buckley have escaped to this station (Meerut)."

It is supposed that 500 of the insurgents perished on this occasion. The gallant Willoughby himself subsequently fell into the hands of some villagers, who, without pity for the grievous injuries he had already received, inhumanly put him to death.

While a portion of the mutineers were thus engaged, others spread through the city, massacring the Christian inhabitants, and even many of the clerks and servants in their employ. One of their first acts was to plunder the bank, and murder Mr. Berresford, the manager, with his wife and five children, whose throats they slowly severed with broken glass. They also plundered the different government treasuries, destroyed the church, and demolished the premises of the *Delhi Gazette*, throwing the presses into the river and melting down the type into slugs. The printers

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and compositors attempted to escape in the disguise of natives, but being recognized, were hacked to pieces.

So soon as the brigadier was made acquainted with the arrival of the mutineers from Delhi, he lost no time in sending down the 54th regiment, under Colonel Ripley, supported by two guns. "The 54th marched down to the Cashmere gate in good order, but on the approach of some of the sowars, about fifteen in number, the sepoys rushed suddenly to either side, leaving their officers in the middle of the road, upon whom the troopers immediately came at a gallop, and, one after the other, shot them down. The officers were, with the exception of Colonel Ripley, unarmed; the colonel shot two of them before he fell. After butchering all the officers of the 54th, the troopers dismounted and went among the sepoys of the 54th, shaking hands with them, and, it may be supposed, thanking them for their forbearance in not firing on the murderers of their officers. The troopers were perfectly collected; they rode up to their victims at full gallop, pulled up suddenly, fired their pistols, and retreated. The countenances of the troopers wore the expression of maniacs; one was a mere youth, rushing about flourishing his sword, and displaying all the fury of a man under the influence of *bhang*. They were in full uniform, and some had medals. The 54th made some show of firing their muskets, but the shots went, of course, over the heads of the troopers, who had evidently full confidence in the reception they were to meet with."

The 38th and 74th were also ordered under arms, and moved on to the artillery-parade, where Captain De Teissier was posted with the remainder of his battery. The 38th then marched to the Flagstaff tower, and formed line along the high road. As the day advanced, and it became known that the 54th had refused to act, the other regiments began to display symptoms of insubordination. The explosion of the powder-magazine suddenly drove them into open mutiny, as if by an uncontrollable impulse. On the appearance of the clouds of dust in the air, the men of the 38th raised a cry of "*Deen! Deen!*" (the war-shout of the Mahommedans), and rushed to their piles of arms. They then seized the guns, and a sepoy shot the commandant's horse. About 5 o'clock, P.M., a cart, drawn by bullocks, arrived at the Flagstaff tower, where, by that time, a large party of Europeans had assembled, and it was whispered that it contained the bodies of the officers and sergeants who had been massacred in the city. The cart was covered over with ladies' dresses, to screen the dead from view, but a protruding arm told, in

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terrible language, the ghastly nature of the burden. It is much to be regretted that orders were not issued early in the day for all ladies and children to leave the station, and repair to Meerut or Kurnaul; but it must also be remembered that the extent of the mutiny was only gradually discovered, and that, to the very last moment, the officers believed in the stanchness of their own men. However, when it became unmistakably apparent that every one must consult his own safety, the brigadier ordered the bugle to sound the retreat. Then commenced a scene of wild confusion. Those who had conveyances cheerfully shared them with those who were less fortunate, but in many instances their native coachmen had driven off with their carriages and horses, and left them to flee as best they could.

A large party of officers and ladies had collected at the mainguard within the Cashmere gate, but towards the afternoon Major Abbott determined to send the ladies to cantonments. As there were no conveyances they were mounted on the carriages of the guns, when suddenly the sepoys dislodged them and opened a murderous fire upon the group. Several were severely wounded, but under the wonder-working influence of terror they all threw themselves into the ditch, scrambled up the scarp, and reached Metcalfe House. There the servants gave them some refreshments, and conducted them to the river-bank just as the mutineers burst into the grounds, burning and destroying whatever they could not carry off.

What happened after the flight of the ladies from the Flagstaff tower, has been thus related by an officer of the 38th N.I. :—"As I brought up the rear, our men fell in in column in order; but as we retired, they streamed off right and left by hundreds into the bazaar, till at last the colonel and I found ourselves with the colours and a handful of men. We intended to make for a ford by the powder-magazine, but our men showed that they were no longer under control, took the colours, and made for their lines. The colonel and I followed. We sounded the assembly, and there was a great hubbub. We implored the men to fall in, but they stood still and declined. The colonel went among them, and begged they would shoot him if they wished it. They vowed they had no ill feeling against us. It was here I saw the last of poor Holland (since safe). His horse had not been ridden all day; it came from his bungalow. I heard Holland exclaim, 'Which way did the ladies and carriages go?' Some one replied, 'The Kurnaul road;' and I watched him canter across the parade-ground to the bridge by the Company's garden. If I had

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had a wife or child, or any one belonging to me in the carriages, I might have done the same; but, as it was, I dismounted, patted Gibraltar with a kind of presentiment of evil, and sent him to my bungalow, and walked disconsolately into our quarter-guard. The colonel did the same; somehow the idea of flight did not occur to us. I got my bed down from the bungalow and my kit, and went for some dinner. Then our men commenced urging us to escape, but we refused, and I fell asleep. I awoke, and my bearer entreated me to go, and said that the ruffians were coming from the city. Peile was also in the quarter-guard. We each took one of the colours, and got as far as the door, but the men closed on us, and jerked them out of our hands. Firing commenced behind us, and the satisfaction of being shot by one's own troops is small. I met the colonel in the doorway, and, seizing him by the wrist, forced him along over the parade-ground to the bridge by our butts. It was quite dark. We reached it untouched, and scrambled on till we fell exhausted by a tree. Soon the moon rose, and cantonments in a blaze threw a glare on the colonel's scales; my scabbard flashed, and white clothing looked like snow. We crouched like hares, and thus passed all that fearful night, now running forward, now hiding in hollows and gaps, as voices seemed in our track. We kept parallel to the road which leads to the Shalismar gardens. We crossed the Jumna canal by a ford, and drank as perhaps we never drank before. The poor colonel was terribly exhausted; we had had nothing all day. Day broke, we were under a tree, and the colonel tore the scales off his coat and hid them in the bushes. We perceived a broken-down mud hut at a little distance. Into this we crept and lay down; while there, as the sun rose, we perceived a party of sepoys and others advancing towards us; they seemed to search the bushes, and the sun glittered on their arms. I cocked my pistol mechanically, but after two barrels I had no more ammunition. The colonel had not even his sword. I remember saying, 'Oh, colonel, death is better than this horrible suspense.' The sepoys turned towards the river, as if thinking that we had taken the ford, and disappeared. Some Brahmins discovered us as they came to work, one took us to the village and put us in a tope (clump of trees), while he got us chuppatees (bread) and milk. On the way Mr. Marshall, the auctioneer and merchant, met us. After giving us food, our Brahmin friends took us over a ford of a branch of the Jumna, and concealed us in the long jungle-grass on the other side. While there another came to me and said a party of fugitives like ourselves were in the grass at a little distance. I followed,

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and he led me some two miles, when I found a party of ladies and others concealed. (The party that had escaped from the main-guard.) They had passed much such a night as we did, with one narrower escape. As they lay concealed some men passed and saw a riband or a bottle, and saying, 'Oh, they have been here, evidently,' went on. They came to the same ford, and while concealed heard me described by my eyeglass, sent for me, and thus we happily met. We could not stay in the grass, so that evening started, the Brahmins conducting us to a ford over the Jumna. We travelled some two or three miles up stream before reaching it. Our hearts failed, and no wonder where ladies were concerned, as we looked at the broad swift river. It was getting dark, too. Two natives went across. We watched them anxiously wade a considerable portion of the river; then their heads alone appeared above water. It was our only chance of life, and our brave ladies never flinched. It was so deep that where a tall man would wade a short man would be drowned. I thought it was all over when, on reaching the deep water with Mrs. Forrest on my left arm, a native supporting her on the other side, we were shot down the river; however, by desperate efforts and the assistance of another native, we reached the bank in safety. I swam back once more for another of our party, and so ultimately we all got safe over. It was a brave feat for our ladies to do. We passed another wretched night, suffering fearfully from cold, and crouching close to each other for warmth; there was no noise but the chattering of our teeth. Next morning we were discovered and led to a tope, where again the Brahmins temporarily proved our friends, but they turned us out shortly afterwards with news that there were sowars behind and sowars in front. We turned wearily to the left, to fall into the hands of the Goojurs. These ruffians gradually collected and with a wild howl set upon us. Our arms had been under water and useless, and they were fifteen to one. They disarmed us and proceeded brutally to rob and strip us. I think a fakir here saved our lives. On we toiled all day in a burning sun, with naked feet and skins peeling and blistering in the burning wind. How the ladies stood it is marvellous, yet they never murmured or flinched, or distressed us by a show of terror. We were taken to a large Brahmin village that night and concealed in a fakir's hut. We were there three days, and I trust hereafter handsomely to reward our benefactors. While here we sent in a letter in French to Meerut asking for assistance. It seemed not to come, and from Bhekia we were taken to Hurchundpore at the request of an old zemindar, who had heard of our

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whereabouts, and treated us royally. He was a German by birth, an old man of eighty or ninety, and now native in dress, language, &c.—not in heart or religion. He sent us up clean stuff for clothes, and gave us something like civilized food again. That evening thirty sowars (troopers), under Lieutenants Gough and Mackenzie, who volunteered for the service in answer to our letter, rode in, and we enjoyed the luxurious sense of release from the almost hourly expectation of death. The old man provided carts for us, and at 10 p.m. the day week of our escape from Delhi we reached Meerut."

Another fakir safely conveyed to Meerut a little child he had picked up somewhere in the jungle. It was too young to give any account of itself, or of its parents, and must soon have perished from want and exposure, had not this good Samaritan been moved to pity by its tears. In general, however, it must be admitted that the villagers treated the fugitives with wanton cruelty. Not content with robbing them of their arms and money, they stripped off their clothes, which were useless to themselves, and oftentimes added wounds and blows to insult. In one village a child's shoes were found with the feet still in them, cut off while the infant was yet alive. In another a man was apprehended and hanged, who boasted that he had violated an English lady, and then cut off her breasts and killed her. Another dragged out a lady from beneath a bridge where she was endeavouring to conceal herself, and conducted himself towards her with similar barbarity. There were, indeed, a few exceptions. One lady and her child were protected for many weeks by an old man, who removed them from village to village, as each hiding-place became suspected and dangerous. Some of the zemindars, or landed proprietors, likewise exhibited considerable humanity; but in most cases our unhappy countrymen experienced but little mercy or kindness from the natives,—the women showing no more humanity than the men.

One of the most wonderful escapes on record was that of Dr. and Mrs. Wood and Mrs. Peile. The doctor's jaw had been fractured by a musket-shot, supposed to have been fired by a sepoy of his own regiment. They were among the last to leave the Flagstaff tower, so that it was half-past six before they started on the road to Kurnaul. Mrs. Peile, whose admirable presence of mind saved the little party, thus tells the thrilling tale of their strange adventures:—

"We had only proceeded a short distance on the Kurnaul road, when some men came to us and begged of us not to proceed any further on the road, as the whole of the officers

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and ladies who had gone before us had been murdered, and that we should meet the same fate if we persisted in our journey. We knew not what to think, and at first resolved to go on our journey let what might follow, when a very neatly-dressed native, a perfect boy, made his appearance; he made us a most respectful salaam, and told us that he was in the employ of Lieutenant Holland, the quartermaster of the 38th, and advised our taking the road he pointed out, and very kindly took us off the Grand Trunk road into some fields. We could not drive quickly, as the land was perfectly rugged. We had only walked our horses a short distance, when the thought struck me that the men who were surrounding us were nothing less than robbers themselves. This thought was very soon confirmed, by the men coming up to us and asking for rupees. I had a few rupees in my jewel-box, but was afraid to open it, lest they should see what it contained, and therefore told them to go to our house and take anything they took a fancy to. They particularly inquired where our house was situated, and I explained it to them as well as I could. They, however, fancied we had money with us, and insisted on my showing them the seat of the buggy, and they searched every corner of it, but still I managed to keep my jewel-box. I was driving, with Mrs. Wood by my side, and the hood of the buggy being down, the vile wretches had a capital opportunity of standing up behind; and, with the number of tulwars and sticks which they had, could have killed us in a very short space of time. Mrs. Wood had a black velvet head-dress on, and as it had some bugles about it, it glittered a good deal in the moonlight; and when they saw this, they lost no time in tearing it from her head, and at the same time struck her rather heavily with one of their sticks. We had by this again reached the Grand Trunk road. Here we met the two guns, which, by the way, accompanied those who started before ourselves out of the station. One of the cavalry men was riding by the side of the guns, and at first I was inclined to think that aid had reached us from Umballah or Meerut, instead of which it was the guns returning to the city. I called out to the trooper, fearless at the time of being murdered, to assist us by directing us our safest road. The answer I received was —'Go that way,' pointing to Kurnaul, 'you will get murdered. Come this,' pointing to Delhi, 'and you will meet the same fate.' We were then quite close to the gunners and the dreaded trooper, but they offered us no insolence. One of the gunners, in fact, got off the gun-carriage and walked the whole way by the side of the buggy

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to the Company's-gardens at Delhi, to which place we at last determined to go. At the arched gate of the gardens we met two men, and from the implements which they held in their hands we took them for gardeners. They promised to shelter us in the huts in the garden, and we followed most readily to them. Here they brought a charpoy (a native bed), for the doctor to take rest on, and we sat by him. The gunner was still with us, and as we were close to the lines we asked the gunner to go to the hospital for some lint, and to ask the native doctor to come to us, in order that the wound might be dressed. The man performed his errand most faithfully, for about an hour after we had despatched him a coolie came with the lint and some bandages, telling us that the native doctors were tied hand and foot, and were by order of the king of Delhi placed in doolies, and were starting for the city to take charge of the king's troops, otherwise they would most readily have come to our assistance. By this time the villagers had found out that two ladies and a doctor were secreted in the gardens, and bands after bands made their appearance. The gardener advised our taking shelter inside the hut, as he said that they would be sure to kill him if they found he was protecting us. Up to this time both charpoys were outside in the garden, for the night was very hot. The gardeners then locked us inside, but we had scarcely been shut up when another band of robbers, about fifty in number, made a rush at the door. We kept quite still, thinking they might leave us; but we heard them determine on breaking the lock, which was soon effected, and into the hut they rushed. I went up to one of them and implored him to save us. He asked for what we had. I told him we had lost everything we possessed, but until he had searched us he would not give credit to what we told him. Certain it was, for even to my bonnet and cloak had been taken, and the carriage-horses and buggy-horse ridden away, whither we knew not. They were not satisfied with taking our horses, but broke up the carriage and buggy in our presence. We had no one with us but the doctor's coachman, who remained with the doctor, whom we laid under a large mango-tree, till we returned to take him for the night to a village near the artillery lines. When we reached the village it must have been about 3 o'clock A.M. on the morning of the 12th. We had to plead very hard for shelter, but when we were admitted we found the people very kind, and they gave us native bread, and the doctor some milk to drink. We tried to take rest, but sleep at a time like this was quite out of the question. We were in the open air till

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daybreak, when the head man of the village, a Hindoo, advised our going into a cowshed, the cattle having been taken out for our reception. Fortunate, indeed, it was that the good old man took these precautions, for soon after daylight one of the women ran to the shed and begged of us to remain quite quiet as some sepoys were just entering their village. I at first thought she wished to frighten us, and the first thing I did was to look over the mats which formed the door, and sure enough there stood a sepoy; and had he been standing with his face towards the shed in which we were secreted, he must have seen me. He was, however, standing talking to the old man of the village, and was making a request for carts and bullocks to assist in taking away the officers' property. He was dressed in every way like a sepoy, with the exception of pantaloons; in place of the latter article of dress he had on the dhotee, usually worn by the natives of India. The man appeared in a great hurry to get rid of the sepoy, for he gave him bullocks and carts in a very short space of time. We were anxious to set out that night on our wearisome journey, and begged some of the women of the village to give us water to wash the doctor's shirt. This they did most willingly, and glad indeed were we to have an opportunity of making him somewhat comfortable, for he was perfectly saturated with blood. The men of the village gave us some more bread, and after having filled our water-flask, which was an earthen one, we started about 6 P.M. on the 12th. As we knew not were to find the main road, one of the villagers, a tall fine young man, offered to accompany us a short distance. We availed ourselves of his kind offer, and he took us in safety to the Grand Trunk road. Here he parted from us, and five or six horrible-looking ruffians approached us. We told them that we had lost everything, and that we were then on our way to Kurnaul. They asked several questions, and each question was replied to most civilly by me. When they found, from making a search on our persons themselves, that we had really nothing to be robbed of, one of the men inquired of one who had a tulwar (or sword) when he would take our lives. This I heard most distinctly, and, seeing him who had made the above-mentioned remark turn back with all but this one man, who, by the way, assured his friend that he would murder us, to use his own words, 'a little way further on the road,' I went boldly up to the man and told him to spare me, as I had one little boy who had gone ahead, whither I knew not, and that I had left my husband on the parade-ground at Delhi the night

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before, and had not heard of him since; and as I wanted to hurry on in search of my child, I begged of him to spare my life. He appeared rather undecided, and I thought of my wedding-ring, which I still possessed, and at once took it off my finger and gave it to him. He took it, bade us good night, and went in the same direction as ourselves, in advance. I mentioned to Dr. and Mrs. Wood what I had heard these men talking about, and begged of them to go round the Ochterlony garden, so that in case he went on to bring out a few of his kin to meet us, we might deceive them, as this garden was some three miles in circumference, and the village to which we fancied he was proceeding was on the road-side between this place and the cross-roads where the city and cantonment roads meet. We managed to get round the garden without any one noticing us, but on again reaching the main road we were rather startled by, as it were, a cluster of men standing in the middle of the road. We, however, continued on our march, and the closer we approached it the more it looked like an assemblage. We were, however, agreeably disappointed at finding it to be a dâk carriage with its wheels taken away and partially broken up. The villagers were firing in every direction, at what I know not, and every now and then we heard heavy guns. We managed to get as far as the cross-roads at about 4 o'clock in the morning of the 13th. Here we were met at a serai or halting-place for native travellers. The men who here attacked us were very powerful-looking fellows. One of them I noticed as having an officer's sword, of which he appeared proud, for he drew it from its scabbard and told us that the king of Delhi had ordered every European, either man, woman, or child, to be murdered. The doctor, who was very weak and exhausted, was then prostrate on the ground, and I fell on my knees with the drawn sword over my head, and begged of him to save us. They insisted, before they allowed us to depart, on my giving up my dress. This I did, but after I had given it up to them I begged they would again return it to me, and, most astonishing to say, they did so. We then started off again, and during the daytime we thought it would be wise to hide ourselves under bridges; but then again, we could not possibly have kept the doctor alive in his weak state without a little milk, and, therefore, seeing a village close by we made bold, and went to them to beg some milk for the doctor. The villagers were very kind, and not only gave us what we asked for the doctor, but gave us also some bread for ourselves; but, from fear of the sepoys and troopers, refused giving us shelter.

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We were, therefore, compelled to go in search of some place of concealment for that day, and hot indeed we found it; the sun was most powerful, and the wind was like fire itself, to say nothing of the sand like so much hot charcoal under our feet. We first found shelter under a tree; and being close to a well, we found it a most convenient place, for we never felt the want of food; but water was indispensable, and having been furnished with a long piece of string, we managed to draw the water from the wells ourselves. We were, however, shortly obliged to leave this place, as a great many native travellers were passing and repassing; and from the Mussulmans who took the trouble to come off the road to see who we were we received the greatest insults, and were compelled to go a greater distance off the road, where we found a good large hole, surrounded with high grass. We very soon all sat down, and were not observed again during that day. We set out again at night when dark, and travelled as far as we could, being, indeed, but a short distance, when we laid the doctor under a tree, close to the roadside, to take a little rest. Mrs. Wood, too, was very tired, and she lay down on the bare ground likewise, while I sat leaning against the trunk of a tree, half asleep and half awake. It was about one o'clock in the morning when I heard the distinct sound of horses' feet, and apparently a great number of people all talking at once. They were at so great a distance that I could not, on first hearing them, make out which way they were going. I, however, listened most attentively, and assured myself that they were on the road to Delhi. I then awoke Mrs. Wood, and told her to listen to the tramp and clatter of horses' feet; and as the horsemen were then very near to where we were lying, we drew an old dirty sheet over us to prevent them from seeing our white, or rather black, petticoats. I should say that there were at least 100 horses and ponies; and as part of them had already passed us, I began to hope that the rest would pass on without observing us. Scarcely had I so hoped, when one of the men shouted out, 'Who are you lying down there?' I immediately went forward to him. By this time the horsemen were at a standstill. I approached the man, not uttering a word, when he exclaimed, 'Why, it's a mem sahib,' or, in English, 'a lady.' Finding that he spoke very kindly, I felt new life as it were in me, and told him that we were refugees from Delhi, and as we had a wounded man, we could only travel at the rate of about four, or at the most five, miles during the night, and that we were taking a little rest by the roadside. I then inquired of them who they were and whence they had come.

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They said that they belonged to the 2nd irregulars, and that they were going to their homes on leave. I asked them where their homes were, and was told that they were on their way to Furruckabad. The man who first approached us now inquired of us if we would partake of some bread and sugar, which we most gladly accepted. The sepoy then asked me how we could get to Kurnaul with a man with his under-jaw partially shot away, and in his weak state. Thinking myself that we should never reach that place without some conveyance for the doctor, I asked them to take us all with them; and, after some persuasions, the head man of the party consented to take us; and as there were but two spare animals,—one horse and one pony,—there was a cry out how they could manage to convey a third person. I agreed to ride on one of the troopers' horses by their side, while the doctor was mounted on a beautiful white horse, and Mrs. Wood on a pony, and I can safely say I never mounted quicker in my life. We were now on our way back to Delhi again; but the sepoy was very uneasy regarding us, and said, after some little distance on our journey, that he was afraid we should be detected, and thought it best we should dismount and find our way as best we could to Kurnaul. We therefore dismounted, and led our sick man back to the place where the sepoys found us; here we rested for a little while, and we then went on our way again. We reached a village about four o'clock A.M. the next morning, and sat down under a tree close to the village. At daybreak we saw the men going to their work, and as it was a Hindoo village, we were not afraid to venture to it. We were met by an old man, who took us into the village, and bade us rest quite quietly, as no harm would befall us there. During that day we met with the utmost kindness from this man, who gave us bread and milk for the doctor, and had water heated to wash the doctor's wound. A Brahmin who lived in an adjoining village heard we were taking shelter in a village next to his own, and he came to see us, bringing hundreds of his villagers with him to see us likewise; he insisted on making the doctor a wooden pipe to drink his milk through, as he no sooner took nourishment than it ran outside his face, and most successfully did he make the pipe, for the doctor found it a great benefit. This Brahmin gave us the information that another doctor was in his village, and from his description of him we immediately concluded that it was Dr. Batson of the 74th Regiment. We sent him a message asking him to come, if possible, and remove some portion of the jaw, which was causing great pain

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and annoyance to Dr. Wood. He sent word back, according to the Brahmin's account, that he had no clothes, and could not appear before ladies, but sent some Epsom salts and a wineglass to the doctor. We told the Brahmin that, as the old man of the village had promised us shelter for that night, one of us would go and see him in the morning. Mrs. Wood accordingly went, while I remained with the doctor; but when she reached the village, which was not more than a quarter of a mile distant, she was told by the villagers that he had left. The old man who had protected us the day before was fearful of allowing us to again enter his village, lest the Delhi sepoys should hear of his secreting us, in which case, in all probability, his village would have been put in flames by them, and therefore told us to go away as quickly as possible. It was a frightfully hot day, with a burning wind, and we felt quite unequal to proceed on our journey, and begged of another man of the same village to take care of us for that day. He promised he would, and bade us follow him, which we very quickly did. We soon found ourselves in a most dismal room with one door and no windows: he brought us two beds, and told us to go to sleep. We had only been inside the room about half an hour when about 150 Mussulmans came to the door with sticks, tulwars, and other rude weapons, and commenced fighting among themselves. Their evident wish was to murder us, for the Brahmin, whom I before mentioned, begged of us to leave the village there and then, and in so great a hurry were they to get quit of us, that they would not allow us time to fill our water-vessel. Although we had been from Delhi some five days, yet we were not more than about ten miles on our journey. We left this place about ten o'clock in the morning, and, great as was the heat, we travelled some five miles that day. We arrived at another village about two o'clock the same afternoon, and received the greatest kindness from most of those belonging to the village. We were not permitted to enter the village, and therefore sat in the verandah of one of the huts built for the coolies of the engineers' department of public works. We found the women very civil and kind to us at this place, much more so than those whom we had just left. They brought us as much water as we required; and, finding that they were most obliging and kind, we begged an old pan of some kind to wash the rags for the doctor's face. They did everything for us that lay in their power, bringing us a curry made of vegetables, which was the nicest and best meal we had had since we left Delhi. We again set out that

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night after dark, and walked nearly to Balghur; but when we found ourselves within sight of the village we resolved on lying under a bridge, and so hiding ourselves from view. We were, however, detected, and before we could scarcely sit down hundreds of the natives came to look at us, all being armed. They prevailed on us not to remain under the bridge, but to go with them to a road-sergeant's bungalow, which was empty and close by. We found the bungalow locked, and therefore took up our quarters in a stable belonging to the house. We remained in quiet, save that hundreds came and went away again, till one sly fellow, with a most horrible tulwar, became most impertinent to us; and, knowing that we could not harm him, he took advantage of us by drawing his tulwar from its sheath, and running his finger along the edge of it. At last he became unbearable, and Dr. Wood, who is a Roman Catholic, took his gold cross from his breast. The brute, seeing it, at once threatened our lives if we did not instantly make it over to him. We lost no time in taking it from the doctor. He very soon cut the black riband to which it was attached, and came to us with the gold in his hand, and begged of us to tell him what its value in rupees was. The doctor replied, 'Sixteen rupees.' He then went away, and the ranee of Balghur, hearing that two ladies had arrived at a place close to her village, sent us word to go to her house. We fancied we were now quite safe, and went to her immediately we could. When we arrived at her place of residence she ordered her servants to cook us some rice and milk for our dinner, and told us we could remain as long as we liked. During the time we were in the stables belonging to the sergeant's bungalow, a native, who lived at no great distance, heard that two ladies and a wounded man were at Balghur, and, thinking we would go to him, being, as he was, a road-contractor, he sent some native conveyances drawn by bullocks, with armed men, numbering in all about fifty, headed by the very man who, not three hours previous, had threatened our lives, and robbed the doctor of his cross. I was sitting outside the building when the conveyances came up, and on seeing this wretch my heart leaped within me. I told the men, after they had delivered their message from the contractor, which was to the effect that we had better go to his village, that I could not trust myself to the man who had already threatened our lives; the reply I received was, 'Oh, but he is our captain;' and a greater rogue even than the man in question was selected as their colonel. We found ourselves very well cared for, and therefore refused to accompany these gentle-

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men, and sent them back. We were now only twenty-two miles from Delhi, and it was the 17th of the month. I asked the ranee, with whom we had an interview, to oblige us with a pen and ink, as a young man had promised to take a letter for us to Kurnaul, at which place we were given to understand many of the military were. The bearer of this letter was to receive fifty rupees for his trouble. After having written it, we called the man to take charge of it, and there and then despatched him. We wrote to the brigadier to send out some guard to take us safely to Kurnaul; but, soon after the man had left, the ranee told us not to remain at her village the next night, as she was afraid of her own people rising against her. We had been sheltered by her for one night, but we had quantities of cows as companions, for we were shut up with about twenty of them. The next day, about three o'clock P.M., we heard from the natives at the ranee's that a tall gentleman had just arrived at Balghur, and was taking shelter in the stable adjoining the road-sergeant's bungalow. We were sure, from the description given, that it was Major Paterson. He had, so the people told us, received a blow on his head, and was bleeding much. I, knowing that my husband was with Major Paterson when we left them at Delhi, immediately wrote, and asked if Mr. Peile was with him. He had, of course, neither pens, ink, nor paper, but he procured an old piece of earthen pan and a burnt stick, and wrote me that he had not seen my husband since the night of the 11th. We sent the major some rice which the ranee had had prepared for us, and begged of him to wait for us, as we were about to proceed to Kurnaul. Scarcely had half an hour elapsed when I heard that another very thin gentleman had reached the village, and that he had heard that his wife was marching along the road, and that he was in search of her. This gentleman proved to be my husband. When he came to us he was greatly altered, having been blistered from head to foot by the heat of the sun. He had, of course, lost everything, like ourselves, and, strange to say, in the same garden, and nearly at the same time. The robbers took everything off him with the exception of a banyan and pair of socks. He walked along till some of the natives gave him a little covering. He then found a village not far from Delhi, the head man of which sheltered him for several days, and would have allowed him to remain longer had he wished; but hearing that two ladies with a wounded man were creeping along the road, he concluded that it must be our unfortunate selves. We then all met, and started from Balghur at about six P.M. on the 17th. We walked till

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about eleven o'clock that night, when we were received with great kindness by a jemadar, who put us into a kind of walled yard, and gave us beds and some native bread for our suppers. We passed a most comfortable night at this place, and again set out on the morning of the 18th. We reached another village about six o'clock that morning, and the working men, seeing what difficulty we had in getting the doctor along, volunteered to carry him from village to village, where they could be relieved of their burden. This was a most kind offer, and was most gladly accepted by us. We then set out again, and we reached a place called Nowsowlie at about three o'clock in the afternoon of the same day, completing a distance of twenty miles in those few hours. I know not how we managed it, for the road was a most rough one, and our feet were literally studded with thorns. We found a Company's servant at Ghursowlie, who provided us with food and beds. We set out next morning to Lursowlie, a distance of about twenty-two miles from Kurnaul. We were frightfully burnt from the scorching sun and fiery wind, and as I had had no covering for my head all these days I at times fancied my brain was affected. I begged of the man in authority at Ghursowlie, before starting, to give me a piece of cloth of some kind, which he did. This I made dripping wet and bound it round my temples. We then all started off to Lursowlie. Major Paterson and I were on horses, and Mrs. Wood and Mr. Peile were on mules. The doctor was provided with a bed, and so we made our appearance at the latter place. We here met with more Company's servants; these men were very kind, and seeing us so badly clad gave us more clothes. We remained at Lursowlie the whole of that night and the next day, but we were in a sad state of mind from not receiving any answer to our request for assistance. Our minds were, however, greatly relieved by hearing the sound of the coachman's horse about four P.M. the next day. We had nothing to pack up, and no sooner had the 'shigeam' (for so it is called) arrived, than we had taken our seats. The Puttealah Rajah had sent out cavalry to escort us into Kurnaul, about forty horsemen, and a pretty appearance they had. They were mounted on beautiful horses and were dressed in the gayest of colours. We arrived at Kurnaul that night at about seven P.M."

A few days later this heroic lady arrived with her husband and friends at Simlah, to enjoy a welcome repose after such severe trials of mind and body.

Mr. Wagentreiber, the sub-editor of the *Delhi Gazette*, and the most popular member of the journalistic world of India,

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fled in an open carriage to Kurnaul, his wife driving and his step-daughter handing him a loaded rifle after every shot, while his babe slept calmly on through the horrid din and excitement. Five different times was he attacked, but a bold heart and a steady hand enabled him to force his way through his murderous assailants, four of whom he shot dead and wounded other two. Mrs. Wagentreiber, however, received some severe blows from iron-bound *lathees*, or clubs, and he himself was wounded on the arm by a sword-cut. Another wonderful escape was that of Sir Theophilus Metcalfe, who contrived to secrete himself for three days in Delhi, and thence made his way to Hansi, after wandering in the jungles for ten days. But it is needless to dwell any further upon the sufferings of the fugitives, except to record the heroic fortitude and Christian resignation with which they were endured.

It fared far worse, however, with the unfortunate beings who were shut up within the city walls. No mercy was shown to age or sex. Delicate women were stripped to the skin, turned naked into the streets, beaten with bamboos, pelted with filth, and abandoned to the vile lusts of blood-stained miscreants, until death, or madness, terminated their unutterable woe. A few Europeans, it seems, took refuge in a mosque. For the account of what followed we are indebted to the deposition of a native eye-witness. "As they were without water, &c. for several days, they called for a subadar and five others, and asked them to take their oaths that they would give them water and take them alive to the king; he might kill them if he liked. On this oath the Europeans came out, the mutineers placed water before them, and said 'Lay down your arms and then you get water.' They gave over two guns—all they had. The mutineers gave no water. They seized eleven children, among them infants, eight ladies, and eight gentlemen. They took them to the cattle sheds. One lady, who seemed more self-possessed than the rest, observed that they were not taking them to the palace; they replied they were taking them *viâ* Durya Gunj. Deponent says that he saw all this, and saw them placed in a row and shot. One woman entreated them to give her child water, though they might kill her. A sepoy took her child and dashed it on the ground; the people looked on in dismay, and feared for Delhi."

Another party, from thirty to forty in number, fled to the palace for protection, but they were dragged out and butchered, and their bodies burnt. The houses and shops of all natives suspected of being friendly to the Feringhees (Franks,

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or Europeans) were gutted, and in some cases set on fire; and not a few of the peaceful inhabitants were plundered and murdered by their personal enemies.

At first, it is said, the king refused to head the movement, but he had no alternative, and accepted his fate. On the third day, this monarch without a kingdom, proceeded with much pomp and circumstance through the streets of Delhi, and enjoined the bazaar-people to open their shops. One of the princes, Mirza Moghul, was appointed commander-in-chief of the army, and his brother, Mirza Aboobeker, general of the cavalry. The troops held their phantom king responsible for their supplies, but declined to give up the public money they found in the treasury. Several native officers of the mutineer regiments were promoted to high nominal commands, and active measures were taken to put the town in a state of defence. Heavy guns were mounted on the bastions, and committed to the artillerymen of De Teissier's battery. A sort of rude discipline was also generally maintained, and a determination loudly expressed to give battle to the British forces so soon as they approached the walls.

CHAPTER III.

The pleasant Month of May — Mutinies at Ferozepore, Allyghur, Lucknow, Nusseerabad, Bareilly, and Shahjehanpore—Panic at Simlah.

Even previous to the breaking out of the mutiny at Meerut and Delhi, there had been indications of a bad feeling at Umballa. Incendiary fires occurred almost every night, and were generally attributed to the sepoys, though no one was ever detected. Some officers, indeed, in their infatuation, refused to suspect the soldiers, and ascribed the fires to the cupidity of the thatchers. All sorts of reports were rife, and as the commander-in-chief could discover no key to the enigma in the experience of his past campaigns among the partridges of the Home Park at Windsor, his Excellency quietly betook himself to the hills for the hot season. When the news arrived at head-quarters—then at Simlah—of the revolt of five regiments of infantry, one of cavalry, and an entire battery of artillery, it was received with angry incredulity, and a resolution to wait for more reliable particulars. These did not tarry by the road. The unwelcome news was confirmed in a manner that would admit of no further hesitation, and

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his Excellency found himself under the disagreeable necessity of at once descending into the plains. On the 15th, General Anson was at Umballa, but his troubles were only now beginning: he was a commander-in-chief without an army, artillery, or ammunition; his own soldiers were his enemy, and his chief arsenal was in their hands. With the utmost exertions—and he certainly did not then spare himself—he was unable to collect above 2,000 European troops, and for these there were no carriage or commissariat supplies. The fidelity of the native regiments at the same station was, moreover, a subject of much anxious apprehension. To take them with him was dangerous; to leave them in his rear, suicidal. Flying rumours, too, came down from Simlah to the effect that the Ghoorkas had risen and plundered the treasury. Now, the wives and families of nearly all the staff-officers happened at that crisis to be enjoying the cool breezes of that favourite sanatorium. Here then was a grievous perplexity: the thoughts of General Anson's advisers were sorely divided between their public duties and their private cares: thence arose delay, vacillation, and confusion. In vain did Sir John Lawrence continually urge, through the telegraph, the necessity of an immediate advance upon Delhi. The commissariat officer pleaded the unavoidable incompleteness of his arrangements. "The ready answer was—'In all emergencies the commissariat officers invariably knock up. You must trust to the civil authorities; an abundant harvest has just been reaped; you shall not want for food.' 'Well, then,' he said, 'the medical officer protests against going without 1,500 doolies, and they are not to be had; and here am I going against a fortified town. Suppose they shut the gates and I can't get in, what am I to do? And suppose, in this frightful heat, the army falls sick (and cholera was already in the camp), where are my reserves?' The answer was, 'It is all true, the rules of war are against you. You have no reserve, an insufficient force, few doolies, and a commissariat good for nothing; but it is neck or nothing. You must take Delhi, or the empire is lost.' So at last it was settled to advance—but not without the siege-train; and the siege-train was hurried on. The native infantry regiments were harangued, and loudly professed their fidelity. Half of one gradually deserted, while some were sent out on detachment duty, and the other regiment reswore themselves on their colours, and accompanied the force towards Delhi, where they presently deserted."

The siege-train had to come from Phillour; so here was another cause of delay. However, by the 25th the com-

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mander-in-chief reached Kurnaul, and two days afterwards died of cholera. His successor was Sir Henry Barnard, an officer of respectable talents and Crimean experience. About the 1st of June the siege-train made its appearance, and a forward movement was commenced in earnest; but in the mean time, the mutiny had spread far and wide.

On the 13th, the 45th and 57th N. I. refused to obey orders at Ferozepore, and rushed from the parade-ground towards the magazine. The officers' and soldiers' wives and other Christian females had already been removed there for security; but a company of the 57th still mounted guard over the outer line of defences. These traitors no sooner beheld their comrades approaching than they let down scaling-ladders over the walls, and when some 300 had got inside, they all made for the ordnance stores with exultant shouts; but their ardour was speedily repressed by a well-directed volley from a company of H.M.'s 61st. The mutineers then fell back, and attempted to take their assailants in the rear: that opportunity, however, was not afforded them, for the men of the 61st closed with them and felled them with the butt-ends of their muskets. Lieut. Angelo then brought two guns, loaded with grape, to bear upon them, when they laid down their arms and evacuated the fort. At night they set fire to several bungalows, and next morning prepared to continue the work of destruction. In this amusement they were interrupted by a charge of H.M.'s 61st, supported by the 10th light cavalry, who cut them up in all directions. Their magazines were then blown up, the 57th entirely disarmed, and 200 of the 45th made prisoners. Of the latter, many were afterwards hanged or blown away from guns.

At Meean Meer, the camp of Lahore—the capital of the Punjaub—there were four native regiments, the 16th, 26th, and 49th, and the 8th light cavalry, all of whom were promptly disarmed by Brigadier Corbett, at the head of H. M.'s 81st and a strong artillery force. These native troops had made up their minds to rise, but lost the favourable chance through the calm calculating courage of Sir John Lawrence. A ball had been advertised some time before, and the European residents were particularly requested to attend, as if nothing had happened at Delhi. This appearance of security blinded the sepoy ringleaders, and induced them to make their arrangements leisurely. The dancing was kept up with vigour until the early hours; but when the native regiments marched at daybreak to the parade-ground, they were astonished and panic-stricken to see in front of them a line of guns loaded with grape and

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manned by European artillerymen; and on either flank a wing of the 81st regiment. They declined the combat and without a moment's hesitation obeyed the order to pile their arms.

A company of sappers and miners having been sent from Roorkee to Meerut, had almost reached their destination, when a violent quarrel arose among them as to the conduct of the mutinous regiments. Some insisted upon making common cause with their brethren, while others held out for their ancient masters. The dispute grew to such a height as to attract the attention of their commanding officer, Captain Fraser, who endeavoured to restore order. Whether by accident or design a musket was fired, and he fell mortally wounded. On this they broke and dispersed, but were overtaken by parties of the carabineers and rifles, and many of them killed or captured. Two or three days afterwards a detachment of the same corps, about 300 strong, who were on their march to join the commander-in-chief's column, had got half-way to Saharunpore, when they received tidings of this untoward affair. They refused, therefore, to advance any further, and returned to their cantonment at Roorkee, bringing back with them their European officers, but otherwise treating them with deference and respect. Next morning Colonel Baird Smith sent a strong party from the workshops—Roorkee being the great civil engineering station in the north west—to take possession of the lines and secure the public property there. Two native officers and forty men alone remained at their posts, the rest having fled in vague apprehension of an attack. Some ten days afterwards that excellent officer patrolled through the surrounding district, and was everywhere greeted with enthusiasm; the whole population turning out, and welcoming him into their villages with frantic shouts of delight. There was no symptom of rebellion in those parts.

On the 22nd three more infantry regiments, the 24th, 27th, and 51st, and the 5th light cavalry, were disarmed by Colonel Edwardes without any attempt at resistance. At Murdaun, however, the 55th N.I. broke out into open mutiny, and deserted their colours. Their commanding officer, Colonel Spottiswoode, committed suicide; but there were others at hand possessed of more fortitude. A party of Europeans and irregulars arrived in hot haste from Peshawur, and put numbers of the mutineers to the sword, besides making prisoners of upwards of 100. The survivors fled into the mountains of the Swat country, but were seized and cir-

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cumcised by those fanatical Mahommedans. The prisoners were marched to Peshawur, tried by court-martial, and condemned to death. Nineteen of them were hanged on the parade-ground, and forty blown away from guns in presence of the entire force. As the 10th light cavalry had hesitated to charge the 55th when ordered to do so, they were dismounted and deprived of their arms and accoutrements. A shilling was then given to each trooper, and the whole of them marched down to the river and embarked in boats, to take their chance of the rapids and the yet more doubtful mercies of the riverain villagers.

About the same time the 5th N.I. were sufficiently insane to mutiny at Umballah, although fully aware that H. M.'s 75th were there, ready to annihilate them at the shortest notice. The commander-in-chief, however, dreaded the responsibility of bloodshed, and thus the traitors were merely disbanded, and allowed to swell the ranks of the insurgents.

Meanwhile similar events were also crowding upon one another lower down the country. Parties of the 3rd cavalry, whether in search of plunder or on their way to their homes, spread themselves over the country, and a body of them arrived at Etawah. Here they were met by a small detachment of the 9th N.I., who immediately attacked them and killed six or seven of their number. The head-quarters of that regiment were at Allyghur, but there were detachments at Mynpoorie, Etawah, and Boolundshuhur. At the last named station a spy or mutinous agent was apprehended by the men themselves, and delivered up to the authorities. He was justly hanged, but unfortunately happened to be a Brahmin. His death shocked and enraged the very men who had seized him, and they went off to Allyghur and roused their comrades to revolt. The European officers, both civil and military, fled—perhaps too hastily—to Agra, and thus compromised the communication between that city and Meerut. The detachment at Mynpoorie was not slow to follow the evil example that had been set by the others. But they were opposed and thwarted by the valour and energy of a young English officer, Lieutenant De Kantzow, who, by displaying admirable temper, patience, and courage, succeeded in saving the treasury. For this noble conduct he was warmly thanked and praised by the governor-general.

Allyghur and the neighbouring town of Hattrass were not permitted to remain long in the hands of the mutineers. A small force, consisting of a party of the Gwalior cavalry, two guns, and fifty European volunteers—the latter com-

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manded by Messrs. Watson, Cocks, and Paterson Saunders—boldly marched out from Agra, drove the insurgents before them, and released seven Englishmen who were besieged in an indigo factory some seven miles beyond Hattrass. The inhabitants were so sensible of the value of their presence that they offered to pay them £50 a day, or £800 down, to remain and protect them from their own countrymen. They performed another good service in surprising a petty chief who had established himself in the neighbourhood and declared himself independent. Him they tried by drum-head court-martial, and, having convicted him, hanged him from a bough of the nearest tree.

The approach, however, of a strong force of mutineers under the rajah of Etah, compelled the gallant volunteers to abandon Allyghur, though they still hovered about the neighbourhood, and maintained a certain degree of tranquillity. With a view to bring this chieftain to his senses, Captain Fletcher Hayes, one of the most brilliant and accomplished officers in the Bengal army, took the field with the 2nd irregular cavalry. On the march he was warned that his men were not to be trusted; but, too chivalrous himself to understand the meaning of treason, he still determined to push forward. At a certain point, however, he sent on his men under the adjutant, Lieutenant Barber, while he himself and another of his officers consulted the magistrate about the best means of attacking the refractory rajah. The sequel is thus narrated by his sole surviving comrade:—

"We cantered along, all merrily, in the morning, talking of how we would open the road to Allyghur and carry all before us, and after riding about eleven miles we came up in sight of the men, apparently going along the road and quite orderly. They were on one road, we on another. I said, 'Let us cross the plain and meet them.' As we approached, they faced towards us and halted, and when we had cantered up to within about fifty yards of them, one or two of the native officers rode out to meet us, and said in a low voice, 'Fly, sahibs, fly.' Upon this poor Hayes said to me, as we wheeled round our horses, 'Well, we must now fly for our lives,' and away we went, with the two troops after us like demons, yelling and sending the bullets from their carabines flying all round us. Thank God, neither I nor my horse was hit. Hayes was riding on the side nearest the troopers, and before we had gone many yards I saw a native officer go up alongside of him, and with one blow cut him from his saddle. It was the work of an instant, and took much less

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time than I have taken to relate it. On they all came shouting after me, and every now and then 'ping' came a ball near me. Indeed, I thought my moments were numbered, but as I neared the road at the end of the maidan (or plain), a ditch presented itself; it was but a moment I thought, dug my spurs hard in, and the mare flew over it, though she nearly fell on the other side; fortunately, I recovered her, and in another moment I was leaving all behind but two sowars, who followed me, and poor Hayes's horse tearing on after me. On seeing this I put my pistol into my holster, having reserved my fire until a man was actually upon me, and took a pull at the mare, as I had still a long ride for it, and knew my riding must now stand me in good turn; so I raised the mare as much as I could, keeping those fiends about one hundred yards in rear, and they, I suppose, seeing I was taking it easy and not urging my horse, but merely turning round every now and then to watch them, pulled up, after chasing me two good miles. Hayes's Arab came dashing along, and passed me; I still continued to ride on at a strong pace, fearful of being taken and murdered by some who had taken a short cut unknown to me. Thus, up to the sixth mile from home, did I continue to fly, when, finding my mare completely done, and meeting one of our sowars, I immediately stopped him, jumped up behind, and ordered him to haste back to Mynpoorie. After going about a mile on this beast, we came up to poor Hayes's horse, which had been caught, so on him I sprang, and he bore me back safely to cantonments. It was, indeed, a ride for life or death, and only when I alighted at the magistrate's kutcherry, in which all the Europeans were assembled, did I feel at all comfortable. In the afternoon, poor Hayes's body was brought in, his head most frightfully hacked about, his right hand cut off, and his left fearfully lacerated—his watch, rings, boots, all gone, and his clothes all cut and torn to pieces. One old Sikh sirdar with two followers, who stood aloof from these acts of murder, and one of Hayes's servants, brought in his body, and from them I learned that poor young Fayeer's and Barber's remains were also being brought in. A dastardly villain of a sowar stole behind poor young Fayeer as he was drinking at a well, and with one blow of his tulwar on his neck killed him; he fell back, his head half severed from his body. The old Sikh rushed forward to raise him, and ordered them to seize the murderer, when another man said, 'What, are you with these kafirs; take care of yourself!' On raising poor young Fayeer's head, the poor man breathed his last. Barber fled up the road,

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several giving chase; he shot one horse and two of the sowars, when he was hit with a ball and then cut down, his property taken off, his horse seized, and then they all rode off towards Delhi. Fayeer was killed about ten minutes before we came up, then they killed poor Hayes, and then Barber.

It is a relief to turn, though but for a passing moment, to a grim comedy that was enacted at Simlah. Several hundred ladies and children, with a fair sprinkling of valetudinarians in the "enjoyment" of ill health, were awaiting the approach of the hot season, in firm reliance on the loyalty of a Goorkha battalion. On former occasions, when these fine little fellows were called upon for service in the plains, a company had always been left to guard the lines and the public property at Simlah. Every man, however, was now ordered down, and a party of police was sent to Jutog to guard the treasury. This proceeding irritated the sensitive mountaineers, who felt that it indicated distrust. They accordingly complained to the officer commanding at the station, and demanded the withdrawal of the police from their lines. This was agreed to, and the Ghoorkas expressed themselves perfectly satisfied.

"In the mean time, on the mere rumour that the regiment was in mutiny, a panic seized on many officers who enjoy good and high appointments, who without waiting to hear if the rumour was correct, betook themselves to instant flight; right down the khuds (ravines) by broken by-paths, these valiant heroes escaped, leaving women and children to their fate. Many who had signed their names, calling for an armed assembly, were the first to make a clean bolt of it,—helter-skelter, away they went; and, of course, others who heard of this rapid exodus, took to flight likewise. Without bonnets, ladies were to be seen escaping on foot, and many poor sickly ones, who would have been horrified at the idea of walking a mile, actually walked fifteen, thirty, nay, in some cases forty miles. Old men, decrepit and shaky, trudged off valiantly; and the road from Simlah to Dugshaie beggars description. Under a burning sun, with no protection, families were to be seen pouring along half dead from terror and fatigue; they still pressed on, and weak and helpless women, who would have scouted the idea of not sleeping on a comfortable bed, were to be seen bivouacking on the open ground, the bare earth for a pillow. For twenty-four hours and more, women and children tasted no food. 'On, on to Dugshaie!' was the cry; 'the Goorkhas have slaughtered those who were mad enough to remain at Simlah, and they are fast in pursuit to

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massacre us.' To Dugshaie, and to Kussowlie, this stream of fugitives poured in, objects of pity and compassion."

This sudden and ill considered flight subjected the gentlemen at Simlah to much raillery and sarcasm. And, indeed, some few of them on subsequent alarms, equally groundless with that of the 20th May, displayed a marked anxiety to secure their own safety, without paying much thought to the protection of their gentle companions. This exceptional selfishness laid them open to the following *jeu d'esprit,* which appeared in the columns of a local newspaper.

"NOTICE.

"On Wednesday, the 15th July, the *ladies* of Simlah will hold a meeting at Rose Castle, for the purpose of consulting about the best measures to be taken for the protection of the *gentlemen.*

"The ladies beg to inform those who sleep in the khuds that they sincerely compassionate their sufferings, and are now preparing pillows for them stuffed with the *purest white feathers.* Should they feel inclined to attend the meeting, they will then be presented to them.

"Rest, warriors, rest.

"4th July, 1857. "CLEMENTINA BRICKS."

But before we pass too severe a judgment on the fugitives to Dugshaie, justice demands that we should bear in mind the horror excited by the terrible tidings brought from the plains by every post. Even in our own happy land who is there that did not shudder with affright when he first read of the cruelties committed by the sepoys, in such statements as this?

"They the [sepoys at Delhi] took forty-eight females, most of them girls of from ten to fourteen, many delicately nurtured ladies,—violated them, and kept them for the base purposes of the heads of the insurrection for a whole week. At the end of that time they made them strip themselves, and gave them up to the lowest of the people, to abuse in broad daylight in the streets of Delhi. They then commenced the work of torturing them to death, cutting off their breasts, fingers, and noses, and leaving them to die. One lady was three days dying. They flayed the face of another lady and made her walk naked through the street. Poor Mrs. ——, the wife of an officer of the — regiment, at Meerut, was soon expecting her confinement. They violated her, then ripped her up, and, taking from her the unborn child, cast it and her into the flames. No European man, woman, or child has had the slightest mercy shown them.

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I really cannot tell you the fearful cruelties these demons have been guilty of—cutting off the fingers and toes of little children, joint by joint, in sight of their parents, who were reserved for similar treatment afterwards."

If we, by our peaceful hearths, trembled over the narratives of these fiendish atrocities, what must have been the feelings of those who heard them from the quivering lips of fugitives from the very scenes themselves! They knew not how soon it might be their own lot to undergo similar tortures. Their former confidence in the natives was dissipated as a wreath of smoke on a windy day. Every black man had become an object of distrust. It was as the first sensation of an earthquake, which shatters for ever one's implicit reliance on the stability of the earth.

But we may not linger too long over scenes that conjure up the faintest semblance of a smile. Many are the appalling spectacles yet to be witnessed—many the harrowing tales to be told—many the glorious acts of heroism to be recorded and revered.

At Lucknow tranquillity was maintained by the vigilant energy of Sir Henry Lawrence, until the morning of the 31st, when portions of three infantry regiments, the 13th, 48th, and 71st, with two troops of the 7th cavalry, suddenly fled from cantonments and took the road to Seetapore, after a smart action in which Brigadier Handscomb was killed. The disturbance, however, did not spread to the city, and the safety of the European residents had already been secured by the timely precautions of Sir Henry (now Brigadier-General) Lawrence. In other parts of Oude, there existed an unquiet and unfriendly feeling, and all sorts of absurd rumours were circulated as to the proselytizing intentions of government. It was currently reported that European regiments were marching up country, to compel them to use the offensive cartridges, and thus degrade them to Christianity. Here and elsewhere, the sepoys greedily credited the grossest inventions of designing persons.

"The Padres (said they) addressed an urzee (petition) to the Queen, representing that in former times, when there were Mahommedan kings, they forced their subjects to become Mahommedans, but that, although for sixty years a Christian government has ruled this country, yet not one man has by force been made a Christian. That Tippoo made thousands of Hindoos become of his religion, while your Majesty has not made one Christian. That under your orders are sepoys of all castes. We, therefore, pray you to adopt this plan—namely, to cause to be mixed up together

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bullocks' fat and pigs' fat, and to have it put upon the cartridges which your sepoys put into their mouths, and after six months to have it made known to the sepoys how they have thereby lost their caste, and by this means a certain road will be opened for making many Christians. When the Queen read the urzee she was greatly pleased, and said, 'This is a very good thought; and by this means I shall have every sepoy made a Christian.'"

Another story they got hold of was, that in consequence of the Crimean war there were a great many widows in England, and that the government proposed to send them out to marry the native chieftains in Oude. Their children were to be brought up as Christians, and would inherit all the landed property of their fathers.

The conduct of the 15th N.I. at Nusseerabad became very disorderly soon after they heard of the mutinies at Meerut and Delhi, and they openly talked of killing their colonel. The 30th N.I. was also suspected, but did not exhibit so much insolence as their comrades. There was a battery of six guns, under Captain Timbrell, at the same station, and 250 troopers of the 1st Bombay lancers. In the afternoon of the 28th May, while the artillerymen were taking their horses to water, the light company of the 15th N.I. suddenly seized the guns, and were immediately joined by the rest of the regiment. The 30th N.I. and the artillerymen refused to act against their countrymen, but the Bombay lancers unhesitatingly charged three times, in the vain hope of recovering the guns. After losing three of their officers, and two others being wounded, they were constrained to retire from the unequal contest. The mutineers offered no violence to their own officers, but allowed them to go wherever they pleased. At night they fired the cantonments, and next morning took the road to Delhi.

Now turn we to Rohilcund, where events of much gravity, and attended with circumstances of peculiar atrocity, rapidly succeeded one another. On receiving news of the proclamation of a king at Delhi, the two native regiments at Bareilly, the 18th and 68th, "were thrown into a state of frightful excitement, and their disaffection, before suspected, became but too apparent. This excitement was kept up and increased by the arrival of 150 of the mutineers, who passed the night in the lines. The commanding officers, and the officers of both corps, believed it was impossible that an outbreak could be averted. The men talked openly of seizing the guns and throwing open the gaol, containing upwards of 2,000 prisoners. Nor was this the worst, as it

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was well known that on the sepoys rising the city would be immediately in flames, and the men, sword in hand, would rush on to plunder and to massacre, while the whole of the surrounding country, which was waiting only for Bareilly to take the initiative, would be up in arms. The commanding officers, and the commissioner, though almost despairing of success, yet by wonderful assiduity and tact succeeded in calming the men by interviews and addresses, and in awing them by precautionary measures. The 8th irregular cavalry displayed a fiery zeal, firmness, and loyalty, of which advantage was at once taken to throw out guards and pickets to protect the station, and defend the guns, treasury, and gaol, while their patrols were to give instant alarm to the authorities and to their corps—kept ready saddled and armed—should they observe the least sign of an outbreak. Orders were issued to Captain Mackenzie, their commandant, instantly to increase his regiment to 1,000 sowars, and numbers who had been waiting for entertainment were immediately enrolled. The women and children were sent off to the hills, and for the officers and Europeans, thus prepared for extremities, a rallying point was agreed on. The commissioner sent off circulars throughout the district, directing all sowars on leave to put themselves at the disposal of the civil powers, and threw out detachments of police on the roads to act as a wedge against straggling mutineers from Delhi, who, coming on it, were quietly and securely conducted till past the city of Bareilly."

After three anxious nights the well-disposed men in the regiments appeared to have succeeded in tranquillizing their comrades, and mutual confidence was restored. The lull, however, was as brief as it was false and deceitful. On the 29th a rumour got abroad that the troops were about to mutiny, but the men themselves stoutly disclaimed any such intention, and attributed the report to the idle vagabonds in the station, who wished to excite confusion with a view to plunder. The soubahdar-major of the 68th even went to the adjutant, "and with streaming tears petitioned, on his own behalf and that of the regiment, for the ladies and children of the officers to return to cantonments, stating that all danger had passed, and that the men were never more loyal. On Saturday, the 30th of May, nothing unusual was remarked, but a sense of approaching evil and dire disaster pervaded all minds. In the evening of that day a large number of fugitives of the 45th regiment (from Ferozepore) passed through the station, who succeeded in spreading the wildest rumours throughout cantonments. The men were told

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that Europeans with guns had arrived in the neighbouring villages, and that all would be destroyed by the avenging hand of the terrible 'ghora logue' (white people). The men absent on leave also rejoined during the night, and by their lying stories added to the uneasiness already created by the Ferozepore mutineers. The lines were astir the whole of that night, and few retired to the huts. Sunday, the 31st, came. Divine service was performed at the church, and there was a large attendance. Native officers and others reported all quiet; the officers were told that the men were never 'in better heart.' The form of examining and closing muster-rolls and pay-accounts was all carefully gone through. Leave-rolls were prepared and countersigned, and so cleverly was the deceit carried out, that not one officer had the slightest suspicion of what was about to happen.

"At eleven o'clock precisely an artillery gun fired, and was immediately followed by a long-sustained yell from the lines. Shots flew about amongst the houses. Many men rushed up from the lines, imploring their officers to fly, and not to approach the parade. The game was fairly up. Armed men were running frantically in all directions, firing at everything and everybody they came across. Before many officers knew what had occurred, they found their houses surrounded by these monsters, and themselves fired at. The escapes that many, if not all, had that day were marvellous. Lieutenant Barwell, of the 18th, was dismounted, and had his horse taken from him; and yet, though a shower of bullets flew past him, he escaped unhurt. Lieutenant Rogers, of the 68th, was surrounded by a crowd of infuriated madmen, who attempted to seize his horse, but he galloped past them, and though fired at, was not touched. Two companies doubled up to Colonel Colin Troup's house to dispose of him, but their intended victim (being apprized of their coming) had left it shortly before. Captains Paterson and Gibbs, and Lieutenant Warde, of the 68th, lived in a house on the parade within a hundred yards of the lines, where they were surrounded and fired at from all sides; but their horses having been quickly got ready, they mounted and galloped past the entire front of the parade, receiving volley after volley from hundreds of mutineers collected there. On passing the battery, every gun opened on them with grape—and this within 200 yards; but a merciful Providence enabled them to escape through this storm of iron missiles untouched. Ensign Tucker, of the same regiment, was shot dead while nobly endeavouring to save the sergeant-major's life. Brigadier Sibbald was mortally wounded in attempting to reach

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the rendezvous, by a musket-shot in his chest. The gallant old man succeeded in arriving at the spot, but shortly after dropped dead from his horse. About thirty in all, civilians and officers, succeeded in reaching the rendezvous, where they waited for an hour to collect those who might have escaped. Every house in cantonments was by that time in a blaze, while the fire of musketry and cannon, and the hellish yells of the men, told that bloodshed and horrors were still going on. All three arms—artillery, cavalry, and infantry—joined in the insurrection. Against such numbers the small band of Europeans could do nothing, and it would have been folly to have attempted to approach the insurgents; they therefore turned their horses' heads towards Nynee Tal, seventy-four miles distant, and after a long, hot, and tedious march of twenty-four hours, with one hour's rest, they arrived in safety, without having met with any opposition on the road. It must be stated, however, that a faithful few of the 8th irregulars—eleven native officers and twenty-four troopers—leaving all they possessed to the mercy of the insurgents, followed their officers in their flight, determined to share their fortunes rather than join their misguided and mutinous comrades."

The leader of the mutineers was Ruktawur Khan, the soubahdar of artillery, who afterwards assumed the rank of general, and paraded the streets in the brigadier's carriage, followed by a numerous, if not a very brilliant, staff. One of the most extraordinary escapes was that of Mr. R. Alexander, the commissioner of Rohilcund. He was confined to his bed by severe illness, and when his servant rushed in and bade him fly, he declared he could not ride, and would remain where he was. However, some one set him on horseback, and the animal, taking fright at the firing, ran away with him. Fortunately, he took the road to Nynee Tal and saved his rider. Soon after the commencement of the mutiny, the jail was broken open, and nearly 3,000 criminals let loose on the town. These began to plunder the shops, and maltreated all who opposed them. This roused the townspeople to arms, and after a little while a regular fight took place between the Hindoos and the Mahommedans, in which the former were worsted. An old native judge, one of the Company's servants, named Khan Bahadoor Khan, and noted for his abject servility—though descended from the old Rohilla chief, Hafiz Rehmut—proclaimed himself king of Rohilcund, and inaugurated his assumption of power by a frightful tragedy. Among the prisoners were Messrs. Robertson and Raikes, of the civil service; Dr. Hay, son-in-law of the late Mr.

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Thomason, lieutenant-governor of the North-West Provinces; and Dr. Buch, principal of the college. These gentlemen were brought before the insolent wretch and put upon their trial. All the forms of justice were gone through; a jury was sworn, witnesses were examined, a conviction was obtained, and sentence of death passed with the usual solemnity. They were then publicly hanged in front of the jail. Dr. Hansbrow, the medical officer in charge of the jail, ascended to the roof of that building, and prepared to offer a gallant resistance, but he was soon overpowered and put to death.

On the same day the 28th N.I. mutinied at Shahjehanpore, forty or fifty miles distant. While the European officers were attending divine service in church, about eight o'clock in the morning, the sepoys surrounded the sacred edifice, and shot the Rev. Mr. McCallum dead in the pulpit. Dr. Bowling was also shot while driving his wife and child to church; and Captain James, the officer in command of the regiment, was killed while endeavouring to recall his men to a sense of duty. Lieutenant Spens received a sabre cut across the head and shoulder while kneeling in prayer; Captain Salmon was wounded while running to the scene of bloodshed; and Mr. Ricketts, the magistrate, was cruelly massacred. The rest of the officers escaped for the time to Mohumdee, where they remained unmolested eight or nine days, under the protection of the tehsildar. Their fate was thus related by a native eye-witness :—

"Two companies of the 41st regiment at Setapore, were sent off by the order of their subadar and jemadar to bring them away, or else kill them all there. Before receiving charge of the Europeans from the tehsildar, these sepoys falsely promised them every protection; but, on seeing Lieutenant Spens with his shoulder bound up, they said, 'What is the use of taking a wounded man with us, he had better be shot!' so they shot him instantly. All the rest were made to proceed on their way to Setapore, but before they had got the distance of four miles from Mohumdee, the sepoys ordered the ladies to get out of the carriage and walk. Upon this the officers all remonstrated, that they would walk and the ladies remain in the carriage, but the sepoys said 'No, the ladies must get out,' which they did, and on their alighting they were shot one by one—the children, some bayoneted, others dashed on the ground; the sepoys then turned round and killed all the officers, leaving them all lying on the ground. The police jemadar afterwards came

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up, and finding the bodies of the officers, ladies, and children lying there, had a large hole dug and buried them all in it."

The 29th N.I. also mutinied at Moradabad, in the same district, but gave their officers fair warning, so that no lives were lost. This same regiment, a few days previously, had repulsed a party of troopers from Rampore, and professed fidelity unto death. It is possible that they were perfectly sincere when they did so, but were afterwards led astray by emissaries from other corps. The public excitement at Agra, the seat of government, was, likewise, at first very great; but the ferment was somewhat allayed by the vigorous demonstrations of Mr. John Russell Colvin, the lieutenant-governor. On the morning of the 14th he harangued the whole brigade at the station, consisting of the 3rd Bengal fusiliers, the 44th N.I., and the 67th N.I., besides a troop of European artillery. His address was exceedingly well received, and the sepoys continued cheering long after his honour had left the ground. He next placed the districts of Meerut, Moozuffernugger, Boolundshuhur, and the Delhi territory east of the Jumna, under martial law, and proclaimed the forfeiture of the estates of all chiefs, barons, and landed gentry who should show any favour to the rebels. Finally, he called upon all well-disposed persons to rally round the government, promising rewards for services, and a terrible retribution for unloyalty and violence. For a brief space tranquillity was thus maintained, but on the night of the 24th, the empty lines recently occupied by the 72nd N.I. were burned to the ground. A few nights afterwards fires broke out in the lines of the 67th, who pretended to suspect some men of the 44th of having been the incendiaries. It was generally believed, however, that the real object in each case was to entice the Europeans to the scene of conflagration, and then fall upon them while scattered and unarmed. If so, their expectations were disappointed, as the European troops turned out armed, and were held ready to act on any emergency. Not many days previously, a company of the 44th, and another of the 67th, had been sent to Muttra to escort some treasure thence to Agra; the scoundrels rose upon their officers and plundered the treasure. The news of this affair reached the station on the night of the 30th, and created no small excitement among all classes. Next morning at daybreak, the two native regiments were paraded in presence of the Europeans, and ordered to pile their arms. The 67th at once obeyed, but the 44th hesitated, and some of them attempted to steal off with their muskets; they

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were observed, however, and sent back to the ranks, whereupon they sullenly threw down their arms. Several of the muskets were found to be loaded. Many of the men afterwards deserted and left the station.

CHAPTER IV.

Siege of Delhi. Battle of Ghazee-ood-deen Nugger. Fortifications of Delhi. Life in Delhi. The Guides. Sorties.

So long as it was expected that a British force would march at once upon Delhi, and carry the place by assault, the neighbouring princes and potentates remained faithful to their allegiance or their alliances. Scindia and Holkar hastened to offer the services of their respective contingents to the Agra government. The rajah of Bhurtpore sent his body-guard. The rajahs of Jheend and Puttiala despatched horsemen to the camp, and hospitably entertained the fugitives. These last-named princes, indeed, never swerved from their original line of conduct. Men, money, carriage, everything in their power, was nobly tendered and as freely accepted. Of the others, mention will hereafter be made; but it soon became manifest that, however sincere might be the good-will of the princes themselves, no assistance was to be looked for from their subjects. General Barnard, having succeeded to the command on the death of General Anson, lost no time in pushing forward towards Delhi. The advanced guard from Meerut, under Brigadier Wilson, was attacked at Ghazee-ood-deen Nuggur, in the afternoon of the 30th May, by a large force of mutineers accompanied by heavy guns. This village lies about fifteen miles from the capital, at the point where the Meerut and Delhi road crosses the little river Hindoon by a suspension-bridge. The brigadier immediately sent off two companies of H.M.'s 60th Rifles to hold the bridge, which, indeed, was the key of his position, and detached four guns of Major Tombs's troop, supported by a squadron of carabineers, along the bank of the river, with a view to turn the enemy's flank. The insurgents having opened upon the advanced parties with their heavy guns, two more companies of the 60th were sent forward to support them, while four guns of Captain Scott's battery, the sappers, and a troop of carabineers also went into action. The enemy's guns, though well handled, were speedily silenced by the greater accuracy and rapidity of the European artillery. The Rifles then charged, under

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Colonel Jones, in the most gallant manner, and captured the guns. At that moment an ammunition-waggon blew up, and killed Captain Andrews and four privates. The insurgents then retreated towards the city, pursued and harassed by Colonel Custance and the carabineers. The loss on our side was very trifling, but the enemy suffered severely. The rough handling, however, he received on the 30th did not prevent him from making a second attack in the afternoon of the following day. The mutineers took up a position, about a mile in length, on the high ridge on the opposite side of the Hindoon to the British, and at no great distance from the advanced picket in front of the bridge. The firing commenced on their side, but was speedily answered by the guns of the horse artillery and two 18-pounders, while the rifles moved across the bridge, supported by two guns and a troop of carabineers. For two hours the action was chiefly confined to the artillery, but at the end of that time the enemy's fire slackened perceptibly. The British force then advanced steadily, driving the mutineers before them, who, nevertheless, continued firing until their position was entirely carried, when they retreated in hot haste to Delhi. The English soldiers were too much exhausted by fatigue and heat to follow them to any distance, and therefore returned to camp, after burning a village from which the insurgents had been able to give them some annoyance. Lieutenant Perkins of the artillery was killed, and about forty non-commissioned officers and men more or less severely wounded.

The Umballa force in the meantime was rapidly advancing, hanging and shooting by the way those who were believed to have been engaged in treasonous enterprises. Notwithstanding the heat of the season in the hottest part of India, the health of the troops remained wonderfully good, though in tents and in a treeless country. The excitement carried them through every form of discomfort, and they only asked an opportunity of engaging with the treacherous and murderous foe. In fact, as one of themselves said, their "blood was roused. We have seen friends, relations, mothers, wives, children, brutally murdered, and their bodies mutilated frightfully. This alone, without the pluck which made us victorious over the Russians, would enable us, with God's assistance, to be victorious over these enemies. As the riflemen charge (10 to 100), the word is passed, 'Remember the ladies, remember the babies!' and everything flies before them. Hundreds are shot down or bayoneted. The sepoys, it is true, fight like demons; but we are English and they are natives."

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A little after midnight of the 7th of June, Major-general T. Reed, C.B., reached the camp of the force with Major-general Sir H. Barnard, K.C.B., at Alleepore, one march from Delhi. On the previous day Sir H. Barnard had effected a junction with the Meerut contingent under Brigadier Wilson, so that the entire army consisted of four guns, 2nd troop, 1st brigade; 2nd and 3rd troops, 3rd brigade, horse artillery; 3rd company, 3rd battalion, artillery; and No. 14, horse field battery; 4th company, 6th battalion, artillery; detachment artillery recruits, head-quarters detachment sappers and miners; H.M.'s 9th lancers; two squadrons H.M.'s 6th dragoon guards; head-quarters and six companies 60th royal rifles; head-quarters and nine companies of H.M.'s 75th regiment; 1st Bengal fusiliers; head-quarters and six companies 2nd fusiliers; Sirmoor battalion of Goorkhas. This was the force originally deemed sufficient to take Delhi, and there is every occasion to believe that the city would at once have fallen had the general displayed a happy audacity. Delhi, though larger, was not nearly so strong as Ghuznee, and its inhabitants were for the most part in our favour.

It is now time to say something of the imperial city. Modern Delhi, or Shahjehanabad, as it is more correctly called, was founded in the year 1631 by Shah Jehan, the father of Aurungzebe. There have been at least nine cities near the site of the present town since the time of Indraprestha, some centuries before the Christian era. The revolutions of time, and the ruthless incursions of barbarians, have destroyed city after city; but the vitality of the site was such, that a new city invariably grew out of the ruins of its predecessor. "When we took Delhi in 1803," says the *Homeward Mail*, "the outer wall was in a very ruinous state, without any flanking defences further than small round bastions placed at intervals. The ditch was imperfect; there was no glacis, and the ground outside was covered up to the very walls with ruins of streets, tombs, and mosques, and was, besides, intersected and cut up with ravines. Yet even thus, as we have said, a small body of our native troops was able, in 1804, to repel all the attacks of Jeswunt Rao Holkar, with a victorious army of 70,000 men. The scheme for the improvement of the fortifications was entrusted to Captain George Hutchinson, of the Bengal engineers, who was succeeded by Captain Robert Smith, of the same corps, and under these two officers Delhi was placed in the situation, with regard to works, in which it now stands. Captain Hutchinson determined on establishing a series of bastion

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with faces and flanks as usual along the whole of the enceinte, the bastions to be mounted with heavy artillery. He repaired the old walls, and, for the purpose of preventing escalade, protected them, especially on the river face, by fraise or beams, the sharp ends of which were pointed at an acute angle downward into the ditch. The ditch was cleared out, repaired, and deepened, especially on the south side, where the wall rested on rock. A glacis was formed to cover in some degree the scarp of the wall. The ground outside was cleared of houses and ruins, the ravines were filled in, so that the works were rendered proof against wild plundering hordes, or indeed any force whatever unaccompanied by heavy artillery. At the same time that Captain Hutchinson was strengthening the defences against attack from without, he made preparations also against a rise of the inhabitants, which at that time appeared a probable event. To meet this danger, he erected along the line of wall a series of detached martello towers, entirely separate from the walls, and accessible from them only by a drawbridge. Each tower was to have a gun mounted on a pivot, so that in the event of a rise in the city, artillerymen might take possession of the towers, raise the drawbridges, and pour shot into the town from the whole circle of the enceinte. The Mahommedan college, or madrisah, at the Ajmere gate, was protected by an outwork, and the gateways of the city were strengthened by the usual defences in regular fortification. The Cashmere gate, on the north, from which runs the road to cantonments, was formed into a place of arms, in which was the guardhouse, &c. It was in the enclosure of this gate that several of the officers were killed in the late massacre. Lord Auckland, in 1838, recommended extensive repairs, and, in particular, of the Wellesley bastion, which was, in fact, entirely reconstructed. It appears that he also suggested the erection of a citadel, though the palace may itself be regarded as one, being surrounded with a ditch, and having walls of great height, built of red sandstone, and pierced for matchlocks. The river face of the palace constitutes the defence of the city on that side. It is a curious fact that the custom-house, built by a medical officer on the glacis near the river, on the north of the city, was sold to the government as a treasury—outside the walls! The engineer officer, Colonel Robert Smith, was unable to get rid of the building. He pointed out the absurdity of its position, and the embarrassment which it caused him in his plan of defence; but although thousands had been spent in removing houses and bazaars, and in clearing the esplanade round the walls, this

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great building was allowed to remain with all its offices. It was used first as a treasury, and afterwards as a custom-house."

The state of affairs within the walls, may best be understood from the statement of a native, who remained in the city from the 21st of May to the 23rd of June.

"On my arrival there I saw five infantry regiments and the sowars of the 3rd cavalry, who were stationed in Mohtabbagh and Selimgurh. The sepoys were so much afraid of the English forces that they looked quite pale. The cavalry mutineers had a little spirit, and were wishing to go to Meerut for a fight; but the footmen did not agree with them, saying, 'We are hardly sufficient to guard Delhi, how can we go to Meerut?' I will give you a small description of the oppression committed by sepoys in Delhi. They plundered every rich house and shop in the city. They took every horse they found in the stables of the citizens. They killed a number of poor shopkeepers for asking the proper prices for their things; they abused the respectable men of Delhi in their presence. The guard at Jumna bridge *looted* [plundered] the passengers crossing it. On the 11th of May the magazine was blown up; it did great damage to the adjacent houses, and killed about 500 passengers walking in different streets. The bullets fell in the houses of people to such a degree, that some children picked up two pounds and some four pounds of them from the yards of the houses; afterwards the mutineers, together with the low people of the city, entered the magazine compound, and began to plunder weapons, accoutrements, gun caps, &c. The *loot* continued for three days. Each sepoy took three or four muskets, and as many swords and bayonets as he could. The calassies filled their houses with fine blacksmiths' tools, weapons, and gun-caps, which they sell by degrees at the rate of two seers per rupee. The copper sheets were sold at three seers per rupee. In these successful days, the highest price of a musket was eight annas; however, the people feared to buy it; a fine English sword was dear for four annas, and one anna was too much for a good bayonet.

"Pouches and belts were so common, that the owners could not get anything for this booty of theirs. The gunpowder which was kept at Mujnoos Tila, more than half of it was plundered by goojurs and countrymen, and the rest was brought to the city. Since the day of my arrival till the day of my departure I never found the bazaar opened, except a few poor shops. The shopkeepers and the citizens are extremely sorry for losing their safety, and curse the

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mutineers from morning to evening. Poor people and workmen starve, and widows cry in their huts. Respectable English servants have confined themselves to their houses. A kotwal [mayor] is changed every second day. The sepoys plundered every treasury in the city, and put the money into their own pockets; they did not give a farthing out of this to the king, so the sepoys of four or five regiments possessed thousands of rupees each, and under the weight of silver they could hardly walk, consequently they were obliged to change their silver for gold. The mahajuns charge them twenty-four or twenty-five rupees for a gold mohur, which is not worth more than sixteen rupees. Since the bankers were plundered by the sepoys, they also cheated them by giving them brass coins instead of gold ones. The poor regiments are very jealous of those who are rich: as the rich sepoys don't wish to go to fight, or to the field of battle simply, they are very often insulted by their poor friends. One regiment from Allyghur and Mynpoorie, 150 sowars [troopers], and some unarmed sepoys from Agra, one regiment and 260 sowars from Hansi and Hissar, some unarmed sepoys from Umballa, 200 sowars and two companies of Nizamut from Muttra, 6th light cavalry, two regiments from Jullundur, and two regiments and artillery from Nusserabad reached Delhi before me, and joined the mutineers. I will acquaint you with the names of the stations from whence the rebels brought treasure for the king:—Moradnugger Tehseel, tollgate, near Hindun-bridge, Rohtuck, Allyghur, Hansi, Muttra, Hursaroogurhie, Tirsaili, out of which his Majesty pays four annas to each footman and one rupee to each trooper per diem. I am quite ignorant of the amount of the money, but I know as far as this, that on the 17th of June there was left one lakh and 19,000 rupees in the king's treasury. The princes are made officers to the royal army—thousands of pities for the poor luxurious princes! They are sometimes compelled to go out of the door of the city in the heat of the sun; their hearts palpitate from the firing of muskets and guns. Unfortunately, they do not know how to command an army; their forces laugh at their imperfections, and abuse them for their bad arrangements. The king sends sweetmeats for the forces in the field, and the guard at the door of the city plunder it like the property of an enemy. The bravery of the royal troops deserves every praise; they are very clever indeed: when they wish to leave the field of battle they tie a piece of rag on their leg, and pretend to have been wounded, and come into the city lame and groaning, accompanied by their friends. On the night of

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the 30th of May, at the Hindun-bridge, the mutineers were quite out of their senses; a good many of them threw their muskets and swords in the wells, and scattering on the road, ran towards villages and jungles, as they thought themselves to have been pursued by English soldiers. Had the English forces taken them they could have taken Delhi the same night, because the sepoys did not return to the city till next morning, and many of them disappeared for ever; they were plundered and beaten by goojurs, and did not bring a farthing back with them. The old king is very seldom obeyed; but the princes are never. The soldiers never mind their regimental bugle, disobey their officers, and neglect their duty; they are never mustered, and never dressed in uniform. The noblemen and begums, together with the princes, regret for the loss of their joyful days. They consider the arrival of mutineers at Delhi a sudden misfortune for them. The princes cannot understand the sepoys without an interpreter. The shells have destroyed lots of houses in the city; and in the fort the marble of the king's private hall is broken to pieces. His majesty is very much alarmed when a shell is burst in the castle, and the princes show his Majesty the pieces of it. Many of the royal family have left the palace through fear. The Delhi College was destroyed to-day (23rd June). English books are lying in the streets still; and sepoys beat and imprison people for speaking English."

A little after one o'clock in the morning of the 8th June, the combined forces from Meerut and Umballa, under the immediate command of Sir Henry Barnard, advanced from Alleepore towards Delhi. After marching about three miles they came upon a body of mutineers, 3,000 in number, and strongly entrenched, with twelve guns in position. The enemy at once opened fire, and inflicted considerable loss on their assailants. Colonel Chester, the adjutant-general, was struck by a round shot on the left hip, which knocked over both him and his horse, and another officer, and two horses. The British artillery was unable to cope with the heavy guns so admirably worked by men trained and disciplined by our own officers. There was only one thing to be done, but one in which British troops seldom fail of success. The order was given to charge and carry the guns. With a ringing cheer H.M.'s 75th rushed on, amidst a hailstorm of musketry, and the sepoys fled in terror to their next position: for they had constructed a line of defence from the signal-tower to the late Maharajah Hindoo Rao's house, and disputed every inch of the ground. However, by nine o'clock the

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army of retribution was in possession of the parade-ground and cantonments. The latter, indeed, were only indicated by grim masses of blackened walls, rent and tottering: the compounds being strewed with broken furniture, torn books, and soiled clothing. Amid this scene of desolation, which inflamed the soldiers' minds with a fierce desire for revenge, the little army encamped and waited for reinforcements. Fortunately for themselves they were not permitted to remain long unmolested. The mutineers made frequent sallies, and fought with the courage of desperate men, who have only to choose between a soldier's and a felon's death.

"Our camp," writes an officer to his friends, "is now about a mile and a half from the walls of Delhi; we have an advanced position about half a mile farther on, in the shape of a large house on the top of a high hill, which commands the city well; near this house we have three batteries, which play on the city all day and night; for the protection of these batteries a force, consisting of the Guides and the Sirmoor battalion, together with three companies of the 60th rifles, are stationed near the batteries and in the close round about the house. The mutineers on their side have three batteries playing on us all day and night too. A very few of these shots come into camp, which is luckily too far away, and partly protected by a hill; but on the house, and all round the house where our advanced position is, the round shot, bomb-shells, and shrapnell are flying and bursting all day and night. Luckily the house is a splendidly-built pucka (brick) one, and not only affords shelter for all our men, but stands the banging and knocking about in gallant style; so that although we are literally under fire all the twenty-four hours round, still the casualties are very few, considering all things. The mutineers generally sally out every afternoon with a couple of guns and some cavalry, the greater portion of them, however, being infantry. These gentlemen come skirmishing up towards our big house, between which and one part of the city is some very nasty rocky ground, covered with brushwood; sneaking up behind the rocks and stones, these scoundrels come, and when near the house, we have to sally out and drive them back; on the afternoon of the 9th, the day we arrived, a very large body of the villains came out, and we had some very sharp fighting to drive them back. Poor young Battye was, I am sorry to say, mortally wounded through the stomach, the ball coming out at his back. He lived twenty-four hours only, and we buried him yesterday morning: a more gallant soldier never

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lived. Daly, our commandant, was cut through the boot, and a slight scratch made on his instep. I was slightly wounded in two places—one, a sword-cut across my chin and lower part of my cheek; and the other, across my left hip, a little below the bone. Both cuts are doing famously, and healing up quickly. The way I got them was this: I was skirmishing along with a number of men, and had helped to pepper the mutineers out of the rocky ground, very nearly down to the city walls, when suddenly a very sharp fire indeed was directed on us from some place in front. I rushed on, calling on the men to follow. After running up about fifty yards I suddenly came up with our commandant and a few men, halted in front of a steep ridge of rocks (which formed a splendid breastwork), and over which Daly was unable to scramble, having too few men to force the position, so that my reinforcement was just what was wanted. Even then we had such a sharp fire on us that it appeared doubtful whether we could scramble up the breastwork in the face of it, as the ridge of rocks sloped down towards the enemy, and was a little perpendicular on our side. Up the slope the enemy came running, delivered their fire, and then back again to load. Our poor fellows were not able to deliver a shot and were getting knocked over most cruelly. To stay five minutes in that position was certain death to us all, so Daly and I drew our swords and rushed up the rocks with a hurrah; a yell from behind told us our men were following us as quickly as they could; the brave fellows are no stay-behinds when their officers are in front of them. A few seconds brought a score of them on the field of action. In the mean time, our commanding officer (Daly) and myself were over, and rather astonished to find we were quite outnumbered; however, there was no help for it now except to fight it out. Immediately on jumping over, I had the satisfaction of seeing three fellows coming with a rush at me; the first, a great tall fellow, evidently excited to delirium almost by *bhang*, opium, and churries, raised his sword, and made a slashing back-handed cut, which, had it taken full effect, must have rolled my head off. However, my usual good luck came to my help, and instead of cutting at my friend, I had just time to change the cut into a guard. My good cavalry sword stood well, though a deep cut was made in the steel; however, my guard having been hurriedly made, and my opponent a stronger man than myself, my sword was beaten down and my cheek laid open. After this blow I had my turn, and gave my friend one across the head, which did not cut him down to the shoulder, as I had imagined, the skull being a very tough article; at

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the same moment one of our men bayoneted this fellow, and Daly cut him down to. As I got my cheek cut I felt a cut just below my hip. The man who did it was instantly bayoneted, and a moment afterwards a third fellow rushed at me—a rather short little scoundrel; he made a vicious cut at my head too, but, being much taller, I easily guarded it, and, as I stepped a little forward after his blow, I had full time to raise myself, arm, and sword, to their full stretch. My sword caught him at the back of the neck and down across the shoulder a fearful gash, and he fell on his face to rise no more, for a dozen bayonets were stuck into him in a moment; at this instant a number of her Majesty's 60th rifles came up, and after a little more fighting the enemy were all shot down or bayoneted. After this I fainted from the profuse bleeding of an artery which was cut in my face, and remember no more till I was picked up and carried back to camp. I was at once patched up by the doctors, and was so well next day that I managed with a little difficulty to go out scrimmaging again; on both these days a good number of the enemy were killed, and our loss was somewhat severe too."

"Lieutenant Battye was a joyous, boyish, but noble fellow, whose every thought was honour; he was hit in the stomach by a round shot, and only lived a few hours. He smiled at a comrade who came to see him, and quoted the old tag, which, when so quoted, ceases to be trite, 'Well old fellow, *dulce et decorum est pro patriâ mori*, you see it's my case.'"

The Guides corps, to which he belonged, marched from Peshawur to Delhi, 570 miles, in twenty-two days, in the hottest month in the Indian year. Such frequent notice of the services of this distinguished corps occurs in every letter from the camp before Delhi, that it may not be inopportune to quote the following description of their peculiar constitution from *Allen's Indian Mail*, a journal justly celebrated for the extent and accuracy of its information on Indian matters.

"This distinguished corps, of whose exploits before Delhi we hear by every mail, was originally raised on the conclusion of the Sutlej campaign, to act either as regular troops or as guides and spies. The men are selected for their sagacity and intelligence, as much as for their courage and hardihood. They are taught to rely upon themselves individually, and thus acquire perfect confidence in their mutual co-operation. Though, for the most part, inhabitants of the Punjab, they belong to no particular race or creed. It is said that there is scarcely a wild or warlike tribe in Upper India which has not contributed recruits to this corps.

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Many of them are genuine mountaineers, others belong to the borders, and from their early childhood have been habituated to miniature warfare; while others again are the daring and enterprising spirits who scorn the dull repose of the plains. From this diversity of origin, it follows that there is no district of Upper India to which they can be sent that is not familiar to some of them; nor is there a dialect anywhere spoken for which they could not furnish an interpreter. Possessing these high soldierly qualities, it is not surprising that the Guides corps has rendered most important service to the quartermaster-general's department, as intelligencers, or that it has frequently been employed in reconnoitring an enemy's position. In the champaign country there are no native troops that can stand against them, and in the annual campaigns against the robber hill-tribes, their dashing valour has only been equalled by their patient endurance of fatigue. It was at the suggestion of the late Sir Henry Lawrence that this corps was originally raised by order of Lord Hardinge, in 1846. Its numerical force at that time was limited to one troop of cavalry and two companies of infantry—in all, 284 men; but this number was trebled by Lord Dalhousie, so that the present strength of the corps consists of three troops of horse and six companies of foot—in all, 840 men, commanded by four European officers, and a surgeon. The colour of their uniform is drab, as less distinguishable at a distance. On the frontier it so nearly resembles the aspect of the country, that the men can scarcely be made out at 150 yards. Their pay is 8 rupees a month for a foot-soldier, and 24 rupees for a trooper; but, on the other hand, they carry their own equipage, and receive no extra allowances in the field. It is not too much to say that a braver, more intelligent, more faithful, or better-disciplined corps does not exist in the military service of the British empire."

Every day the mutineers would come out and skirmish from behind the ruins of ancient buildings and tombs, with which the neighbourhood of Delhi is disfigured, but seldom ventured to try close quarters with our men. Their idea of warfare was peculiar. After firing a shot, they would sit down behind a rock or ruin, and leisurely reload their piece, smoking all the while; then, when the fancy seized them they would rouse themselves and fire another shot, with very little aim and with rare effect. On the 12th they received a severe chastisement, which made them still more cautious.

"The day commenced with firing on the Goorkha posts. Jackson, of the 2nd fusiliers, with No. 1 company, very

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weak, attacked and drove back the mutineers from Subzee Mundee (the vegetable market); but, not being reinforced, he was obliged to retire, and in retiring the gallant fellow was killed.

"Skirmishing went on, on the hill to the right of Hindoo Rao's house, the whole day. The Goorkhas and rifles were engaged, and drove back the mutineers four times. After each attack our men fell back into their positions; when the mutineers, relieved by their numbers, again came on, our men became exhausted by heat and exertion, and supports after each attack were necessary, until at last all the available force was engaged. Welchman, with the left wing of the 1st fusiliers, after Jackson's death, had advanced and had taken possession of Subzee Mundee again, when he was severely wounded and had to leave the field; the wing cleared the streets, but the enemy renewed their attack four times and were successively repulsed. Young Owen, of the 1st, highly distinguished himself, charging four times down the street with his company; his gallantry was very conspicuous. The right wing in the meantime continued their advance under Dennis, and, after driving away the mutineers and killing a large number in a serai, they retired exhausted to Hindoo Rao's house. The big guns on the right flank fired occasionally, but owing to the nature of the ground the enemy could avoid them. All our troops had now been engaged, and the greater part had fallen back exhausted. The general then directed me to the mosque battery, where applications were being constantly sent for reinforcements. I sent every available man. I was then directed to assume command at Hindoo Rao's. When I arrived there I found every one exhausted and done up. There were the 1st fusiliers and some rifles all done up. I went on to the new advanced battery; it was crowded with worn-out men; the artillerymen, likewise done up, had ceased firing; another party of rifles in a similar state in another position; 120 men of the 2nd fusiliers, who had marched twenty-three miles that morning, and had had no breakfast, were lying down exhausted; three weak companies of Goorkhas were out as skirmishers, but they too were exhausted, and the remainder were resting under a rock. The heat was terrific, and the thermometer must have been at least 140 degrees, with a hot wind blowing, and a frightful glare. Well, the mutineers all this time from behind walls and rocks, were keeping up a brisk fire all along our front—*i.e.*, to the right of Hindoo Rao's house, as far as Subzee Mundee, and a battery of two guns from Kissengunge was firing upon us

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without having it returned. I ordered up, when at Hindoo Rao's, 100 of the 1st fusiliers; after serving out grog to them; I threw them forward to the left front of the new battery. I got a reinforcement of 200 of Rothney's Sikhs, who also had marched twenty-three miles, and had as yet nothing to eat; and shortly afterwards a small party of thirty of the 2nd fusiliers, under Harris, a very gallant and determined fellow; and another under the sergeant-major. The latter were sent with the 1st fusiliers. They beat back the mutineers at once, and took possession of a temple on the left front of the batteries, and which commanded it. I directed this to be held, as it moreover gave us the command of the skirmishing ground, hitherto infested by the mutineers. On the right I threw forward Rothney's Sikhs, some Guides, and a few of the 2nd fusiliers. They advanced and again took possession of Subzee Mundee. Between this and the batteries our skirmishers now had command of the whole ground. I ordered the position I now held to be kept till sunset, and then they were to retire to their camp. We were now masters of the field."

The serai above mentioned was a halting-place for travellers, whose beasts of burden and merchandize were secured within the high walls from pilferers and marauders. Into this enclosure above a hundred of the mutineers had fled as to a place of security, but a party of the 60th rifles forced open the gate and bayoneted every one of them. So great was the fury of our men that their bayonets were bent and twisted in pinning the sepoys against the walls. It was computed that the enemy could not have lost fewer than 500 men on that day. On the part of the British there was soon felt a sad want of generalship. No sooner were the mortars in position than it was discovered that the fuses had been left behind at Umballa. The chief engineer, too, was known to be incompetent and obstructive. Neither Sir Henry Barnard nor his senior officer General Reed, who had now joined from Lahore, exhibited the daring energy that the numerical inferiority of their force rendered necessary, and which would have been justified by its superiority in every other point of view. Whatever depended on the troops and their regimental officers was well and gallantly done, but in the higher departments there was a lamentable deficiency of military talent.

On the 15th the mutineers again sallied forth, encouraged by the junction of the 60th N.I. and the 4th native regular lancers. Their attack was so fierce and well sustained that for a time our outnumbered and wearied soldiers were sorely

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tried, but in the end British pluck and endurance gained the day.

"If it had not been for a stratagem," says an eye-witness, "I think they would have taken our heavy guns and ammunition. Our colonel ordered us to hide just as it was getting dusk, and then he sounded the 'retire;' the 'niggers,' who, of course, know our bugle sounds as well as we do, thinking that we had actually gone back, came up at the double in thousands, all of a mob. When about twenty yards' distance it was, 'Up, boys, and at them.' They were greatly astonished, and cut their sticks as fast as they could. I have had a slight bayonet wound in the right side, and a ball through the sleeve of my jacket. The old soldiers who were at Mooltan, Goojerat, and other battles in India, say that this far surpasses anything they have ever witnessed. Our siege-guns have been at work since the 9th, but as yet they have not displaced a brick. Our fire is anything but good, while the shots of the enemy are flying about our batteries like hail."

On the 16th and 17th, the rebels were employed in constructing a battery of heavy guns in such a position as to enfilade the British camp, and to render Hindoo Rao's house utterly untenable. However, at 5 p.m., on the last-mentioned day, "the whole of the force, pickets and guards excepted, proceeded by different routes in two columns to attack and dislodge the battery. Our companies arrived first at the place, knocked down the front gate, and rushed in in front of a very heavy fire from behind walls, and then forced two other barricaded gates; about ten of ours were ordered in, the rest being posted outside the inner walls to shoot all who attempted to escape. We drove them into a corner and shot forty-one, all that remained, the others having escaped by a gate which we had not guarded."

Even when there were no actual sorties to be repulsed, there was always sufficient excitement to occupy the men's minds and to prevent them from slumbering at their post. The following letter from an officer on duty at Hindoo Rao's house gives an excellent idea of the sort of "accidents and casualties" that attends the pomp and circumstance of war.

"They [the mutineers] have a large battery on the left of the Cashmere-gate, one at the gate itself, one at the Moree-gate, one at the Ajmere-gate, and one at a place name unknown, but in the city walls, and in a direct line between Hindoo Rao's house and the Jumma Musjid. Three of these play on the house, one on the high observatory close to us, and one on the Musjid to the left of the observatory. On our side we have three batteries—one at the house, one at

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the observatory, and one at the Musjid, so that whichever battery of ours they fire at, they get an answer in return. This house is fearfully shattered, our engineer and artillery officers say they work their guns beautifully, and fully equal us in good shots. We who are on outpost duty here, some twenty of us (officers and men), all live in the gateway of this house. The day before yesterday (the 17th), while quietly sitting and chatting together, a round shot came humming and whisking right into the mouth of the gateway, struck the wall when it had gone about three yards, and burst into a thousand pieces. Poor young Wheatley, of the late 54th (one of the few who had escaped the massacre), was taken from the middle of us, a large piece of the shell striking him in the shoulder and nearly cutting him in two. He dropped down dead, poor young fellow! Five of us who were sitting within a circle of ten yards of him were more or less struck, but none seriously. I got an admonitory thump on the shoulder from a large piece of a stone that was sent whizzing by my ear; thank God, a stiff shoulder is the only damage done. Two more were cut about the face. The splinters then left us alone in a most curious way and went about six yards, I expect with a large piece of the round shot, which must have struck the wall at the other end of the gateway and burst again, for it killed two men of the 6th carabineers, who were sitting at the mouth of the gateway, smashing their massive brass helmets and thick turban covers, as if they had been made of thin glass, and at the same time five or six Goorkhas of the Sirmoor battalion were killed dead on the spot, also a poor syce. It was a most wonderful thing we were not all killed, but a merciful Providence was watching over us. We have now some sandbags as a wall in front of gateway, and are pretty safe from shot and shell.

"The weather is fearfully hot, though I really think much cooler than it generally is at this time of the year. The heat is not so uncomfortable, though, as the dust, which comes flying through the gateway, and is enough to choke one. In addition to this we have the horrors of an hospital in a part of the house, and every hour of the day poor fellows are being brought in with shattered arms, legs, and the most frightful looking wounds, inflicted by round shot and shell; and, what with the screams of the poor unfortunates, the dust, flies, smell of rum, smoke, and a thousand *et ceteras* too numerous to mention, with the banging of the shot, shell, &c., it is hardly possible to do anything. With all this it is a great satisfaction certainly to be here to pay these scoundrels back a part of what they have done to us."

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On the 19th a sharp action took place. Information having been received that the enemy was manœuvring to get to the rear of the camp, a squadron of H.M.'s 9th lancers, under Brigadier Grant, with six guns, proceeded to oppose his approach. When this little force reached the right of the Ochterlony Gardens, a heavy fire of artillery was opened upon it, to which a suitable reply was speedily made. Reinforcements then came up from camp, and the action became general. Towards dusk the rebels very nearly succeeded in turning the British flank, and for some time two guns were seriously imperilled. A vigorous charge, however, drove them back and the guns were saved, but an ammunition-waggon blew up. On the right flank, two squadrons of the 9th lancers, under Colonel Yule, one troop of the carabineers, under Lieutenant Ellis, and the guide corps, under Captain Daly, supported the batteries of Major Tombs and Major Turner. Considerable confusion appears to have been caused by the skirmishing nature of the fight and the frequent charges of small isolated detachments. As usual, there was no one to give harmony and unity to the movements of the entire body, and therefore every officer in command of a company did what seemed good in his own eyes. In the *mêlée* Colonel Yule was shot through the leg, and brought to the ground. His body was not found till next morning. Both thighs were broken by musket-balls; a ball had passed through the head, just over the eye; his throat was cut and his hands much gashed, as if held up to protect his head. Four of his men were lying dead beside him. The Guides, under Captain Daly, also made two gallant charges, and drove the enemy before them. On the following morning the wounded were brought in, and likewise a gun and two waggons, abandoned by the rebels on the previous night.

The following letter gives a more detailed description of the same fight:—

"June 24th.—Still before the walls of this horrible city. We have had no reinforcements yet, beyond a few Sikhs belonging to the 4th Sikh regiment; consequently we have been able to do nothing except hold our own. On the 19th they came out again, having received reinforcements, which they immediately sent out to fight us. At the same time, a very large force went out a long way, and tried to get round into the rear of our camp. A large force of ours consequently went out to meet these gentlemen, and a tremendous fight was the consequence. Our arrangements were very bad in this fight—the cavalry, infantry, and artillery all mixed up together in sad confusion; many of our men, I fear, killed

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by our side. The mutineers held a capital position, and their big guns did terrible execution, loaded as they were with grape-shot; unfortunately, too, evening closed in on the fight, and instead of quietly retiring, so as to protect our camp, we were ordered to fight on, and the confusion became terrible: at last, however, the order came to retire; many of our guns were left on the ground till morning, as also our killed and wounded, but were luckily all safely brought back into camp next day. I fear our loss was nearly equal to the enemy's that day; several officers were killed and wounded, among the latter our commandant, Daly, was shot through the shoulder. He is doing well, however. Kennedy, of our cavalry, too, has since been shot through the leg and stomach; he is also doing well, but he had a narrow escape. On the morning after the last fight, the mutineers again came out to try the same plan as the evening before, but the lesson we had had made us wiser, and we marched out in capital order. The enemy, seeing this, immediately began to retire, and tried to draw us on into some broken ground. This, however, they did not succeed in; and as they kept retiring from place to place, our horse artillery punished them a good deal. Finding they could do no good that day, they wisely retired, and we returned to camp. No loss on our side. Since then (the 20th), beyond a few shirmishes, nothing was attempted on either side, except our blowing up two bridges, which prevents the enemy's artillery from coming out, except by a long round of some three miles to the left and right; but yesterday, the 23rd, we heard that every man in the city capable of bearing arms was coming out, to make an end of us, or die in the attempt. Our information was correct; at sunrise yesterday morning, the whole city apparently turned out, and attacked us on all sides. I was with the Guides on the right, and from sunrise to past sunset we fought altogether fifteen hours, without anything to eat and only water to drink. We managed to hold our own well, nevertheless, till about one o'clock, and killed an immense number of the mutineers; but at one o'clock, an immense reinforcement came to the assistance of the opposite party, and we had enough to do to hold our own. I twice fired away every shot we had, nearly 100 rounds per man, and had sent back for more ammunition. The men I sent came back with the fearful news there was no more: to leave the position was contrary to all orders, so we had to do our best by pretending to fire, and keeping the post with the bayonet. All this time we were under a perfect hailstorm of bullets, round-shot, and shell, for the enemy had brought some of their

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light field guns round, and were playing with great effect on our reduced numbers. I certainly thought we should all be done for, when, by the greatest good luck, a part of the regiment of Sikhs that had that very morning marched into camp, came up with a yell to our assistance; they were fresh men, and had lots of ammunition, so we rushed on, and drove the enemy back. At the same time, we were ordered to advance as far as we could; this we did, and drove the enemy back into the city, after which, as they did not seem inclined to come out again, we retired, it being past sunset."

The 23rd of June being the anniversary of the battle of Plassye, the first day of the new moon, and therefore auspicious for Mahommedans, and also the Ruth Juttra, and consequently favourable for the Hindoos, the rebels marched out in great force at daylight, and made a spirited attack on the outposts. While the citizens of London were reading with much complacency the *Times* article on the centenary of the glorious victory of Plassye, and while flowery orators in Willis's Rooms were dilating on the glorious achievements of Clive, a handful of British troops was struggling for empire and for life under the walls of Delhi. The action was severe, and the loss on both sides considerable, as the enemy fought under the shelter of gardens and buildings. However, they were at length driven into the city, leaving several hundreds of their men dead or dying on the field of battle. During the 23rd and 24th, the besieged remained behind their walls, and the British army received a reinforcement of 400 or 500 Europeans, making in all about 3,000 British soldiers, besides three native corps of 600 each—the Guides, a Sikh regiment, and the Goorkhas. The last are short, square, strong-limbed highlanders, for 150 years the dominant race in Nepaul.

On the evening of the 24th, a party of sappers, under Lieutenant Maunsell and the writer of the following narrative, "went out to demolish a couple of bridges over the canal, about three miles from this, over which the enemy were in the habit of taking their artillery and forces when they wished to attack us in the rear; we were accompanied by a party of 100 infantry, and fifty cavalry of the Guides (a fine set of fellows, most of them Sikhs from the Punjab, and capital fellows to fight). We left camp about six p.m., and got to the bridges about dusk, without meeting any adventures except the capture of a few villagers. By half-past nine p.m. we had got the mines in the nearest bridge ready for firing, and were hard at work on the further one, when the sentries came in

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to report that a large body of men were advancing on us from Delhi, and distant about 200 yards. We had almost got the mines ready, and I was just lowering the last powder-barrel into its place, when a panic seemed to strike the whole of the sentries, and horse and foot, about twenty in number, came pouring across the bridge, and almost knocking the working party over, at the same time firing hard at the supposed enemy. As soon as possible (after dragging Maunsell out of the canal, into which he had been knocked by the rush of our men), we got our men together, and led them across the bridge, when we found that our foes were nothing more than a party of fifty villagers removing their goods from the village in front. Two of them were killed by our fire, the rest had bolted, leaving several ponies behind, which the Guides brought in in triumph. After this gallant exploit we blew up the two bridges, completely demolishing them, and got back to the camp at about twelve p.m."

It was well that these bridges were then demolished, for on the 26th the enemy again attempted to get to the rear, but were thus prevented from crossing the canals. On the 30th he again attacked the outposts, and maintained a harassing fight for some hours, in the course of which Lieutenant Yorke, 3rd N.I., was killed, while showing a gallant example to the men. And thus closed the month of June, without any distinct advantage having been gained by the besieging force, or any plan of operations even having been formed. Thus far it had been an affair of hap-hazard, redeemed only by the personal heroism of the soldiers and their immediate officers. But great things were now anticipated from the engineering abilities of Colonel Baird Smith, and the dashing enterprise of Brigadier Chamberlain, recently appointed adjutant-general of the Bengal army.

CHAPTER V.

Panic in Calcutta—Mutinies at Seetapore, Neemuch, Benares, and Sultanpore.

When the telegram announcing the terrible catastrophes of Meerut and Delhi reached Calcutta, Lord Canning at once sent off despatches for Lord Elgin, shortly expected at Ceylon, on his way to China as minister plenipotentiary, urgently requesting him to turn aside for the protection of Bengal the troops originally intended for Canton. His

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lordship also summoned aid from Madras, and appointed Sir Patrick Grant commander-in-chief of the Bengal army, as successor to General Anson, pending the ratification of the home government. Sir Patrick was a Bengal officer, intimately conversant with the organization of Indian armies, and eminently fitted to command one in time of peace. Whether he would have acquitted himself in a manner worthy of his former reputation, is a question that cannot be determined, as circumstances occurred to prevent his taking the field in person; and the entire period of his command was too brief to enable him to render much service in any other way. Lord Canning likewise sent for troops and artillery from Ceylon, and cordially approved of the promptitude displayed by Lord Elphinstone at Bombay, in organizing movable columns to operate in Bengal, and in despatching ships to convey reinforcements from Mauritius and the Cape of Good Hope, to wherever they might be most needed. The inhabitants of Calcutta, of all nations and tongues—Britons, Americans, French, Armenians, Hindoos, and Mahommedans—rallied round the government, and offered assurances of unshaken loyalty and goodwill. The Europeans further tendered their services as a militia, which, after being curtly declined, were gladly accepted. In another matter Lord Canning acted with a decision indicative of high moral courage: he ventured to place the press under a temporary censure. As might be expected, this somewhat arbitrary exercise of power caused great offence to the European journalists, although it had been rendered necessary by their habitual flippancy, the personality of their remarks, and their normal state of opposition to the government. They now made a great parade of their long-dormant patriotism, and insisted that the native portion of the press should alone be subjected to restraint. To this it was objected, that no such distinctive lines could be drawn between different classes of the community, and further, that some journals published in the English language were actually the property of natives, and enjoyed a native circulation. There can be no doubt that the peculiarly impulsive and susceptible temperament of Asiatics, combined with their traditional reverence for power, requires the most firm but delicate treatment in times of difficulty and danger. It is altogether absurd to apply to them the constitutional principles that are natural, or at least habitual, to a phlegmatic and practical people, living in a totally different phase of society and civilization. Lord Canning's restrictive measure was foreseen and provided for by the able statesman who

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granted and sanctioned the liberty of the Indian press. It was simply a matter of necessity, and was found to answer well, notwithstanding the petulance of certain local journalists, more alive to the idle exhibition of their talents than to the true interests of their country. But his lordship could little have supposed that the first paper to incur a warning would be the *Friend of India*, so long recognized as the demi-official organ of the government; or that the first license to be suspended should be that of the *Hurkaru*, the oldest and not the least able or respectable of the Calcutta journals.

The ex-king of Oude, with his minister Nawab Alee Nuckee Khan, had hitherto resided, unmolested, at Garden Reach, surrounded by a rabble rout of followers. It transpired, however, that his ex-majesty was busily intriguing with his late subjects, and that a quantity of arms had been secretly introduced into his house. Accordingly, at four o'clock on the morning of the 15th June, a strong detachment of the 37th foot, just arrived from Ceylon, surrounded his grounds, and carried off Wajid Alee Shah, his prime-minister, and their chief adherents, to Fort William, where they were placed under strict custody. On the previous day, the two native regiments at Barrackpore were quietly disarmed, before any suspicion entered their minds of such an intention on the part of the authorities. One of these regiments (the 70th) had previously volunteered to serve against their fellow-countrymen in Delhi, and at a subsequent period again volunteered to proceed to China; but the government, nevertheless, acted wisely in taking even harsh precautions against any sudden change in their disposition.

"Whilst the work of disarming," says the *Friend of India*, "was going on at Barrackpore, precisely the same process was being carried through at Calcutta, where it was rumoured that murder and mutiny were triumphant at the former place, and that a strong force of rebels was marching down upon the city from Delhi. The infection of terror raged through all classes. Chowringhee and Garden Reach were abandoned for the fort and the vessels in the river. The shipping was crowded with fugitives, and in houses which were selected as being least likely to be attacked, hundreds of people gladly huddled together, to share the peculiar comfort which the presence of crowds imparts on such occasions. The hotels were fortified; bands of sailors marched through the thoroughfares, happy in the expectation of possible fighting, and the certainty of grog. Every group of natives was scanned with suspicion. The churches and the course were abandoned for the evening. A rising of either Hindoos

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or Mussulmans, or perhaps of both, was looked upon as certain to happen in the course of the night. From Chandernagore, the whole body of European and East-Indian inhabitants emigrated to Calcutta. The *personnel* of government, the staff of the army, all, in short, who had anything to lose, preferred to come away and run the risk of losing it, rather than encounter the unknown danger. Many years must elapse before the night of the 14th June, 1857, will be forgotten in Calcutta. There is reason to believe that the natives were equally afraid of being slaughtered by the Europeans, and as much rejoiced at finding their necks sound on the following morning."

The panic fortunately subsided as rapidly as it had arisen. The alarm was not altogether groundless, as a map of the city was discovered, divided into sections, set apart for particular gangs of Mahommedans. The rising was fixed for the 23rd of June, in commemoration of the battle of Plassye, and on the morrow no Feringhee was to have been found alive in Calcutta. At that time, however, success would not have been achieved without a severe struggle, though many Europeans would no doubt have been easily massacred in their sleep. But the armed force was sufficient to have crushed the entire Mahommedan population. Fort William was garrisoned by her Majesty's 53rd, 900 strong; a wing of the 37th, 500 strong, was encamped on the glacis, besides artillery and the volunteer corps, while reinforcements were at hand at Barrackpore and Chinsurah. But while Calcutta escaped with alarms, frightful massacres were being almost daily perpetrated in the Upper Provinces. It is true the rebels occasionally received severe chastisement for their misdeeds, but, unhappily, this was of rare occurrence, and on a very limited scale compared with their enormities and excesses. Lieutenant Cockburn, of the Gwalior contingent, was fortunate enough to be one of the few who were in a position to act on the offensive.

"At Agra he received instructions to march to Allyghur, which he did, accomplishing the whole distance of 176 miles in seven marches. He arrived just in time, and was enabled to escort all the Europeans at that station to Hattras, effectually protecting them from the soldiers of the 9th N.I., who had mutinied. At Hattras, 100 of his own men rebelled. The rebels formed and rode round the camp; they entreated those who remained faithful to join them; they represented that otherwise they would remain poor men for life; they adjured them by their religion; but still the men stood firm. Finding that promises were of no avail, they

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had recourse to menaces, and went off to stir up the villagers. With a party now reduced to 123 men, and in a hostile country, Lieutenant Cockburn and his troopers still managed to do good service; for, hearing that a party of 500 men had collected near Hattras, and were plundering all that was valuable, and murdering every one upon whom they could lay their hands, he determined to attack them. Accordingly, he procured a curtained bullock-cart, such as coloured women travel in up the country, and having let down the curtains, he persuaded four of his troopers, with loaded carbines, to enter and personate the ladies. The cart he sent on in front, and he himself, with about forty troopers, followed at a distance, screening his party under the shade of some trees. No sooner did the plunderers see the cart, than they rushed forward to plunder the fair damsels they imagined to be concealed inside. But they were wofully mistaken, for the foremost of them, so soon as he had neared the cart, was shot dead, and Lieutenant Cockburn's party in the rear, hearing the signal, were upon the marauders in an instant. They broke and fled in all directions; forty-eight were killed, three wounded, and ten were taken prisoners; while others, in the extremity of their fear, threw themselves down wells, where doubtless their carcasses now taint the waters."

At Seetapore the mutiny broke out on the 3rd of June. A wing of the 41st N.I. was stationed at the town itself, and the remainder of the regiment at another place in the neighbourhood.

"The colonel, although warned by a friendly sepoy, would not believe that the regiment intended to mutiny, and conducted two of the disappointed companies to the treasury, and there he and another officer were shot. The sergeant-major was also killed, and one other officer wounded. The officers had received orders, of course, to remain with their men; but on hearing the firing in the town, the men at once disbanded themselves, rushing there to join in the plunder. A few faithful sepoys now implored the officers to escape, and, seeing the bungalows and lines in a blaze, they left about noon in their buggies. The party consisted of twelve officers, six ladies, and as many children, with a number of the wives and children of civilians—about fifty in all. During their journey they had to avoid the high road, and were obliged to go over ravines, ploughed fields, and places where no wheeled carriage could ever before have passed. The party halted for an hour only, and were pursued by the mutineers, after they had satiated themselves by murdering about fifty people in the town, men, women, and children;

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but fortunately they reached Lucknow, a distance of fifty miles, in safety, escorted by twenty sepoys who remained faithful to them. The party were two days and a night on the road, and the heat was intense. They lost all they possessed, and escaped with only the things they had on. The station was burnt to the ground."

On the same night the 17th N.I. mutinied at Azimghur. An escort of eighty sowars (troopers) of the 13th irregular cavalry arrived on that day from Goruckpore, with treasure to the amount of £75,000. About 6 p.m. the latter resumed their march to Benares. Three hours afterwards, the sepoys of the 17th rushed out from their lines, killed Lieutenant Hutchison, the quartermaster, and the kotwal (or mayor) of the city, and wounded the quartermaster-sergeant and the havildar-major. The officer on guard at the cutcherry, or magistrate's court, which was surrounded by an unfinished breastwork, turned out his men and ordered the golandauzes (native artillerymen) to load the guns. They refused, however, to obey him, and said that they had no intention of injuring their officers or the ladies; but they wanted the guns to give chase to the treasure escort. The Europeans thereupon fled from the station, and after toiling over forty-four miles of bad road, reached Ghazeepore in safety. The troopers of the 13th irregular cavalry proved true to their salt, and conveyed the treasure untouched to Benares.

In the latter days of the month of May, the 72nd N.I. at Neemuch exhibited a strange restlessness and excitement, but by the 2nd of June had settled down to their ordinary calm demeanour. The sepoys even took an oath on the Ganges water, that they would continue to serve the government faithfully. In addition to this regiment, the 1st Gwalior cavalry, the 4th company Gwalior artillery, and the 7th Gwalior infantry, were also stationed at Neemuch.

"The night of the 3rd (writes Dr. Murray) was one of the loveliest I have ever seen. The moon shone bright and clear, and not a cloud was seen throughout the whole expanse of heaven. About eleven o'clock I had my bed brought outside, as usual, where the sentry was pacing up and down, and lay down in my clothes, having merely changed my coat for a dressing-gown. I had not been half an hour on my bed when two guns were fired, at intervals of a few seconds, by Walker's battery: this was evidently a preconcerted signal, for immediately after several shots were fired in the direction of the cavalry lines, and bungalow after bungalow was set on fire. I assembled my night-guard at once, and wanted them

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to accompany me to Captain Laurie's house, where I expected to find some ladies, whom I intended to escort towards the fort or fortified square. The 'naick' (or corporal) said there was no use in going, that we should be killed by the cavalry, and strongly advised me to retire. I was going over myself, when I saw the 'naick' of Captain M'Donald's guard running towards me; he was in a great state of excitement, and, taking hold of me by the arm, begged me not to go that way; the 'mem log' (ladies), he said, had all fled, and the place was now filled by the mutineers. I saw some natives running about wildly, and presently several shots were fired not far from where I was standing. 'Chullo, sahib, golee chulte' ('Come along, sir, the balls are flying about'), said the naick, who now entreated me to leave the place, or I should be killed. Seeing that the affair had at last become serious, I desired my 'syce' (or groom) to saddle my horse and bring him over to the fort. The naick said, 'For God's sake, sahib, don't go to the fort—fly at once into the country.' I asked him what he meant. He answered, 'All the fighting will take place in the fort.' 'All right,' I said, 'I am going to fight too.' Upon this he insisted on going with me, and called out to two sepoys of the guard to follow.

"I arrived at the fort just as the left wing, under Lieutenant Rose, was entering; the right wing, under Captain M'Donald, had already lined the ramparts and bastions, and presented a somewhat formidable appearance. The whole regiment being now inside, the gate was ordered to be shut, the drawbridge taken up, and a strong party, under Lieutenants Gurdon and Davenport, was planted to guard the entrance. I went on the ramparts, where I found Captain M'Donald encouraging the men, and telling them that the artillery could do them no harm, as they had no shells. Lieutenant Rose was also on the ramparts, doing his best to encourage the men. I was sorry to learn from him that he had been fired at by a sepoy of the regiment immediately after he had given the order for the left wing to march to the fort. I looked upon this as a bad sign, for I had all along felt confident that the greater part of the regiment would stand by us. The fact of their not attempting to seize the mutineer who fired at Lieutenant Rose shook my faith in them very much.

"Shortly after we were all in the fort, and while the work of destruction was being carried on outside by the mutineers of the other regiments composing the force—troop of horse artillery, wing of 1st light cavalry, and 72nd regiment of native infantry—Captain M'Donald got out the colours of

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the 7th, carried them himself along the rampart, and unfurling them on the right front bastion, called on the men to protect them. This they declared they would do.

"From time to time I walked along the ramparts, talking to the sepoys and encouraging them to hold out. I explained to many of them the high reward that Captain Lloyd, superintendent of Neemuch, had guaranteed to every individual among them who assisted in protecting the treasure and fort; and that if they behaved well and remained 'true to their salt,' the government would certainly reward them handsomely. Several of the men assured me they would die rather than surrender; others said, they would hold out against infantry and cavalry, but if artillery attacked them they should be obliged to give in. It was a magnificent but lamentable sight that presented itself to our view as we stood for nearly three hours on the ramparts, expecting an attack every moment. Upwards of forty bungalows and innumerable haystacks were blazing away before us, the flames shooting high up in the air, brightening the whole cantonment and fort, and throwing a lurid glare round the country for miles.

"About a quarter to three a.m. four men of the grenadier company came up to me and said, 'Doctor sahib, it is no use holding out any longer; we are not now under the orders of the major, we are commanded by Pirthee Singh, subadar of the grenadier company. If you don't believe us,' they continued 'come and see for yourself.' I went with them to the left rear bastion, where I found a large body of the regiment (at least 150), and Pirthee Singh at their head. One of the sepoys said to him, 'The doctor sahib has come.' He had just then been addressing some of the men, and turning round to me, said, 'You had better all leave the fort before it be too late.' Another sepoy, standing close by, said aloud, 'We are now under Pirthee Singh's orders.' I went back to report the circumstance to Captain M'Donald, but meeting Lieutenant Rose (second in command), I reported it to him. He said, 'It was a bad business, and he would go at once and tell M'Donald.' A few minutes after, the artillery commenced firing again, and hearing a row at the gate, I hastened down, and found that the party under Lieutenants Gurdon and Davenport had mutinied and were forcing their way through the gate. Captain M'Donald, Lieutenants Rose, Gurdon, Davenport, and myself, with Sergeants Nesbitt and Lane, tried all we could to prevent their leaving, but to no purpose; most of the men had their bayonets fixed, and presently the whole

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regiment, nearly 700 strong, left the ramparts and bastions, and slowly but steadily forced their way out of the fort. We (the officers) were taken on by the tide, and got separated in the crowd. Two sepoys of the grenadier company who were with me all this time insisted on my going away before the cavalry came down upon us. They said, 'Your lives are safe among your own men, but we cannot answer for the artillery and cavalry.' Seeing it would be madness to remain any longer, I and Dr. Gane left them.

"Just as the day began to dawn, we arrived at a village, which we afterwards found to be Kussaunda. Although we had not walked above five miles, yet, the ground being heavy, we were quite tired and half dead with thirst. We knocked up one of the villagers, an old man, and asked him for some water. He immediately brought us to a well where there was a cistern quite full, and we both sat down and had a regular libation. I verily believe our guide thought we would never leave off drinking. I gave him a rupee (2s.), which pleased him mightily, and asked him to show us the head man of the village. This he did at once. We found him in a small fort, surrounded by some half-dozen men. I told him we wished to rest there for an hour or so, and asked him if we could do so. He said, 'Most certainly,' and received us with great civility, had a place cleared for us immediately in his own house, and begged we would make ourselves comfortable. He sent for milk, chupatties, dâll, rice, and mangoes, and entreated us to eat. After partaking of some refreshment, we lay down and had a nap. We were not destined, however, to remain long at rest. About 9 a.m. a party of the 1st light cavalry, who were scouring the country, arrived at Kussaunda, and insisted on having the sahibs out, in order that they might 'saf kuro them' (polish them off; kill them). 'Mar dalo Feringhee' (kill the Europeans) was their cry. Dr. Gane and I would have stood no chance against these scoundrels; and we were indebted for our lives to the noble conduct of the Rajpoots of the village who swore they would stand by us to the last. They said, 'You have eaten with us and are our guests, and now, if you were our greatest enemy, we would defend you.' They put us in a small dilapidated shed on one of the bastions, and when the troopers demanded us, declared we were not there. After much altercation, the troopers threatened to attack the village if we were not given up. The Rajpoots warned them to be careful. They said, 'Kussaunda belongs to the râna (the râna of Odeypore). We are his subjects, and if you molest us, he will send 10,000 soldiers after you.'

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They went away in a great rage, threatening to return with the guns in the evening and blow us to pieces.

"About one o'clock we were agreeably surprised by seeing an artillery sergeant (Sergeant Supple, an active and gallant soldier) walk into our little fort; we thought at first he was being pursued by the cavalry, but he informed us that he was in search of the brigade-major. He told us also that Captain Lloyd, Captain M'Donald, and several officers of the 7th Gwalior contingent were at the village of Darroo, only three miles off. This was good news. He said he would gallop off and bring us assistance, and soon we were glad to see him put his horse out at full speed and scour across the country in the direction of Darroo.

"Hour after hour passed away, and no assistance arriving from Darroo, we began to think that our friends there were in as great a fix as ourselves, and such we afterwards discovered was really the case.

"In consultation with our Rajpoot friends, it was decided that we should go on to Chota Sadree, a distance of about sixteen miles, that same night. They were afraid that the cavalry would be as good as their word, and return with the guns. Accordingly, we left Kussaunda shortly after sunset, escorted by several Rajpoots, and arrived at Chota Sadree about ten o'clock. Our route lay through dense jungle, and, being on foot (for my horse was stolen by the mutineers), we were a good deal knocked up by the time we arrived there; and, to our disappointment, we were told that all the Europeans had left an hour before for Burra Sadree, sixteen miles further on. Our reception was cold in the extreme; they did not want us to remain there a moment, and would scarcely give us even a drink of water. I sent two men to inform the kumashdar that we wanted to see him; but they came back saying it was too late, he would not see us, but advised us to hasten on after the other sahibs. There were lots of horses and camels picketed about, a couple of which we wanted to hire, but they refused to let us have them; they said they would sell them to us, but not hire them. Considering the state of our finances, buying was of course out of the question. Nothing remained now but to quit this inhospitable place and push on for Burra Sadree. Our escort from Kussaunda left us, and in their place we got two Bheel guides; so, after remaining about twenty minutes in Chota Sadree, we pushed on for the next stage. In about an hour and a half we reached a small village in the heart of the jungle, called 'Bheeliya Kegaon.' Here we received very great kindness—the Bheels seemed to vie with each other in

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their hospitality; they spoke to us of the benefits they received under British rule, and abused the mutineers in no measured terms; the women were thoroughly indignant, and expressed a hope that vengeance would speedily overtake the traitors. We remained with the worthy Bheels about an hour, and having procured a couple of ponies, started for Burra Sadree, which place we reached about nine o'clock next day, and were delighted to meet all our friends of the 7th Gwalior contingent, 1st cavalry, and artillery. At Burra Sadree we parted with our Bheel guides, to whom we gave a few rupees, and in place of the pony I was fortunate in getting the loan of a spare charger, and Dr. Gane succeeded in getting a gharry. The whole party started from Burra Sadree about two p.m., and arrived at Doongla about seven p.m. Here we remained two days, when we were joined by Captain Showers, political agent of Meywar, who hastened from Odeypore with a strong force of the rana's choicest troops, and determined on giving chase to the mutineers at once.

"Numerous were the hairbreadth escapes at Neemuch, and, considering the character of the outbreak, it was providential that many lives were not lost. One European woman (the wife of an artillery sergeant) and three children were unfortunately butchered at the commencement of the mutiny. The sergeant was on duty over the guns at the time, and it appears had no opportunity of defending his family. Happily there were no other lives lost. The Mahomedans throughout were most cruel, ferocious, and bloodthirsty; those of the artillery and cavalry were the worst of the lot. Excited with bhang or hemp, they galloped about like fiends, intent only on bloodshed and murder. A Mahommedan subadar of the 72nd N.I. persuaded the colonel and officers of the regiment, with their families, to take shelter in his house; they were no sooner in than he fastened the door upon them outside, and sent for the guns. Fortunately a Hindoo sepoy, who remained 'true to his salt,' broke open the door, and warned the officers of their danger in time to enable them to escape. The quartermaster-sergeant's wife of the 7th Gwalior contingent was attacked by some Mahommedans, and would have been killed but for some Hindoo sepoys, who came to the rescue and escorted her in safety to a village some miles out of the station. She afterwards joined her husband, and proceeded with the rest of the party to Odeypore. The conduct of the Odeypore durbar at this crisis was beyond all praise. The rana appears to have entered heart and soul into our cause; indeed, had it not been for his loyalty

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to the British government, and co-operation with the authorities, there is no saying what might have been the aspect of affairs in Rajpootana at the present moment."

Only one bungalow was spared, but, on the other hand, not a single life was lost; nor did the place remain long in the possession of the mutineers, the majority of whom, indeed, at once made off for Delhi. Not one of them awaited the approach of General Woodburn's movable column, which set out from Poonah on receipt of the news from Neemuch. The cavalry regiment of the Malwah contingent having been despatched to follow up the Neemuch mutineers, suddenly refused to go any further, and, having murdered their European officers, Lieutenant Brodie and Lieutenant Hunt, returned to their headquarters at Mehidpore, but failed to induce the artillery and infantry to join them. The Bhurtpore levies, under Captain Nixon, superintendent of the Jawud district, behaved in a similar manner after proceeding two or three marches. The commanding officer and his associate, Captain Gore Munbee, of the Bombay engineers, had no alternative but to ride for their lives, and, after many hairbreadth escapes, reached Bhurtpore in safety. At Hansi, the Hurrianah light infantry, and the 4th irregular cavalry, massacred every European in the station, though it does not appear that they increased the bitterness of death by previous insult and outrage, as so frequently happened at other stations. Among the victims were Lieutenant Barwell, of the 13th N.I., an excellent and estimable officer, and his amiable young wife.

The announcement of the mutiny at Allyghur roused the European authorities at Benares to a sense of their own danger. The station was nominally commanded by Brigadier Ponsonby, but Col. Neill, of the 1st Madras fusiliers, impatient at the vacillation displayed by his superior officer, virtually superseded him, and took the command into his own hands. The brigade consisted of the 37th N. I., the Loodiana Sikh regiment, the 13th irregular cavalry, 150 men of H.M.'s 10th, thirty men of the 1st Madras fusiliers, and three 9-pounders, with twenty gunners. About four p.m. of the 4th a general parade was ordered, with the intention of disarming the suspected 37th, who were drawn up in front of their own lines, and facing the guns. On being ordered to place their muskets in the "bells of arms," some of them obeyed, while others hesitated. On this some European soldiers advanced to secure the "bells;" but the sepoys misunderstanding the movement, and imagining they were about to be butchered, again seized their arms and fired upon their own officers.

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This was the signal for a discharge of grape-shot, which sent them in confusion to their lines. There they faced about, and fired upon their assailants from behind their huts. But they were quickly dislodged by a handful of British soldiers under Col. Spottiswoode, commanding the 37th N.I., who set fire to the thatched roofs, and again drove the sepoys to flight. Meanwhile the irregular cavalry and the Sikhs also became bewildered, and, uncertain of their own fate, instead of charging the mutineers, turned upon the Europeans. The Sikhs three times charged the guns, but were repulsed with terrible slaughter. Above a hundred of the mutineers were killed upon the spot, and twice that number wounded. Of the European officers, Capt. Guise, in command of the irregulars, and Ensign Hayter, 25th N.I., doing duty with the 37th, were killed, and three others wounded; of the men, only eight were put *hors de combat.* The lives of the civilians and their families were mainly saved, however, through the instrumentality of a Sikh political prisoner, Soorut Singh, who prevailed upon the Sikhs of the treasury guard to remain tranquil, though aware of the slaughter of their comrades. In acknowledgment of this chieftain's noble and generous conduct, the European gentlemen afterwards subscribed 100*l.* in order to present him with a handsome battery of fire-arms. At a late hour in the evening the ladies were all conveyed to the Mint, though not without being frequently fired at by small bodies of the 13th cavalry. Three balls passed through the turban of a native coachman who was driving a party of ladies to the common rendezvous, and many narrow escapes were afterwards recounted. It is much to be feared, however, that the defection of the Sikh regiment was entirely produced by mismanagement. Col. Neill, accustomed to European soldiers, omitted to take sufficient precautions to insure a thorough comprehension of his intentions on the part of the sepoys. An officer of great zeal and energy, he appears to have been deficient in temper and judgment.

Baffled in their treacherous designs at Benares, the 37th mutineers proceeded to Jaunpore. The residents hastened to the cutcherry, or collector's office, on receiving this unwelcome intelligence, and the company of Sikhs posted there swore to defend them to the last drop of their blood. But as the Europeans entered the building, a Sikh shot Lieutenant Mara, the commanding officer, through the back. His companions carried him in and laid him on the floor. The Sikhs, having fired a volley over their heads, went off to plunder the treasury, and in front of the gaol killed Mr. Cuppage, the magistrate. Delivered from the immediate presence of their

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enemies, the Europeans ventured out from their place of security, and fled in their carriages to Benares. Lieutenant Mara, however, being too severely wounded to move, was left to die alone and untended, for his poor wife received an apoplectic stroke which proved fatal.

"You will be glad," writes a clergyman to his friends, "to hear that the Reuthers, from Jaunpore, with Mr. J. Cæsar, the catechist, and his wife, are safe and in Benares. On Thursday the 4th, the discomfited mutineers from Benares set off for Jaunpore. At eight p.m. on Friday the 5th, two or three indigo-planters rode at full speed into the Reuthers' compound, saying, 'Fly for your lives; the sepoys are upon us!' They hurried off at once to the cutcherry, where all the residents were assembled. The 37th first came up, and seem to have been afraid to attack them. Meanwhile Mr. Cæsar was walking with Captain Mara, who commanded the Sikhs at Jaunpore. Mr. Cæsar said, 'The 37th are upon us.' 'The 37th!' said Captain Mara, 'what have we to fear from the 37th—our own men will keep them off.' Mr. Cæsar had scarcely left him when he was struck by a ball from the Sikhs, staggered a few steps, and fell. It seems the Sikhs were afraid to rob the treasury till they had shot their officer. Then they began to pillage, and the residents took that opportunity to be off. Before they went, the Sikhs had come up and fired in at all the windows of the cutcherry, and they were obliged to lie down on the floor, the bullets whizzing over their heads. Mr. Cæsar saw the magistrate, Mr. Cuppage, lying dead in front of the gaol door. After most had escaped, up came the sowars, on whom we had been relying for our lives at Benares until the arrival of the English troops. They had vowed to murder every European. They came to the deputy collector, an old East-Indian. Both Hindoos and Mussulmans got around him and said, 'Do him no harm; he has always been kind and just to us.' 'Can't help it,' said the sowars, 'he is a European.' They then repeated this to a sergeant and his wife, though the people pleaded for them and said they were very kind and inoffensive. 'Can't help it,—they are Europeans.' Providentially the refugees did not take the Benares road, or they would have been cut off, man, woman, and child, by these bloodthirsty savages. They drove to Zjufferabad, and there got on board a native boat to go down the Ganges. They had not gone far when the boatmen, native-like, turned against the sahibs in their distress, and refused to convey them beyond a certain village. There they landed them, and they repaired to the police-office; and the Benares magis-

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trate, with a party of volunteers and English soldiers, escorted them to Benares. Their flight lasted five days."

At Sultanpore the mutineers were the 15th irregular cavalry, who killed all their officers except Lieutenant Tucker, murdered two civilians, and plundered and burnt every house in the station. Lieutenant Tucker's escape is thus related by his wife:—

"On the Sunday before the mutiny at Sultanpore (which was on the Tuesday morning, June 9th) Charlie went out some distance to meet the wing of his regiment which he commanded at Seetapore, and which was inclined to mutiny, to see if he could pacify the men; and he apparently did so, and brought them, with the second in command, into Sultanpore on the Monday night late. About eight o'clock on the Tuesday morning poor Colonel Fisher, while out, was shot through the body by the native police. Charlie directly went to him, and, after much trouble, persuaded some of the men to get him into a dooly. He said he was dying; but Charlie took out the ball, and gave him some water. He then tried to persuade the regiment to come near their colonel, but no one would obey any order. They were all under some trees close to our house. A party of them then made a rush at Captain Gibbings, who was on horseback at a little distance, and killed him; and then the men shouted to Charlie to go away. He found it was all over then, and so rode off. Three men rode after him about a mile, and then returned. He rode some distance, and then got into a jungle, where he stayed a great part of the day; but he had first gone into a village with one of his grooms who had got his mare, and who said he would take care of him; but Charlie found out that he meant to betray him; so he rode off.

"Only fancy how dreadful it was for him to be wandering about in the heat of the day, not knowing where to go, and getting people to give him water to drink at wells, and at last drinking it out of little streams—he was so terribly thirsty. At last, about four o'clock in the afternoon, he asked a man whom he saw for some water, and also if he could protect him, for he and his horse were both getting knocked up. The man said he would, and took him into his village and afterwards to his master, who lived in a native fort, and who was the principal person in the place; and there Charlie stayed until the party from here went to fetch him."

Before quitting the holy city of Kashee (the Hindoo name of Benares), the following letter from a Queen's officer who arrived there on the 22nd June, will be read with interest:—

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"From the last station before reaching Benares we brought fifteen of the villains. They had been captured by the native police of the station. I arrived there just in time to see them examined. They had each got from 200 to 400 rupees' worth of gold and silver ornaments, such as nose-rings, ear-ornaments, armlets, and anklets, as well as forty-one rupees each in money. The nose-rings are made of the purest gold, and about three or four inches in diameter, and set with diamonds and other precious stones. These are worn by the women through the septum of the nose, and hang over the mouth. These and the ear-ornaments had evidently been torn out of the flesh of their victims. One of them had seven pairs of gold armlets, worth about fifty or sixty rupees a pair. The chief evidence against them was their possession of a cap-ornament belonging to the 11th native infantry, the first regiment that mutinied, and then a quantity of women's and children's clothing saturated with blood.

"Benares is a very large city. It has a great number of very fine temples, several of which got shattered during the tumult. According to the ideas of some races this city is the most sacred in India. The natives come hundreds of miles merely to bathe in the Ganges here. The scenery in coming up from Calcutta, particularly after the first 120 miles, is most magnificent. The jungles are of immense extent, and the roads in some parts abound with tigers, leopards, and deer of every kind. It is now dreadfully hot. The rains which, according to observation, ought to have begun to fall on the 10th instant, have not yet visited the soil. Many apprehend a famine, for till the rains come the seed cannot be got into the ground. But the most disagreeable of all things to bear are the hot winds. There is no getting rid of them except by keeping in the house and shutting all the doors and windows as close as possible. We are obliged to keep the punkah going night and day, and use kuskus tatties. These are made of the kuskus, a scented grass, made to fit the doors, and kept constantly wet by three or four natives throwing water on them. From the excessive heat we all get what is called the 'prickly heat,' the skin being covered all over the body with little inflamed pimples, and these in time run on to boils. I am now almost unable either to sit or lie from this cause."

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CHAPTER VI.

Mutinies at Allahabad, Futtehpore, Fyzabad, and Lucknow—Death of Sir Henry Lawrence.

At the commencement of the revolt of the Bengal army, the 6th native infantry at Allahabad volunteered to serve against their own countrymen in Delhi, and were thanked by the governor-general in council for their loyalty. On the morning of the 5th of June, hearing that a suspicion of their steadfastness was entertained by the Europeans in the station, the sepoys went up to their officers in a body, with tears in their eyes, and besought them to rely on their honour. The scene that ensued would not have disgraced the earlier days of the first French revolution. The officers and their men fraternized in the most loving manner. Perfect confidence appeared to be established on both sides, and, very likely, had a body of rebels at that moment come in sight, they would have been attacked and destroyed. But before nightfall stragglers from other stations had arrived, who worked up the poor credulous fools to frenzy. The Mahommedans were adjured by their common faith: the Hindoos were warned against the insidious danger that menaced their caste: all were solemnly assured that European troops were marching up country for the purpose of destroying all who refused to become Christians. The sepoys wavered, became convinced, and then rushed to the opposite extreme of relentless fury. At half-past nine that same evening, while the officers were in the mess-room, the bugle sounded the alarm. Thinking that some disturbance had taken place in the bazaar or in the neighbourhood, the unwary victims rushed out, and the foremost of them were instantly shot down. Some of the others contrived to escape to the fort, but five officers of the 6th, and nine young ensigns doing duty with that corps, were all inhumanly massacred. Nor was this all. Two guns under an artillery officer had been sent down to the river to guard the bridge of boats, so as to oppose the advance of the mutineers expected from Benares. Two companies of the 6th were also stationed there; while Lieutenant Alexander, with 150 troopers of the 3rd Oude irregulars, occupied a garden between that point and the fort. When the alarm-bugle was sounded on the parade-ground, the sepoys seized the guns and fired at the artillery officer, who then galloped off for the cavalry. In the mean

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while, the officers with the detached company were much hustled and insulted, and several shots glanced close by them; but finally their lives were spared, and they were allowed to escape. By this time Lieutenant Alexander had galloped up to the spot with as many men as were ready to turn out. But as he dashed gallantly along, a sepoy sprang out of a lurking-place and shot him through the heart. Seeing that the game was up, the artillery officer wisely looked to his own safety, and reached the fort in time to put its inmates on their guard. This fort contained a large arsenal, and commanded the junction of the Ganges and the Jumna; but its entire garrison consisted of 70 European invalids from Chunar, the Ferozepore regiment of Sikhs 400 strong, and 80 sepoys of the 6th at the main gate, besides volunteers from the non-combatant residents in the city. The first step was to disarm the sepoys at the gate, and their muskets were found to be loaded and capped. They were then turned out, as there were no hands to spare to guard them. The mutinous soldiery, being joined by some 3,000 liberated prisoners from the jail, then proceeded to burn and murder, to plunder and destroy. Captain Birch, the fort adjutant and Lieutenant Innes, executive engineer, who were outside at the time, were both shot down. An officer of the 6th is said to have been pinned to the ground by bayonets, and a fire then kindled on his body. Three officers escaped naked to the fort by swimming across the Ganges. Many of the residents who had previously taken refuge in the fort, but had left it on account of the heat, and perhaps in some measure trusting to the assurances of the sepoys, were barbarously tortured before death released them from their dreadful sufferings. One whole family, consisting of three generations, were burned alive. Some were cut to pieces by slow degrees. The nose, ears, lips, fingers, and toes, were first chopped off, and then the limbs were hacked until the shrieking victim fainted through loss of blood. Little innocent babes were killed before their mother's eyes, themselves the most to be pitied. Not fewer than 50 Europeans are supposed to have perished on this occasion. But the miscreants allowed not even their own countrymen to escape unscathed. The house of Peeroo Mull, the opulent banker was broken into and sacked, as also were the shops of many other wealthy natives. The destruction in the European bungalows was wanton and insensate. The furniture was broken into fragments, glass and crockery utterly smashed, and even the canvass of the punkahs cut into shreds.

"What an escape we had!" writes a civilian to his friends;

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"five officers came in, all having escaped in a wonderful manner—three naked, having had to swim the Ganges. We were all night under arms, and in the morning lay down on our cots sad and weary, each moment expecting to be called up. The streets of the city are about half a mile from the fort, and during the four or five following days troops of the rioters were to be seen rushing from place to place plundering and burning. Day and night we manned the ramparts in the hot blazing sun, and day and night the guns and mortars belched forth, throwing shell and grapeshot, tearing down houses, and scattering the demons wherever they were seen.

"We dared not leave the fort, for who knows what the Sikhs would have done if it had been left empty? However, let us not breathe one word of suspicion against them, for they behaved splendidly, though they are regular devils. We lived on in this way till the Madras Fusileers came up, and then our fun began. We volunteers were parted off into divisions, three in number, and your humble servant was promoted to the command of one, the 'flagstaff division,' with thirty railroad-men under his command, right good stout fellows, every one of whom had been plundered, and was consequently as bloodthirsty as any demon need be. We sallied forth several times with the Sikhs into the city, and had several skirmishes in the streets, when we spared no one. We had several volleys poured into us, but their firing was so wild that their bullets passed over and around us harmlessly. The 'flagstaff' was always to the front, and they were so daring and reckless that the 'flagstaff boys' became a by-word in the fort. Every rascality that was performed was put down to them, and in the end the volunteers got a bad name for plundering. The Sikhs were great hands at it, and, in spite of all precaution, brought a great amount of property into the fort. Such scenes of drunkenness I never beheld. Sikhs were to be seen drunk on duty on the ramparts, unable to hold their muskets. No one could blame them, for they are such jolly, jovial fellows, so different from other sepoys."

On the morning of the 7th the little garrison was strengthened by the arrival of fifty of the 1st Madras Fusileers, sent on by the energetic and provident Neill from Benares. He himself went forward with a party of forty, so soon as the mutiny of the 6th was known, and in two nights got over seventy miles of ground—relays of natives pushing on the light-wheeled carriages containing the men. Immediately on his arrival he sent out a detachment to clear the suburbs, which was effected

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with very trifling loss. The 6th had marched out of the station the day after the mutiny, but a Mussulman priest hoisted the green flag of the prophet, and proclaimed himself the vicegerent of the king of Delhi. Against this man Colonel Neill marched out of the fort with 200 men, besides horse and artillery. The enemy was entrenched in a strong position, but, being vigorously attacked, soon fled in confusion. The next measure to be taken was one requiring much tact and delicacy of management. The Sikhs, though evidently well-disposed to the British government, and zealous in cutting up both Hindoos and Mahomedans, had become terribly disorganized through intemperance and the frequent plundering incursions made into the city. It was, therefore, highly desirable to get them out of the fort, where they were in a position to dictate to their officers. However, Captain Brasyer, their commanding officer, by admirable conduct, persuaded them to encamp outside, as more healthy, and also allowing more space and liberty for the 200 women inside. Nor were these reasons altogether imaginary or far-fetched.

"You can have no idea"—says one who speaks from personal experience—"of the awful weather and of our sufferings from the heat; we sit with wet cloths over our heads, but the deaths from sun-stroke continue frequent. That dreadful scourge cholera has also broken out, and we have lost already seventy fighting men; we buried twenty, three nights ago, at one funeral, and the shrieks of the dying were something awful. Two poor ladies who were living over the hospital died, I believe, from fright. We have now got about 400 men outside the fort, and the disease is certainly on the decline. Up to to-day we have had little to eat; indeed, I would not have fed a dog with my yesterday's breakfast; but our mess and the head-quarters arrived yesterday, and our fare was much better to-day. All the village people ran away, and any one who had worked for the Europeans these murderers killed, so if the population was to a man against us, we should stand but a bad chance. A poor baker was found with both his hands cut off, and his nose slit, because he had sent in bread to us."

A very touching incident is related of a young ensign, who received the crown of martyrdom on the day of Colonel Neill's arrival:—

"When the wretched 6th regiment mutinied at Allahabad and murdered their officers, an ensign, only sixteen years of age, who was left for dead among the rest, escaped in the darkness to a neighbouring ravine. Here he found a stream, the waters of which sustained his life for four days and nights.

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Although desperately wounded, he contrived to raise himself into a tree during the night for protection from wild beasts. Poor boy! he had a high commision to fulfil before death released him from his sufferings. On the fifth day he was discovered, and dragged by the brutal sepoys before one of their leaders to have the little life left in him extinguished. There he found another prisoner, a Christian catechist, formerly a Mahomedan, whom the sepoys were endeavouring to torment and terrify into a recantation. The firmness of the native was giving way as he knelt amid his persecutors, with no human sympathy to support him. The boy-officer, after anxiously watching him for a short time, cried out, 'Oh, my friend, come what may, do not deny the Lord Jesus!' Just at this moment the alarm of a sudden attack by the gallant Colonel Neill with his Madras Fusileers caused the instant flight of the murderous fanatics. The catechist's life was saved. He turned to bless the boy whose faith had strengthened his faltering spirit; but the young martyr had passed beyond all reach of human cruelty—he had entered into rest."

At Futtehpore the Europeans kept the rabble at bay for ten days, but at last, despairing of relief, they escaped to Banda, with the exception of Mr. Robert Tudor Tucker, the judge. This noble-minded English gentleman stood at his post as long as a hope remained of the misguided populace being brought to their senses. But when it became apparent that no good could be effected by his presence, while his departure might, perchance, allay the strange excitement, he desired the deputy collector (a native) to lay a horse dawk (to post relays of horses) for him to Allahabad. The wretch complied by surrounding the house with an armed force. Mr. Tucker sold his life dearly. Sixteen of his savage and cowardly assailants were shot dead, before he succumbed to numbers. His head, hands, and feet, being then cut off, were held up by the kotwal (the mayor), and exposed to the insults of a people whom he had governed with justice and mercy. The fugitives who fled to Banda were not allowed to remain even there long unmolested. Notwithstanding the protection generously afforded by the nawab, their lives were in daily peril from the fanaticism of his Mahomedan subjects. At length he plainly told them that he could no longer be answerable for their safety, and provided them with means of conveyance to Nagode. One of the most singular scenes of this insane mutiny was enacted at Fyzabad on the 8th of June. On the evening of that day—it was the Sabbath—positive information was received that

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the mutinous 17th native infantry from Azimghur would march into Fyzabad on the following morning. Every precaution was, therefore, taken by Colonel Lennox to give them a warm reception. He himself thus relates the subsequent order of events :—

"Every officer was at his post in the lines of the regiment, myself at the quarterguard, and the troops by their arms. Two companies were told off for the support of the 13th light field battery artillery, and every precaution was taken for defensive operations. At ten p.m. an alarm was sounded in the lines of the 6th irregular Oude infantry and taken up by the 22nd regiment of native infantry. The battery prepared for action, loaded, and fusees lighted; when the two companies in support of the guns immediately closed in and crossed bayonets over the vents, preventing the officers of the artillery from approaching the battery. This was reported to me by Major Mill, commanding the artillery. I then went to the guns, and explained to my men that the bugle sound was a false alarm, and ordered them to return to their respective posts and leave only one sentry over each gun. I then returned to the lines of the 22nd regiment, with a view to dismissing the regiment. I found the light cavalry had surrounded the regimental magazine, in order, as they said, to protect it. It appears this was a preconcerted scheme, for the 5th troop of the 15th irregular cavalry sallied out and instantly planted patrols all round the lines. I again visited the guns, but was refused admittance, the subadar (the prime leader of the mutiny, Dhuleep Singh) telling me it was necessary to guard the guns, and he would take care of them, requesting me to go to the quarter-guard and take my rest, and that nothing should happen to myself and officers so long as we remained with the regiment; a guard with fixed bayonets surrounded me, and escorted me to my charpoi. The officers also of the regiment were not allowed to move twelve paces without a guard following them. Two officers trying to escape were fired at by the cavalry patrols, and brought back into the lines. About sunrise on the 9th, the officers were allowed to take to the boats, myself and family alone remaining in cantonments. At ten a.m. Subadar Dhuleep Singh visited me, having previously placed sentries all round my bungalow. He stated he was sorry at what had occurred, but such was our fate, and he could not prevent it; that the rasseldar of the 5th troop of the 15th irregular cavalry was the leader, but that not a hair of our heads should be touched; and that he (the subadar) had come to order us a

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boat and get it prepared for us, and he hoped we would pass down the river in safety, for he could not be answerable for us when the 17th native infantry arrived at Fyzabad.

"We left Fyzabad by boat at two p.m., and in nearing Adjoodhea were hailed by a cavalry patrol, who, after looking into the boat, suffered us to pass on. We had not proceeded far when another scout hailed us, ordering us to bring to or we should be fired on. He also suffered us to pass, the sepoys with us, Thacur Missir and Sunker Singh, explaining to the scout that we were sent off by the rasseldar. At about half-past ten at night we passed the camp of the 17th regiment, but in rounding a sandbank came upon a picket of the mutineers, and were advised by our sepoys and boatmen to leave the boat and creep along the side of the sandbank, and that the boat should be brought round to meet us. We accordingly did so, and crossed the sandbank, being out nearly two hours; when the boat came round at midnight we crossed over the river to the Goruckpore district. In the morning, about daybreak, some men coming down to bathe told us that there were men on the look-out for Europeans, and advised us to leave our boats as soon as we could and follow some six or seven sahibs (officers), who the day before had gone towards Goruckpore. We were about leaving the boat, when a party of men came down and inquired who was in the boat; being satisfied by the boatmen, they went away, and we then immediately quitted the boats, leaving our remaining property, which the subadar had directed to be given us at Fyzabad, and which was now plundered by the villagers.

"We began our flight towards Goruckpore on foot, with only the clothes we had on. Our ayah (woman-servant) and kidmutgar (table-attendant) accompanied us; we stopped often under trees and at wells, and had proceeded about six miles, it being now ten o'clock, when we halted at a village, and having got a draught of milk, prepared to rest during the heat of the day. We were, however, soon disturbed, for a horseman advanced over the country, armed to the teeth, having a huge horse-pistol in his hand, which he cocked, and, levelling it at my head, desired me to follow him to the camp of the 17th N.I. and make no delay, for he was to get a reward of 500 rupees for each of our heads! We had not retraced our steps for more than a mile, when a lad joined us, who was known to the horseman, which determined the horseman to make us quicken our pace. The lad, however, persuaded him to let us drink water and rest near a village, and while so doing he sent a boy to bring men to our rescue.

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It appears that a nazim, Meer Mahommed Hossein Khan, had a small fort close by, about three quarters of a mile off. The nazim immediately sent out ten or twelve footmen armed, who, on coming up, directed us to follow them, and also led the horseman by the bridle, having disarmed him. One of the men sent out for our rescue greatly abused me, and, looking at his pistol and priming, swore he would shoot those Englishmen who had come to take away their caste and make them Christians. About mid-day we reached the fortified dwelling of the nazim, and were ushered into the place where he was holding a council. He bade us rest and take some sherbet, assuring us that no harm should happen to us; and he rebuked his insolent retainer for hinting that a stable close by would do for us to dwell in, as we should not require it long, he being prepared to kill the dogs! The nazim again rebuked him, and told us not to fear, for he would not suffer us to quit till the road was open and we could reach Goruckpore in safety. On the second day the nazim, fearing the scouts of the 17th would give intelligence that Europeans were hid in his fort, made us assume native dresses; the zenanah clothed my wife and daughter, and the nazim clothed me, He then dressed up a party in our English clothing, and sent them out with an escort about nine at night, to deceive his outposts and also the villagers; they returned about midnight in their proper dresses, and it was supposed by all except the confidential person of the nazim's household that he had sent us away. We remained in captivity in rear of his zenanah, in a reed hut, nine days, treated very kindly and considerately, having plenty of food and a daily visit from our keeper.

After we had been in captivity seven days, the nazim came to me and said he had just heard that the collector of Goruckpore was at the station, and if I would write a letter to him he would get it safely conveyed. On Thursday, the 18th of June, an alarm was given that an enemy was in full force coming against the fort; my wife and daughter were immediately hid in the zenanah, and myself in a dark wood (godown). The horsemen, however, on nearing the fort, were found to be a party sent by the collector of Goruckpore for our rescue. The nazim furnished my wife and daughter with palkees, and the rest of us on horses left the noble and considerate nazim at eleven a.m, and, passing Amorah, reached Captaingunge at four p.m., where I found Farrier-sergeant Busher, of the artillery, who also had been rescued from captivity by Mr. Pippy, with a guard of the 12th irregular cavalry."

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Sergeant Busher, who is named in the foregoing letter, wrote a particularly graphic account of the adventures encountered by himself and his companions in their race against death. After a brief notice of the outbreak of the mutiny, in every respect confirmatory of the more detailed narrative by Colonel Lennox, he proceeds with his personal experiences. After the escort had conducted them to the ghaut, or landing-place, they embarked in four boats in the following order:— In No. 1, or the first boat—Colonel Goldney, commissioner; Lieutenant Currie, artillery; Lieutenant Cautley, 22nd native infantry; Lieutenant Ritchie; Lieutenant Parsons, 6th Oude irregulars; Sergeant-major Mathews; Sergeant Edwards, 13th light field battery; Sergeant Busher, 13th light field battery. In No. 2, or second boat—Major Mill commanding 13th light field battery; Adjutant Bright, 22nd native infantry; Sergeant-major Hollum, 22nd native infantry; Mrs. Hollum; Quartermaster-sergeant Russell, 22nd native infantry; Bugler Williamson, 13th light field battery. In No. 3, or third boat—Colonel O'Brien, 6th Oude irregulars; Captain Gordon, 6th Oude irregulars; Assistant-Surgeon Collison, 6th Oude irregulars; Lieutenant Anderson, 22nd native infantry; Lieutenant Percival, 13th light field battery. In No. 4, or fourth boat—Lieutenant Thomas, 22nd native infantry; Lieutenant Lindesay, 22nd native infantry; Lieutenant English, 22nd native infantry.

"In the above order we dropped down the river on the 9th, a little before sunrise. While dropping down, a sepoy of the 22nd (Teg Ali Khan), who had not joined the mutineers, was observed following in a canoe. He hailed and requested to be taken with the party. He was accordingly taken into No. 1. boat. An hour or so after he was taken up he made himself useful in procuring boatmen for Nos. 1 and 2 boats near a village.

"After a little delay which occurred in procuring boatmen, we again proceeded, and in a short time boats Nos. 1 and 2 passed the town of Ajoodhea. This was between eight and nine a.m.; boat No. 3 was observed to put in at Adjoodhea, and No. 4 was lost sight of, having dropped far astern. Nos. 1 and 2 proceeded on, and after leaving Adjoodhea about three miles in the rear, put to, to await the arrival of Nos. 3 and 4. After waiting two hours and seeing no signs of the boats coming, we again proceeded on for about nine coss (or eighteen miles) down stream, when we observed what appeared to be scouts running along the right bank of the river, and giving notice of our approach. We then suspected all was not right, that we had been duped, and purposely

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led into danger. On proceeding a little further we distinctly observed a regiment of mounted cavalry, and another of native infantry in a body, at the narrowest part of the stream, awaiting our approach. We had no alternative but to proceed on. When Nos. 1 and 2 boats arrived opposite to them they opened a brisk fire on us. Sergeant Matthews, who was one of the rowers, was the first who fell, a ball having struck him at the back of the head. Another ball struck my hat and knocked it into the stream, sustaining no injury myself. Those in No. 2 boat, about 100 yards behind, seeing our hazardous situation, put their boat to at a sandbank, entirely surrounded by water. We in No. 1 then put to also and went ashore, when Colonel Goldney requested us to lay down our arms, and wait to see if we could come to terms with the mutineers, they directing their fire on us (Nos. 1 and 2) the whole time. Some boats with mutineers pushed off from the opposite shore and came towards us. When about the centre of the stream they opened fire on us. Colonel Goldney, observing this, directed that those who could run should, without any further loss of time, endeavour to escape; remarking that there was not even the shadow of a chance of our meeting with mercy at their hands, and at the same time added that he was too old himself to run. We now, seven in number, including Teg Ali Khan, took Colonel Goldney's advice and gave leg bail, taking a direction across country. I may here mention that from this period we remained in ignorance of the fate of Colonel Goldney and those of No. 2 boat.

"We now started, and continued running, but did not do so long before meeting with an obstacle which precluded our further advance in the direction we marked out, and this was the junction of two streams of considerable width. While at a standstill, and deliberating as to our future course, we saw a number of men coming towards us, whom we took for sepoys. All but Teg Ali Khan and Sergeant Edwards jumped in the stream, and thought to escape by swimming to the opposite bank. After swimming a short distance, Teg Ali Khan called us and told us to return, as they were only villagers. I, Lieutenant Ritchie, and Lieutenant Cautley returned, but Lieutenant Currie and Lieutenant Parsons got too far into the stream, and in endeavouring to return were both, I regret to say, drowned. I myself narrowly escaped, having twice gone down, but, through the timely aid of one of the villagers, was safely got out.

"We had no sooner got out of the water than we were again alarmed at seeing a boat full of people rounding a

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point, and thought they too were sepoys. We now ran and continued our course along the bank, not missing sight of the stream, until we were fairly exhausted. We then entered a patch of high grass growing at the river-side, or at a short distance from it, and rested ourselves. We missed Teg Ali Khan at this time. While in our place of concealment a boy herding cattle caught sight of us, and ran towards the river, and with his herd crossed over, himself holding on by a buffalo's tail. On crossing over, it appears he informed the jemadar of his village of our situation, for shortly after the jemadar came down and called out to us, and told us not to be alarmed, and that he would bring a boat for us. This he did, and on reaching his side of the river he informed us that Teg Ali Khan had reported all the particulars to him, and requested that a party be sent in search of us; and that the boy who had been herding cattle brought him information of where we were. This jemadar very kindly took us to his hut and entertained us as hospitably as he could, supplying us with provisions and cots to lie on. We remained under his protection till twelve o'clock, and as we had the light of the moon we recommenced our journey, and took the road for Amorah, the jemadar himself accompanying us to the next village, a little before entering which we were surrounded by a party of freebooters, who demanded money. We told them we had none, but this did not serve them, and they satisfied themselves by searching our persons. When satisfied we possessed nothing, they offered no molestation, but allowed us to prosecute our journey. On entering the village, the jemadar who accompanied us made us over to a chokeedar, and directed him to take us on to the next village, and make us over to the chokeedar of it; and thus we proceeded on from village to village till we arrived at Amorah. Here we were rejoiced to meet the party who belonged to No. 4 boat, who told us that, as they could not get their boat along, they deserted her, and proceeded across country. We were glad to find that these gentlemen had arms, for we who had joined them had not even a stick. I must not forget to mention that Teg Ali Khan again formed one of our party, for we lost sight of him crossing the river, where we experienced the kind treatment at the village jemadar's hands. We did not remain more than a few minutes at Amorah, as we were anxious to renew our journey. The tussildars, who at this place gave us protection, further aided us by giving each a couple of rupees, and one pony to Lieutenant Ritchie and another to Lieutenant Cautly for the journey. We again started, now (at seven a.m.

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of the 10th) taking the road to Captaingunge, under the guidance of a couple of thannah burkundazes.

"We reached Captaingunge safely, and inquired at the tehsildaree if there were any European residents at Bustee, a place of some note, and were informed by the jemadar that there were not, but were told that he had received information that a party of the 17th native infantry, with treasure, had marched from Goruckpore, and were *en route* to Fyzabad, and had halted at Bustee, and advised us not to take the road to Bustee, but to go to Ghie Ghat, where he said we would meet with protection and get boats to Dinapore. The jemadar furnished us with five ponies and fifty rupees, and put us under the protection of three burkundazes, giving them directions to proceed directly to Ghie Ghat. We accordingly started, and after making about eight miles, sighted a village (Mohadubbah), which one of the burkundazes invited us to go to, telling us that we could there rest ourselves for a short time, and that he would refresh us with sherbet. We agreed, and this burkundaze who gave the invitation started off ahead, with the pretence of getting ready a place of accommodation and the sherbet.

"Nothing doubting that all was right, we proceeded on, as we thought, in perfect safety. On nearing the village, this burkundaze again joined us, and had some conversation apart with the two other men. On our reaching it, we observed, to our horror, that the whole village was armed. However, we made no remark, but passed through it under the guidance of the three burkundazes. On getting to the end we had to cross a nullah, or small stream, waist-deep in water. While crossing, the villagers rushed on us sword and matchlock in hand. Seeing that they were bent on our destruction, we pushed through the water as quickly as possible, not, however, without leaving one of our number behind, who unfortunately was the last, and him (Lieutenant Lindesay) they cut to pieces. On reaching the opposite bank, the villagers made a furious attack on us, literally butchering five of our party.

"I and Lieutenant Cautly then ran, and most of the mob in full chase after us. Lieutenant Cautly, after running about 300 yards, declared he could run no longer, and stopped. On the mob reaching him, he also was cut to pieces. After despatching poor Lieutenant Cautly, they continued the chase after me; but after running a short distance, and finding that I was a long way off, they desisted.

"I was now the only one left, not having even Teg Ali Khan with me. I proceeded on, and in a short time came

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to a village, and the first person I met was a Brahmin, of whom I begged a drink of water, telling him I was exhausted. He asked me where I came from, and what had happened to me. I told my tale as quickly as I could, and he appeared to compassionate my case. He assured me that no harm would come to me in his village, and that, as the villagers were all Brahmins, others would not dare to enter it to do me any harm. He then directed me to be seated under a shady tree in the village, and left me. After a short absence he returned, bringing with him a large bowl of sherbet. This I drank greedily, and was hardly done, when he started up and bade me run for my life, as Baboo Bully Singh was approaching the village. I got up and attempted to run, but found I could not, and tried to get to some hiding-place. In going through a lane I met an old woman, and she pointed out an empty hut and bade me run into it. I did so, and finding in it a quantity of straw, I lay down and thought to conceal myself in it. I was not long there when some of Bully Singh's men entered, and commenced a search, and used their lances and tulwars in probing into the straw. Of course, it was not long before I was discovered. I was dragged out by the hair of the head and exhibited to the view of the natives, who had congregated round him, when all kinds of epithets were applied to me. He then commenced a march, leading me from village to village, exhibiting me, and the rabble at my heels hooting at and abusing me.

"After passing through each, his men used to stop and tell me to kneel, and then to ask Bully Singh if they were to decapitate me. His usual reply was, 'Not yet, take him on to the next village.' I in this manner passed through three villages, and was then taken to his own house. I was led into the court-yard and put into the stocks; this was about nightfall. During the night I heard angry words pass between Bully Singh and his brother. I could not exactly make out the particulars, but I remember his brother telling him to beware of what he was doing, and that his acts of this day would perhaps recoil upon himself, However, the result of the quarrel proved in every way beneficial to me, for about three in the morning Bully Singh came to me himself, directed my release from the stocks, asked me if I should not like to have something to eat and drink, and his bearing towards me was entirely changed and different from what it had been. The following morning a party made their appearance, headed by a villain named Jaffir Ali, whom I recognized as the person who shot poor Lieutenant Ritchie the previous day, and also fired at me. Of this he made a boast to Bully Singh when he

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saw me, and asked Bully Singh to make me over to him, and that he would burn me alive. He was told, in reply, that I would be delivered over to no person, and to quit the place. This rascal said my kismut (fate) was very good. I remained at Bully Singh's ten days, during which time I had no reason to complain of the treatment received; but this I mainly attributed to the interference of his brother on my behalf. On the tenth day a Mr. Pippy sent a dawgah, with an elephant and an escort, to take me to him."

The fugitives in No. 3 boat, after encountering many perils, and enduring many hardships, finally reached Dinapore. The ladies were left at Fyzabad under the protection of Rajah Mann Sing. It was but the choice of evils, and, as it happened, it proved to be the wisest course. Of the others, Major Mill was drowned; the sad intelligence deprived his wife for a time of her reason. For fourteen days the unfortunate lady wandered about from village to village with her three children, living on the scanty alms bestowed by the villagers. One of her little ones died soon after she reached Goruckpore. Colonel Goldney, one of the most noble-hearted men in the service, was shot, as also were Lieut. Bright and Sergeant-major Matthews.

The recently annexed kingdom of Oude was by this time seething with rebellion. Station after station was lost. Regiment after regiment either disbanded itself or joined the main body of mutineers. These gathered in great force at Lucknow, and closely invested the residency. Sir Henry Lawrence, however, had not been idle. The extensive range of buildings formerly occupied by the resident, his suite, and guard, had been placed in a state of defence; guns had been mounted at all commanding points, a store of provisions laid in, and the native soldiers apparently interested as much as the Europeans in holding out against the insurgents. Throughout the month of June Sir Henry not only repulsed every assault, but also inflicted severe chastisement on the enemy whenever he ventured too near. Towards the close of the month, however, supplies began to run short, owing to the number of women and children who had taken refuge within the residency. It therefore became necessary to make a sortie in the direction of the hostile camp. On the 2nd of July Sir Henry accordingly sallied forth at the head of 200 of H.M.'s 32nd, supported by native infantry and artillery. The enemy's advanced guard was surprised and routed, and a considerable quantity of live stock captured and driven off in triumph. But as the victorious troops reached the town, the artillerymen suddenly wheeled round and poured rounds of

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grape into the unsuspecting Europeans. Upwards of sixty men, rank and file, were struck down, together with twelve of their officers, among whom was the brigadier himself. Sir Henry was hit in the leg, but though the wound would not otherwise have proved mortal, lock-jaw came on, and three days afterwards that brave, good, and able officer was numbered with the dead. In consequence of the defection of the native troops, the Europeans were compelled to abandon the lines commanding the town, and to fall back upon the Michee Bhaum fort, which had presciently been strengthened in case of any such emergency. Had there been no women or children present, the 32nd could have cut their way through to Cawnpore, or to Agra; but with 350 helpless beings under their protection, there was no alternative but to hold their own until the arrival of succours.

CHAPTER VII.

The Punjab—Mutinies at Nowgong, Jhansi, and Gwalior.

The tranquillity that reigned throughout the greater portion of the Punjab was at times rudely disturbed by isolated attempts at mutiny, which were promptly suppressed and punished with wholesome severity. At Jullundur the 6th cavalry, the 36th and 61st N.I., were brigaded with H.M.'s 8th and some European horse artillery. The brigadier hesitated to disarm the native soldiery, though strong suspicions were entertained of their fidelity. His indecision being perceived by the sepoys, they were naturally encouraged to test his forbearance to the utmost. One night the troopers galloped into the infantry lines, crying aloud that the Europeans were at hand. The infantry regiments rose, wounded some of their officers, set fire to the bungalows, advanced upon the guns, and then made off for the Sutlej, picking up the 3rd N.I. at the neighbouring station of Phillour. Owing to some strange hallucination the mutineers were allowed to get a start of some hours before Brigadier Johnstone could be persuaded to allow the Europeans to follow them up. Even then he halted after a march of ten or twelve miles, and permitted the fugitives to cross at the chief ferry over the Sutlej without molestation on his part. They were opposed, indeed, by a handful of Sikhs under Mr. Ricketts, the energetic magistrate of Loodianah; but numbers prevailed, and the mutineers, liberating the prisoners in the gaol, pushed on by forced marches to Delhi,

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where they afterwards distinguished themselves on many occasions. The 64th at Aboozaie, and the 62nd and 69th N.I. at Mooltan, were disarmed without much trouble; but at Peshawur the 55th broke out into open mutiny, but were routed and dispersed by the Europeans and Punjabees. The latter pursued them to the foot of the hills, where they were seized by the fierce mountaineers, and either sold into slavery, or forcibly converted to Islam. The sepoys who were taken prisoners were condemned to be blown from guns, and the sentence was at once put into execution. A writer in *Blackwood's Magazine* thus describes the awfully imposing scene:—

"All the troops, European and native, armed and disarmed, loyal and disaffected, were drawn up on parade, forming three sides of a square; and drawn up very carefully, you may be sure, so that any attempt on the part of the disaffected to rescue the doomed prisoners would have been easily checked. Forming the fourth side of the square, were drawn up the guns (9-pounders), ten in number, which were to be used for the execution. The prisoners, under a strong European guard, were then marched into the square—their crimes and sentences read aloud to them, and at the head of each regiment; they were then marched round the square, and up to the guns. The first ten were picked out—their eyes were bandaged, and they were bound to the guns, their backs leaning against the muzzles, and their arms fastened to the wheels. The port fires were lighted, and at a signal from the artillery major the guns were fired. It was a horrid sight that then met the eye: a regular shower of human fragments—of heads, of arms—of legs, appeared in the air through the smoke, and when that cleared away, these fragments lying on the ground—fragments of Hindoos and fragments of Mussulmans, all mixed together—were all that remained of those ten mutineers. Three times more was this repeated; but so great is the disgust we all feel for the atrocities committed by the rebels, that we had no room in our hearts for any feeling of pity; perfect callousness was depicted on every European's face; a look of grim satisfaction could even be seen in the countenance of the gunners serving the guns. But far different was the effect on the native portion of the spectators; their black faces grew ghastly pale as they gazed breathlessly at the awful spectacle. You must know that this is nearly the only form in which death has any terrors for a native. If he is hanged, or shot by musketry, he knows that his friends or relatives will be allowed to claim his body, and will give him the

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funeral rites required by his religion; if a Hindoo, that his body will be burned with all due ceremonies; and if a Mussulman, that his remains will be decently interred, as directed in the Koran. But if sentenced to death in this form, he knows that his body will be blown into a thousand pieces, and that it will be altogether impossible for his relatives, however devoted to him, to be sure of picking up all the fragments of his own particular body; and the thought that perhaps a limb of some one of a different religion to himself might possibly be burned or buried with the remainder of his own body, is agony to him. But notwithstanding this, it was impossible for the mutineers' direst hater not to feel some degree of admiration for the way in which they met their deaths. Nothing in their lives became them like the leaving of them. Of the whole forty, only two showed any signs of fear, and they were bitterly reproached by the others for so disgracing their race. They certainly died like men. After the first ten had been disposed of, the next batch, who had been looking on all the time, walked up to the guns quite calmly and unfalteringly, and allowed themselves to be blindfolded and tied up without moving a muscle, or showing the slightest signs of fear, or even concern."

Similar scenes were enacted at Lahore and Ferozepore. The Punjabees never, on any occasion, showed any mercy to the mutineers. Nationally, they hate, with a contemptuous hatred, the inhabitants of Hindostan; and, individually, their cupidity was roused by the rewards offered for every armed sepoy brought in, dead or alive. Their goodwill to the British government was, moreover, practically evinced by the readiness with which they enlisted, and the valour they subsequently displayed. From the Derajat alone, 2,000 horsemen responded to the summons of Colonel Edwardes; and old Sikh artillerymen, who fought so admirably at Sobraon and Goozerat, now voluntarily tendered their services to their conquerors. The protected states to the east of the Sutlej were equally faithful as allies; and, indeed, without their friendly co-operation, it would have been almost impossible to have spared a sufficient number of troops to sit down before Delhi.

From the Punjab we must move down country to Bundelcund.* The head-quarters of the 12th native infantry and

* To the mere English reader, nothing is more troublesome than to form a correct notion of the localities indicated by the uncouth names he finds such difficulty in pronouncing. Fortunately there is no lack of maps of all sizes and prices; but they who care for accuracy and

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the 14th irregular cavalry were stationed at Nowgong, and the left wing of each corps at Jhansi. At the latter place there were two forts, one in the city and the other, called the Star fort, in cantonments. In the former the officers, distrustful of their men, had slept for some nights previous to the outbreak, and the ladies were removed thither to reside. At four in the afternoon of the 4th June, a company of the 12th native infantry marched into the Star fort, and took possession of the guns and treasure. The others remained passive, and next morning assured their officers that they would stand by them. A little after noon of that same day Captain Dunlop and Ensign Taylor were shot dead on the parade ground, and Lieutenant Campbell was severely wounded, but escaped to the city fort. Lieutenant Turnbull climbed up into a tree, but was seen from below and brought down by a musket ball. The other officers, having seen what was going on through their telescopes, closed the gate of the fort, shot some of the troopers who were pursuing Lieutenant Campbell, and then took him in. Having barricaded the gates with stones, they were able to offer a determined resistance even to the guns that were brought to play upon them. The besieged were fifty-five in all, including the ladies and children, and this large number of persons speedily consumed their scanty store of provisions. The ladies, as usual, behaved admirably, cooking for the combatants, carrying refreshments to them, and casting bullets. Lieutenant Powys was the first killed. Two of their native followers having attempted to open the gate in order to escape, were warned that they would be shot if they persisted. They refused to listen to the warning, and one of them was instantly killed by Captain Burgess. His comrade then turned upon Lieutenant Powys and cut him down, but was himself immediately shot by Captain Burgess. Captain Gordon, 10th Madras native infantry, was hit in the head while looking over the parapet, and died soon afterwards. The garrison then became disheartened. They had twice failed to send tidings of their situation to Nagode or to Gwalior. Their provisions were exhausted, and two of the gates were battered in. In this extremity the only hope appeared in accepting the promises that were made of safety to their persons if they consented to lay down their arms. Major Skene, the deputy commissioner, was the first to

distinctness of delineation, will do well to order those which are published by Messrs. Allen & Co., of Leadenhall-street, the well-known publishers to the East-India Company.

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march out. So soon as they were all outside the fort, the troopers closed in upon them, and tied them in two rows, the males separate from the females. The men were first massacred, "Captain Burgess taking the lead, his elbows tied behind his back, and a prayer-book in his hands. The women stood with their babes in their arms, and the elder children holding their gowns." Fortunately they were put to death without any inhuman indignities. Let us now turn to what passed at Nowgong on receipt of the Jhansi news. Our informant is Captain Scott, 12th native infantry, who has assuredly no reason to be ashamed of the publicity attached to his name. From other sources of intelligence it is apparent that after discharging his duty as an officer, he did not think it beneath him to act as a gallant, kind-hearted, Christian gentleman.

"On the 5th of June our men volunteered, company by company, to serve against the rebels, to avenge the Hon. Company upon them. They were in the best possible spirits; they were thanked and praised, and then told the Jhansi news at a parade at three p.m. They were unanimous and enthusiastic in declaration that they would stand by us; so were the artillery. The cavalry were cool, and professed their allegiance, as if it were absurd to ask such a question of such honourable men. On the 8th we got news of poor Dunlop's death, and heard from Mouraneepore that every European at Jhansi was murdered. On the 9th the artillery company said they were anxious to serve against the rebels. Our own men had all along shown us the utmost goodwill, and it was unfeigned with the exception of a few. On the 10th all was quiet till at sunset, when the six artillery guns were as usual brought on our parade, and our new guards were being marched off to relieve old ones, when a tall, dare-devil Sikh and two others walked forward, loading his piece. He made for the havildar-major and shot him dead. The three Sikhs then dashed to the guns. The artillery sergeant made some attempt to defend them, and several muskets were fired at him, he says. None of the gunners stood by him, and so he made off. For some time we had all dined at four p.m., as we went early to the lines and to guards, to prevent mischief. We had done dinner, and Dr. Mawe had been urging our making a move, because it was impossible that our men would stand fast after their brothers at Jhansi had rebelled, and were still so near. I had said that, great as the danger was, we could not abandon the station without orders; we could not move until carriage came, and it was almost certain that

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the first mention of collecting carriage would precipitate a revolt.

"Dr. Mawe and I had hardly ended our conversation when we heard several musket-shots in the lines. There was no doubting what they meant. I went to the top of the mess-house to reconnoitre and learn the state of things, and form a plan before going to the lines. Ewart and Townsend mounted and galloped straight to the lines. Poor Townsend was only in time to see his guns in other hands. I tried to get men to collect, and to make a dash at the guns with Ewart, who joined me, but no one would move. They were panic-stricken or mutinous. At last, I got a bugler, who was too nervous to sound. I blew the 'assembly' several times, but with no effect; no more joined me than before. One gun, loaded with grape, had been fired over the lines, and I thought another would be fired at me for sounding the bugle. Perhaps they knew it was of little use. At any rate they did not fire. I pushed across the lines with Ewart, the men trying to force us back (to save our lives). At last, as I saw none would accompany us, and that some of the men were against us, I made Ewart come back with me to the mess-house. More than 100 men must have collected there.

"Major Kirke and Jackson had meanwhile done their best to get the men at the mess to attack the mutineers. They would not budge. The major would insist on our holding the mess, occupying the top. Jackson reasoned him out of this before I got back. A 9-pounder, that the rebels brought opposite the mess-house, helped his arguments, and we all made off, the old camel-carriage and two buggies with us. The fat sergeant-major broke Mr. Smalley's buggy in five minutes by entering it. The camel-carriage soon upset, and had to be left. The two ladies went on in Dr. Mawe's buggy. The major called out to go to Chutterpore. Dr. Mawe providentially took a road at right angles to the one intended. It leads to Gurowlee, from Mrs. Powys's house; and the sowars and others with ill intent sought for us at Gurowlee. The rajah of that place had paid us a visit a few days before, and this confirmed the bloodthirsty ruffians in their mistake. A round shot and a shower of grape were sent after us. They did no harm, as we were not visible to the gunners. Young Henry Kirke just got out of his father's compound in time to see a lot of troopers ride up with drawn swords and surround the house. A Sikh on his father's guard aimed at him, but the naik put the barrel aside, and Henry

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reached us safely. Providentially, avarice was uppermost in the mutineers' minds. They seized our bearers and khidmutgars, thinking they would have money, and would also know what direction the officers had taken.

"It is a mercy the men were thus occupied, and that the moon was long of rising and the night dark; it caused us to miss the Chutterpore road again: we hit the Lake road. The country between the two could not be crossed, and so Jackson said we had better make for the lake, and get his old boatman Bowanee to show us a cross country road to Cawnpore. Our sepoys were dwindling off, and those with us were only ready to disperse, or run from an attack. We kept quiet. The sepoys said we should be followed and cut up. I thought that it had been intended by the mutineers of the 12th to let us go; they were right, but our track was not known. They tried to find us, but failed. They sent threatening messages to rajahs in the vicinity, forbidding them to shelter us; but the Chutterpore ranee ruling for her son did not mind them. We got to her city, Chutterpore, at daybreak of the 11th, and stayed till the night of the 12th. Poor Townsend and I then went back to cantonments. The rebels had gone on the 11th at three p.m. Not a bungalow had escaped the flames; the mess-house could not be burnt. The whole country around was walking off with wood from the lines and bazaar. We left in the afternoon, and slept at the Logassee rajah's, nine miles off. Major Kirke was there; his health had been failing, and now, from want of tea and wine and beer, he was quite gone. The remains of the corps (seventy-nine sepoys, four native officers, and some havildars) had left Chutterpore on the night of the 12th. On the way, the major took it into his head the sepoys meant to murder him, and rushed off without any warning to Logassee. He passed the night there, imagining all sorts of horrible deeds were being meditated by the rajah, who treated us most kindly. We set out early under a guard, and on the way heard, that when we joined, all the officers were to be murdered. The rajah said his servant, who had been in the camp, had overheard it, so we changed our route, and wrote to Jackson to look out and join us at Churkharee, whither we went by a forced march, meaning to ask the rajah for troops to enable us to disarm the last-comers of our men. They might have joined solely for mischief. It was all an illusion. The servant had made the tale up. The rajah sent us during the day a second message, to say he heard that something had happened. I calculated on the men being disconcerted at our not coming and postponing the assault.

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The men were, on the contrary, most faithful, and were greatly excited at the major's absence, and were in great suspense and pain through hearing he and I had been killed. They were actually weeping, and were determined to go no further till we came, or at least the major did. We joined them at Malwa on the 15th, at night. The rajah had treated us ill; he feared to shelter us, lest the rebels should hear of it. The dâk from Agra came in during the day, and he took heart, and then let it be known we were with him, giving us a carriage and four to get to Malwa.

"On the 17th we moved off southwards, to get to the Ganges. No tents for any one. I had brought a cartload of wine, &c. from Nowgong, and a little tea I found on the road behind my house. It was useful while we had it. Our guide took us off the proper road to a village, full of men; we found them all ready armed with clubs, seemingly dreading us. We passed through. The road lay on through a pass between two hills. We camped opposite it under trees. The hills were covered with men, some armed; some were in the pass, too. I thought they feared us, and went towards them; and so did Jackson, and said they had nothing to fear. By noon a message came that we must give 1000 rupees, or we should not pass. I told the men to get ready to force a passage at four, and all were in high spirits for a while. But some time after, to my horror, a native officer came and said we must pay the money. We had a long consultation about it, and resolved that we must either allow the transaction or be left by the sepoys, so 700 were paid the head of the party and 300 more promised on our getting safe to Callingur. The man was to aid us by the way. It was very humiliating; but, after all our anger, we had to agree.

"We had nearly forty women and children to look after, and seventy-nine men were quite unable to protect them on the march, and they were the real masters now. All our orders were obeyed, and the men were servants to us, cleaning our horses, &c., but we could not enforce their presence with us on our way. Next morning at daybreak the men who held the pass fired into us. Our men fired in the air, or without an aim, and then fell back. The major now came to his senses, and was himself, from being a child, who spoke of a mango or something to eat or drink as if it were his life, and he and Jackson and Franks did their best to bring the men up to the attack, but they all melted away fast. panic-stricken. Ewart, poor Townsend, and I kept our ground with a few men, ten or twelve, who stood by us, and we fired away at the rascals. One of them afterwards saw the drum-

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major elsewhere, and said we had killed fourteen. I saw none fall. I could not go for more men, lest the few that were standing should follow me. We kept the rascals at a distance, and long out of shot of the women. At last poor Townsend fell, shot through the breast; he said, 'My God, I am hit,' and fell, turning over and over. I lifted him, and saw the blood coming from his heart. I said, 'I think we must go.' At any rate, we all moved back. The main party were a long way off, the men, I am ashamed to say, walking very quick. I knelt beside the poor fellow when we were left alone, and prayed that he might speedily rise in the resurrection to joy. I brought away his sword and left the body. He was a brave, warm-hearted fellow, and would have been a fine officer. We walked or rode all that day till three p.m.; not a buggy or carriage was brought away. Dr. Mawe and Mr. Smalley walked from daylight till past noon on foot. I was alone in the rear all the time, with some of the women and two children. I sent Ewart on to find out where the main body had gone, as they were a long way out of sight. He seems to have lost his senses with the sun, for he told the corps I was in a city close to them, when I was miles behind; the main party pushed on, and every one had to follow as he best could. Our enemies followed till we came to a native chief's lands, and then stopped. A village fired on us, and we were threatened on every side. My part that day was terrible. I had to try to lug along two fat old women, while I carried three children on my horse, and tried to keep back the sepoys who were with me. The senior havildar got more and more savage, and wanted me to leave the children and women, but I would not, and, thank God, they did not leave us. I came at last to Mr. Smalley sitting beside his wife; she seemed dead, but it was doubtful, so I took her up before me, and gave a boy to my writer, who had got hold of my horse. I was on poor Townsend's, and I went on thus some distance. It was a most arduous task to keep the utterly inert body on the horse, as I placed her as women ride; but after awhile she seemed dead. I held a consultation about it, and we left the body. I then got on foot. I was lame from an awful kick of a horse, and had only a strip of cloth on one foot, but poor Smalley was worse off, and he got on my horse, and Mrs. Tierny behind; her two children each got a seat on the two horses, and thus I reached the main body. I found on the way a golosh the poor major had dropped; it was very useful to me. At noon the sergeant-major died before me in the most awful way of apoplexy; he fell as if struck, rose and fell, and staggered.

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"The major ere I reached had died of the sun too. I had lost sight of some of my party. I went slowly, and did all I could for them, but I was obliged, the country being so hostile, to join the main body, and save those on my horses. The sepoys were very glad to see me; they feared I had been murdered at Malwa. Ewart had said I had entered it with him, and that we had been fired at there, and that I had not come away. He went on alone, when I was miles behind him. His imagination was for a long time quite destroyed. For the remainder of the day we moved on as a party of officers escorted by rebel sepoys to be killed at Banda by a nawab. The ruse took, and we were allowed to pass. We entered and passed through a large city; then were fed by it. I heard our men say, 'They are great people, the sahibs; we must treat them as such, and entertain them ere killing them.' The city men assented. We had an opportunity few have of knowing natives; hundreds surrounded us as we sat on the ground and ate chupattees and native sweetmeats. Not one said an uncivil word. Some said our rule had been very just; some expressed sorrow; some, it struck me, did their utmost to get a few of us killed for the amusement of the city. At length all cleared off, it being dark. All the bandmen and their women were gone to the city to make terms of some sort, or to shift for themselves. The sepoys told us respectfully we must shift for ourselves; they could not protect us, as all the country was against us. We all mounted our horses—Dr. and Mrs. Mawe on Mr. Townsend's horse that I lent them; Mr. Smalley and his child on my own. I was able to walk.

"We suffered terribly from thirst that night and next morning till it was light. We saw a well close to where we had slept; we sought in a wrong direction at first. We had slept near a road; had we discovered it we would have gone to a distance for fear of being discovered. It was a great mercy we did not. In the morning we were attacked by villagers with long bamboos, who came about us in numbers that increased every moment. Their yells were horrible, so devilish, though we had done nothing. We fired pistols, and missed them. I was commanding, and kept in the rear with Ewart, facing about now and then, and stopping the ruffians. I was horribly hampered with Mr. Smalley behind me, and little Lotty in my arms. I missed the ruffians when I fired, but they missed me too. At last some armed horse and foot men joined from the road, and then a Mrs. Kirchoff, who with her husband, a sergeant under poor Powis, had joined us at Malwa, fell off her horse. I had a ruffian with a lance poised

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at me, and another brandishing one of their long bamboos. I had neither hand free, and missed the spearman. My two friends, however, missed me, and as I could do nothing on horseback, and the woman's husband seemed quite unable to put her on her horse again, I was wanting to get off and fight on foot, feeling we could not leave the woman—when off went my horse at such a gallop. I had only a string for a bridle, and had to hold Lotty, and could do nothing to stop the horse, that was always a runaway and hard to stop. Frank's son came thundering up, and my horse got worse. I was very angry, not knowing Frank was chased by a loose horse; at last we got near a frightful nullah I expected the horse to leap into, when, to my relief, he yielded, and turning to the right, stopped soon, and I thought all must have been murdered but some who might have ridden off, and so we moved on, sad, as you may suppose. I now found my poor horse had been pierced on the right hock by the lance; he had carried it some distance. Poor Lotty was alive. I had the greatest difficulty in holding her, and, in trying to save her the shock of the horse, nearly lost her often. A kind man, a very poor one, sheltered us part of the day; his name was Ferukh Khan. Wherever we turned that day and the next every hand was against us. We were offered water when parched with thirst to get a chance of knocking us off our horses. At noon on the 21st, a Sunday, we lay down under some trees, and soon became aware of a concourse of armed men being close to us. The others mounted and got off a few yards. I had to pick up Lotty and mount, and had not time, so I took her in my arms and let them come on. My horse could not go at all, so it was useless to attempt an escape. I had repeatedly told the others to make off under such circumstances; and see how I was treated—they did not do so. Good feeling prompted Frank, who is a fine fellow in many respects. We were taken to a village. I need not describe what followed, but everything betokened death as certain. One old rascal looked at me maliciously, and made a hacking movement with his hand against his throat, as a suggestion of what we deserved and were to get. We were told at last we were to be taken to the Newab of Banda. It was a great relief when we got to the newab's palace through thousands of zealous Mahommedans, and were pulled inside the gate and assured we were safe. Mrs. Mawe was brought in next day. The rest of the party had got rid of the assailants, shooting one, and by the 21st they had crossed the river Cane, five miles below Banda. They were close to it

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when some villagers menaced them; they all mounted and rode off. Poor Doctor and Mrs. Mawe fell off and were not noticed, save by Sergeant Kirchoff, who had to attend to his own wife. She had gone on and he was on foot, and he left the two. Poor Dr. Mawe had lost his hat the day before, and had suffered awfully. He died a few minutes after being left. Poor Mrs. Mawe, burned all over by the sun, went then and sat down in the river to cool her burns. By and by some villagers came and dragged her out, and stripped off her clothes to get money. Others had plundered her and the Doctor ere he died; she saved her marriage-ring in her hair. She had to leave the body unburied, and with bare feet to walk over the burning rough road for three miles to a village, to be teased and terrified till sleep quieted all the village; next morning they sent her to the newab. We were all sixteen days at the newab's, and got here on the 12th of July. Poor Mr. Barber was quite knocked up ere Mrs. Mawe lost sight of him; he fell as if shot an hour afterwards, killed by the sun. Poor Ewart, the most fearless of men, died in the same way. On the 23rd they stopped, and Henry Kirke went to a village to get him a little water; though insensible, he came back with the whole village yelling like fiends at his heels; thus they could neither see Ewart nor Barber breathe their last—every one against them. One man snatched away Kirke's pistol as he gave him drink; another stunned poor Sergeant Kirchoff as he stooped to drink from the man's brass vessel; they cudgelled him till he seemed dead, then plundered him; he rose when they were gone, and God directed his steps to a village where the people sheltered him and gave him money. Everything I possessed has been destroyed; my horse ruined last of all by the spear wound. I had to throw my pistol away in order to hold Lotty. How that child, two years old, lived I know not; angels must have had their wings over it. On the 19th and 20th its head was for hours bare to the sun. On the 22nd I made a rag into a sort of turban. She, aged three years in mind, during her ride was as healthy as any child in England. She felt more horrified than Leonora after her ride with William, and could not endure my approach after her mother came.

"Jackson had a terrible labour in carrying Mrs. Kirchoff behind him, which he did from the 20th to the 23rd or 24th. She sat *à la Turque*, so did Mrs. Mawe behind the doctor, and not as ladies like to sit, both feet on one side. The labour was terrible to Jackson; the poor woman was tied to him.

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They went forty miles one day; the poor women had to ride on the nearly bare backs of the horses, and must have suffered much."

Scindiah's contingent, after the usual assurances of fidelity, mutinied on Sunday, the 14th of June. The following interesting account of the movement was written by the adjutant of the 2nd regiment, and is so complete as to leave nothing to be added. Eight or ten officers were killed by the insurgents, and the lives of all were in imminent jeopardy. There is no reason to suppose that the Maharajah in any way countenanced the acts of violence that were committed, though it is hard to believe that he was not well advised of the disaffection of his sepoys.

"It was sacrament Sunday, and I went to church, but at twelve o'clock up went the mess-house in flames, and, there being a strong wind, it was soon burnt down, as well as the bath and another bungalow. The day passed off, and we went to bed as usual, but shortly afterwards we were aroused pretty quickly by the whole of the troops having risen and lined all the roads, with the determination of killing all Europeans they could lay their hands on. We both got up and dressed as quickly as possible, and, putting a bag of money into my bearer's hands, I mounted my horse to go to my regiment, telling him to take every care of my poor wife. As soon as I got out into the road I was joined by M'Kellar and Ryves (12th), who had just escaped from Jhansi, and we were regularly hustled down to parade by crowds of sepoys, who put their arms between our legs and the saddles, as much as to say, 'Do not attempt to bolt.' Before we got 100 yards we sustained three volleys from men not fifteen yards off, but were not touched. The fourth volley saluted us just as we passed the head of the grenadier company, one ball of which shot my poor charger right through the heart. He fell dead on me, and I had the greatest difficulty in extricating myself, expecting a bayonet in my back every moment. In getting from under him I tore off my boot, so proceeded to parade without it, as retreat was hopeless. The first thing I saw almost was poor Major Blake lying mortally wounded, shot through the lungs. They said it was useless even to unfasten his coat, but I insisted on it, and did it myself, placing his head on my shoulder, and trying to make him speak; but it was no good—the poor fellow was dying fast. All the time we were with Blake we were surrounded by hundreds of mutineers, but none touched us. After we got into the light cavalry lines the firing was very brisk, and we all thought it was all over with us, but a mer-

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ciful Providence watched over us, and not a ball hit us. Those who were mounted were then able to get off—made a rush for it, crossed the river, and made straight across country for Agra—leaving me in this delightful predicament. Just at this moment three sepoys caught hold of me, and said they would try and save me. They threw off my hat, tore off my trousers and the remaining boot, covered me as well as they could with my horse-cloth, which my groom had brought along with us, and, putting me between the two, the third walked in front; and what between knocking up one man's musket, whose bayonet was just at my back, and declaring I was one of their wives, we got through all the sentries and crossed the river. They then wanted me to make the best of my way off, saying that the chances were ten to one that my wife was killed by that time, but I told them plainly I would not try to escape without her. After a great deal of persuading, they took me down the banks of the river (the opposite side of which was regularly lined with sentries to prevent escape) till we came opposite our house, where they set me down, and one man said, 'Now I will go and bring your wife to you if she is alive;' so off he went, and after about twenty minutes of the most agonizing suspense, dear M—— and I met again. I must say the three sepoys with us behaved splendidly. Seeing poor M—— was unable to walk, they tied my horsecloth in a sort of bag fashion on to a musket, put her into it, and placing the butt and muzzle on their shoulders, carried her this way seven miles till we reached the residency, by which time I could hardly put my feet to the ground from walking barefoot over the thorny ground. On arriving there we met three other people just escaped, and I got an elephant, on which we all mounted, intending to seek further protection in the Lushkur, with the Maharajah, where lots of people had gone; but before we had got half a mile we met nearly a dozen carriages, all in full gallop, accompanied by the body guard, in full retreat back to the Residency. Well, we went ''bout ship' in less than no time, and a party of sowars were left with us, and we soon after arrived, where mutual congratulations were exchanged, and in half an hour we were all provided with carriages and set off to Agra. We have now a room in the fort, and I am appointed superintendent of the first division of the commissariat. We are 7,000 people in the fort, all living in gunsheds and casemates; the appearance of the interior is amusing, and the streets are named. We have Regent, Oxford, Quadrant, Burlington and Lowther Arcade. Ours is Trafalgar-square, Nos. 48 and 49."

Another fugitive, who lost her husband in the *mêlée*, thus

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alludes to the horrors of the hasty flight from the scene of massacre.

"After I suppose they had killed —— the sepoys came back to us; they pushed all the ladies into a little hut that was near, and then they all crowded in and mocked at us, and threatened us with death, worse than death. They then took us to the lines. After keeping us there some time they said they would not kill us, as we were only women, and they had killed our husbands, and so they crammed about six ladies into a carriage and sent us away. I cannot tell you the misery of the five days it took us to reach Agra. Our lives were in danger the whole time, both from villagers and from parties of sepoys we fell in with. They held loaded pistols and naked swords over us again and again. Our party altogether consisted of eight ladies, besides four sergeants' wives and a number of children. We had nothing but grain to eat and water to drink. One sergeant's wife died on the way from a sunstroke. We had no covering to our heads, and some had no shoes. The sepoys had robbed us of everything; they even took the ladies' wedding-rings. I tied mine round my waist, and so have kept it."

Of the 7,000 inmates in the fort at Agra, nearly one half were half-castes, women, and children. The combatants were the 3rd European fusiliers, some artillerymen, and the volunteer militia, horse and foot, in all, about 1,200; the others were native servants and a few native Christians. Subsequently, most of the natives either fled, or where turned out, partly from fear of treachery, and partly also to diminish the consumption of provisions.

CHAPTER VIII.

Mutiny at Futtehghur. Siege and massacre of Cawnpore.

Thus far the Madras Presidency had been distinguished by the perfect tranquillity that reigned from border to border. And so far as the Madras troops were actually concerned, there occurred throughout the mutiny but one instance of dissaffection, and that took place at a much later period. In the Nizam's dominions, however, an unquiet spirit was known to exist from an early period. Nor was it strange that such should be the case. The present soubahdar of the Deccan had occupied the *musnud*, or throne, only a few weeks—having succeeded his father on the 16th May—and in the most

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settled times a state of unrest has ever characterized the principality known to the English public as "the Nizam's territory." The 3rd cavalry regiment of the contingent was the first to show a bad spirit, and, as that was being laid, the 1st broke out into open mutiny. The prompt arrival, however, of General Woodburn's movable column speedily restored order.

A more serious affair took place at Furruckabad, or Futtehghur, in Oude. The mutineers at this station were the 10th N.I., known for some time past to be evil-disposed. The detailed narrative that follows is from the pen of a Mr. Jones, who distinguished himself by his skill as a gunner, and by his bravery and self-possession under the most trying circumstances.

"Early on the morning of the 18th of June we were suddenly roused by one of the officers (Lieutenant Swettenham), who informed us that the regiment was in open mutiny, the sepoys having broken the gaol and released the prisoners. This event took us by surprise, for a couple of days previously the 10th had handed to their commanding officer, Colonel Smith, a letter written by the subahdar of the 41st, who had come from Seetapore, *viâ* Shahjehanpore, and were then a few miles distant across the river, requesting the 10th to murder all their officers as they had done theirs, seize the treasure, and join them. The subhadar informed the colonel that they had said in reply, that they had served the Company Bahadoor too many years to turn traitors, and that they were determined to abide faithful to their salt, and advised the 41st not to come in their way, as they would certainly oppose them. The sepoys had also assisted their officers in breaking up the bridge of boats and sinking all other boats at the different ghâts, to prevent in every way possible the mutineers crossing to the Futtehghur side. But no sooner did the 41st cross and enter the city walls than a company of the 10th and the artillerymen, with the two guns stationed on the parade guarding the treasure, marched to the nawab, placed him on the guddee (throne) and laid the colours at his feet, and fired a royal salute of twenty-one guns. Up to this time a few had remained with us as a guard in the fort; these now took their departure quietly; one or two returned now and again to fetch away their lotas (brass vessels for water) and other articles they had left in the fort. The regiment then divided into two parties. The Purbees crossed over at once to Oude, with intention to make for their homes, accompanied by Captain Bignall—we afterwards learnt that this body had been plundered by the vil-

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lagers and Captain Bignall killed; others went off by twos and threes to their homes, and those who remained were killed by the 41st because they were not allowed a share in the public money. Thus this regiment was completely disorganized and destroyed.

"It was now suggested by some to take to the boats, but the river was much too low, so that the idea was abandoned, and it was resolved to hold the fort. Out of upwards of 100 Europeans, including women and children, there were but thirty-three able-bodied men, and these proved our sole available force for defence. We then endeavoured to prepare against any attack. A 6-pounder loaded with grape was mounted over the gateway, and about 200 muskets, stored in the fort, were brought out, loaded, and placed ready for immediate use. While Mr. Thornhill was loading his, it accidentally went off and wounded him severely in the hand and arm, incapacitating him from further duty.

"Our first day passed very quietly, but we heard that the 41st were encamped on Lackparah, a large tope about a mile to the west of the fort, and were making preparations to attack us. At nightfall pickets were posted at each bastion, but the night passed without any attack. In the morning we mounted a 3-pounder, and by the evening a 9-pounder was brought into position. Provisions were also stored, and we busied ourslves in strengthening our position as much as possible, and, by the time the 41st attacked us, we had seven guns mounted—namely, 3-pounder, 6-pounder, 9-pounder, 12-pounder, 18-pounder, and a 24-pounder; the last three being howitzers, and a small brass mortar.

"On the evening of the 26th or 27th of June, a party of our coolies, who were employed in pulling down some walls close to the fort, were fired upon by the enemy. An alarm was immediately sounded, which brought every man to his post; a few shots were exchanged, but nothing particular occurred. Next morning before daybreak the mutineers opened upon us with their two guns, but it was too dark for them to aim with any certainty, so, after a few rounds, they stopped and recommenced firing at daylight. The sepoys took up their positions behind trees, bushes, and anything which afforded them cover, and kept up a heavy musketry fire and gave us little or no chance for a shot at them. The fire, heavy though it was, did us no harm; they maintained it till a little past noon, when most of them began to retire, and by the evening only some random shots were heard now and again.

"Next morning the guns began to play again, but from a

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different direction, still doing no harm, as the shots either passed over or hit the bastions. The discharge of musketry was heavier this morning than the one preceding. Several ladders were seen being borne towards the fort, but the bearers were shot down by us as soon as they came within range.

"For four days the enemy's guns and muskets played on in this manner, and several ineffectual attempts were made to escalade. On the fifth day a decided decrease of firing was observed: a company of the riflemen had taken up their positions on the tops of houses in the Hoosainpore village, and kept up a deadly fire upon us. Captain Phillimore, Mr. Sutherland, and one or two of the servants were thus wounded. Some of the riflemen had also taken up their positions in a small outhouse about seventy or eighty yards from the fort. They loopholed the walls and kept up a harassing fire from them, which rendered our guns perfectly useless, as we dared not lift our heads to fire. It was here my poor brother, while covering one of the gunners (Conductor Ahern) with his rifle, was mortally wounded by a ball in the head, which killed him a few hours after. Colonel Tucker was killed on the same spot a day after my brother was wounded, and they were buried together in one grave. On the following morning Mr. Ahern blew away, with a discharge of grape, some dozen men who were constructing a breastwork for their riflemen on the wood-yard wall, which place they had reached by means of a covered way they had erected with jhow and sandbags under the protection of the fire of their riflemen. They did not attempt the same again, but procured the assistance of some sappers and miners, and cut a hole through the wood-yard wall, and by this means got into the yard. There was a large store of firewood and straw in it; so we allowed them to get in and work away, for they were unable to do us any harm, and when they had fairly worked for two days, we fired the wood and drove them out baffled. They commenced a mine and worked two nights, and early on the third morning they sprung it; the explosion was awful, it shook the whole fort. We all thought it was over with us, but an examination proved that it had blown down only five or six yards of the wall, leaving the inner half standing.

"The bastion where I was, happened to be the next to that where the explosion took place; I at once ran to the spot to see what mischief was done; seeing, however, several of our party engaged in moving a gun to the breach, I returned to my own post, and noticing from 100 to 150 Pathans and

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epoys congregating below the breach, in order to attempt an escalade as soon as the dust and smoke cleared off, I at once sent notice to the others to get aid, and in the mean time, by pouring the fire of two double-barrels and eight muskets, already loaded, into them, and discharging them as they were reloaded by a native, managed to disperse them before any of my comrades came up to my aid. Somewhat later in the day a second assault was attempted, which was defeated by Mr. Fisher's shooting the leader of the party, which caused his followers to fall back. We this day lost our best gunner, Mr. Ahern, who was shot through the head while laying a gun.

"The enemy had now brought a gun to bear upon the bungalow containing the ladies and children. The shots generally passed over, but two or three struck the house; another gun they got to bear against the gate, and contrived to break a hinge and knocked several holes through it, but little harm was done, as we had piled up the archway with timber, which effectually stopped the shots. Two of our guns were soon after disabled. The enemy then commenced another mine close to the first. The determination thus shown by them, as also the loss of three of our best men, disheartened the garrison, already worn out by fatigue and watching. It was also certain that if the second mine was completed and fired, the enemy would attack us by both breaches, which we could not possibly defend; our position became desperate; we began to look to the boats as our only mode of escape, the river having risen considerably by the rains. After due consideration, it was determined to evacuate the fort. No time was lost in getting everything ready for a start. The ladies and children were divided into three parties. At midnight they were got safely into their respective boats; one of the party was then sent round to the pickets to call them in. At about two a.m. of the 4th of July we had all embarked. The guns in the fort had been spiked, and the little ammunition we had left destroyed. The order was given to let go; we started in very good order; but no sooner did we pass the fort walls than showers of bullets were sent after us, and a cry raised that the Feringhees were running away. The sepoys followed us about a mile, firing all along, but doing no harm, for we were a long way out of range.

"We had not proceeded far when it was found that Colonel Goldie's boat was much too large and heavy for us to manage. It was accordingly determined to be abandoned; so all the ladies and children were taken on Colonel Smith's boat. A little delay was thus caused, which the sepoys took advantage of to bring a gun to bear on the boats; the distance, however,

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was too great; every ball fell short. As soon as the ladies and children were all safely on board, we started, and got down as far as Singheerampore without accident, although fired upon by the villagers. Here we stopped a few minutes to repair the rudder of Colonel Smith's boat, and one out of two boatmen we had was killed by a matchlock-ball The rudder repaired, we started again, Colonel Smith's boat taking the lead. We had not gone beyond a few yards when our boat grounded on a soft muddy sandbank; the other boat passed on, all hands got into the water to push her; but, notwithstanding all our efforts, we could not manage to move her. We had not been in this unhappy position half an hour, when two boats, apparently empty, were seen coming down the stream. They came within twenty yards of us, when we discovered that they carried sepoys, who opened a heavy fire, killing and wounding several. Mr. Churcher, sen., was shot through the chest; Mr. Fisher, who was just behind me, was wounded in the thigh. Hearing him call out, I had scarcely time to turn round when I felt a smart blow on my right shoulder; a bullet had grazed the skin and taken off a little flesh. Major Robertson was wounded in the face. The boats were now along side of us. Some of the sepoys had already got into our boat. Major Robertson, seeing no hope, begged the ladies to come into the water rather than to fall into their hands. While the ladies were throwing themselves into the water, I jumped into the boat, took up a loaded musket, and, going astern, shot a sepoy. I loaded again, but finding no cap, was obliged to retreat, as the enemy were now coming in in great numbers. Lieutenant and Mrs. Fitzgerald were at this time sitting in a corner of their boat with a child. Lieutenant Fitzgerald had a loaded musket, with a bayonet fixed, in his hand. Mr. Churcher, sen., still lay weltering in his blood. The others had all got out of the boat into the water. Major and Mrs. Robertson, with their child and Miss Thompson, were standing close to each other beside the boat; Lieutenant Simpson and Mr. Churcher, jun., were near them also. Mr. and Mrs. Fisher were about twenty yards from the boat; he had his child in his arms apparently lifeless. Mrs. Fisher could not stand against the current; her dress, which acted like a sail, knocked her down, when she was helped up by Mr. Fisher. I now resolved to make an escape, if possible, to the leading boat, which I knew could not have proceeded far; so at once I struck out into the stream. Mr. and Mrs. Fisher continued in a distressing position when I passed them unable to render any assistance.

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"I saw Mr. Fisher again, alone, floating on his back, but soon lost sight of him, as it was getting dark. I continued swimming for about an hour or more, when at some distance I saw the other boat. On reaching her I found everything in confusion; Mr. Rohan, the youngest Miss Goldie, a child, and the only manjee who was on board, were killed; Lieutenant Swettenham, Dr. Maltby (son-in-law of General Lloyd), and one or two others, were severely wounded, opposite Singheerampore, by heavy fire of grape from two guns planted on the heights by the sepoys who had followed us. We repaired the rudder, which had been damaged, and continued our voyage with heavy hearts all that night. Early the next morning a voice hailed us from the shore, which we recognized as Mr. Fisher's. He came on board, and informed us that his poor wife and child had been drowned in his arms; his wound was very painful, the ball having passed through the middle of the left thigh. We continued our voyage the whole of that day till we reached a village opposite Koosoomkhore, in the Oude territories. Here the villagers offered us assistance and protection. We at first feared treachery, but soon, convinced that they were friends, accepted their kind offers, and put to shore for the night. We were all hungry, and begged the villagers to bring us some food, which they soon did, giving us chupatties and buffalo's milk, which greatly refreshed us.

"My wound had now become very painful, and my naked back, having been exposed to the sun and rain all day, was smarting severely. The boat now, as I supposed, was anchored for the night. I determined to find rest in the village, as I had had none the two previous nights. I asked one of the thakoors if he could accommodate me with a charpoy (native bed) for the night in his village. He at once took me with him, and gave me plenty to eat and a charpoy. By this time my back had become so very sore that I could find no ease in any position. At night a message came from Colonel Smith, saying the boat was going to leave. I was too weak, however, to pay any attention to it. A second and third came, but I would not go. I had determined to stand my chance, happen what might. The boat left. I had heard nothing more of it for several days, till their manjee (boatman) who took her down, returned and gave out that Nana Sahib had fired upon them at Bithoor, and all on board were killed. I remained in the village for about a month, and subsequently joined Mr. Probyn, and came down with him to Cawnpore."

The fugitives who took to the boats, 126 in number, and

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including Colonel Goldie, Colonel and Mrs. Smith, Major Phillott, Mrs. Tudor Tucker, &c. &c., on arriving at Bithoor, were made prisoners and conveyed to Cawnpore. Here they were confined in the assembly-rooms, until the approach of General Havelock's little army, when all were foully massacred by orders of Nana Sahib, rajah of Bithoor. This chieftain, whose real name is Dhundoo Punt, is the adopted son of the ex-Peishwah Bajee Rao, on whose death he petitioned the British government to recognize him as the Peishwah's titular and real successor. His petition was rejected, and thenceforth, beneath the mask of hospitality and good-fellowship, he never ceased to nurture a deadly rancour towards the Feringhees. The whirligig of time, unhappily, brought up an opportunity for the ample gratification of his long-smothered hatred.

Of the siege of Cawnpore, two narratives have been published; the one by Lieutenant Delafosse, the other by a Mr. Shepherd, apparently a writer or clerk in some government office. The former runs as follows:—

"Some time before any disturbance broke out at Cawnpore, and it was only expected that there might be an outbreak among the troops, General Wheeler ordered over from Oude a regiment of irregular cavalry, which was quartered in different parts of the cantonments. At the same time, officers were ordered to sleep in the lines with their men; and assistance was asked from the rajah of Bithoor, the Nana, who sent some 200 cavalry, 400 infantry, and two guns, which force had the guarding of the treasury. A few days later the Oude irregulars were ordered out of the station, as the general found he could not trust them, and were relieved by a company of the 32nd regiment from Lucknow. General Wheeler gave the order for all the European inhabitants to sleep near the 32nd regiment's barracks, also for the artillery to be ready to move down at any moment. On the 2nd of June, two companies of the 84th regiment arrived from Allahabad; but on the morning of the 3rd, General Wheeler gave orders for one company of the 84th, made up to its full strength, together with the company of the 32nd regiment, to march to Lucknow; so that we had left at Cawnpore 60 men of the 84th regiment, 70 of the 32nd, 15 of the 1st Madras fusiliers, and a few men of the artillery, with six guns.

"On the morning of the 4th of June, the officers of the cavalry, the 1st and 56th regiments, were ordered to discontinue sleeping in their lines; but the 53rd N.I. being considered loyal, the officers of that corps were still to be

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with their men. On the afternoon of the Sunday, Lieutenant Ashe arrived with half a battery of Oude horse artillery, two 9-pounders and a 24-pounder, having been obliged to retire on Cawnpore, as the troops that were with him on his way to Futtyghur had mutinied on the road on the 5th of June. The trenches being finished, the guns were placed in, and provisions for about twenty-five days were ordered in them. At about 11 o'clock that night the cavalry rose, taking with them their arms and two horses each. Early next morning the 1st N.I. was reported to have gone. The 53rd appeared still loyal, remaining in their lines; but as none of the officers were with their men, and as there was no one to look after them, they also went off, without any one missing them, between eight and nine o'clock, taking with them the regimental treasure and colours, and as much ammunition as they could carry. That afternoon every house was burnt, fires were seen in every direction; we could do nothing but stay where we were, being too few in number to meet the rebels, as all the Golundazes belonging to the artillery had gone away soon after Lieutenant Ashe's arrival, and volunteers for the artillery were called in from the infantry. Next morning, the 7th of June, a letter was received from the rajah of Bithoor, who was supposed to be on our side, saying he meant to attack us. Soon after, two guns opened upon us from the north-west, and musketry from all directions. On the 8th three more guns were brought against us. The number of guns against us increased daily, and on the 11th the enemy had playing upon us, night and day, three mortars, two 24-pounders, three 18-pounders, one or two 12-pounders, about the same number of 9-pounders, and one 6-pounder. On or about the 12th of June, the insurgents, by firing, set on fire the large barracks in which all the women of the 52nd regiment and the wounded were placed. No sooner was the fire perceived, than the 'assembly' was sounded, and every man had to stand to his post, as we expected to be attacked. There was no place for the women and children to go to but the trenches, where many of them had to remain night and day. There was no shelter now for the men anywhere during the day; and from this date we lost five or six men daily by sunstroke. On the — of June, after having been on half-rations for some days, the rajah sent a half-caste woman with a note into the trenches, to the effect that all soldiers and Europeans who had nothing to do with Lord Dalhousie's government, and would lay down their arms, should be sent to Allahabad. General Wheeler gave orders to Captain Moore to act as he should consider best. Captain

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Moore that evening signed a treaty to the effect that the rajah should provide boats and carriage for the wounded and ladies down to the river-bank, while on our side we were to give up what treasure we had, together with arms and ammunition. On the 26th a committee of officers went to the river to see that the boats were ready and serviceable; and everything being reported ready, and carriage for the wounded having arrived, we gave over our guns, &c., and marched out on the morning of the 27th of June, about seven o'clock. We got down to the river and into the boats without being molested in the least; but no sooner were we in the boats, and had laid down our muskets, and had taken off our coats to work easier at the boats, than the cavalry gave the order to fire. Two guns that had been hidden were run out and opened on us immediately, while sepoys came from all directions and kept up a fire. The men jumped out of the boats, and instead of trying to get the boats loose from their moorings, swam to the first boat they saw loose. Only three boats got safe over to the opposite side of the river, but were met there by two fieldpieces, guarded by a number of cavalry and infantry. Before these boats had got a mile down the stream, half our small party were either killed or wounded, and two of our boats had been swamped. We had now only one boat, crowded with wounded, and having on board more than she could carry. The two guns followed us the whole of the day, the infantry firing on us the whole of that night. On the second day a gun was seen on the Cawnpore side, and opened on us at Nuzuffghur; the infantry still following us on both sides. On the morning of the third day the boat was no longer serviceable. We were aground on a sandbank, and had not strength sufficient to move her. Directly any of us got into the water, we were fired upon by thirty or forty men at a time: there was nothing left but to charge and drive them away. So fourteen of us were told to go and do what we could. Directly we got on shore the insurgents retired, but having followed them up too far, we were cut off from the river, and had to retire ourselves, as we were being surrounded. We could not make for the river, but had to go down parallel, and came at the river again a mile lower down, where we saw a large force of men right in front waiting for us, and another lot on the other bank, should we attempt to cross the river. On the bank of the river, just by the force in front, was a temple; we fired a volley and made for the temple, in which we took shelter, one man being killed and one wounded. From the door of the temple we fired on every insurgent who showed himself

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Finding that they could do nothing against us while we remained inside, they heaped wood all round and set it on fire. When we could no longer remain inside on account of the smoke and heat, we threw off the clothes we had, and each taking a musket, charged through the fire. Seven of us out of twelve got into the water; but before we had gone far, two poor fellows were shot. There were only five left now, and we had to swim, while the insurgents followed us along both banks, wading and firing as fast as they could. After we had gone about three miles down the stream, one of our party, an artilleryman, to rest himself, began swimming on his back, and not knowing in what direction he was swimming, got on shore and was killed. When we had gone down about six miles, firing on both sides ceased; and soon after we were hailed by some natives on the Oude side, who asked us to come on shore, and said they would take us to their rajah, who was friendly to the English. We gave ourselves up, and were taken six miles inland to the rajah, who treated us very kindly, giving us clothes and food. We stayed with him for about a month, as he would not let us leave, saying the roads were unsafe. At last he sent us off, on the 29th of July, to the right bank of the river to a zemindar of a village, who got us a hackery (bullock-cart). We took our departure on the 31st of July for Allahabad, but met the detachment of the 84th regiment, under Lieutenant Woodhouse, before we had gone ten miles, and marched off with him to Cawnpore."

Mr. Shepherd's account, though too long for insertion in its entirety, is too graphic and touching to be altogether overlooked. After relating the minor incidents which marked the commencement of the outbreak, Mr. Shepherd thus continues:—

"The first shot was fired at about half-past ten a.m., June 6th, and immediately on hearing the report of the gun, a bugle sounded in our camp 'All hands to your arms!' and accordingly every individual, from a drummer or writer to the regimental officers, all spread themselves out under the walls, or rather mounds, of the intrenchment which had been hastily built up, about breast-high. Here we sat nearly all day, exposed to the hot winds and scorching sun of the month of June, every moment expecting an open-handed attack from the infantry and cavalry. This the enemy, however, never attempted, though at times large bodies of armed men could be seen collected in different places. Our artillery kept up a brisk fire, and returned nearly every shot of the mutineers.

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"We had eight guns; viz., two brass ones of the 3rd Oude battery, two 9-pounders, long guns, and four smaller size. For these sufficient ammunition had previously been taken and buried underground. The intrenchment was made round the hospital barracks of the old European infantry (between the soldiers' church and the new unfinished European lines); and of the two buildings thus inclosed, one had thatched roofing, over which a covering of tiles was hastily thrown to prevent its easily catching fire.

"On the 7th, the enemy increased the number of their guns, some of which were of the largest size available. The 24-pounder guns, of which they had three or four, proved very destructive, on account of their proximity to us. The shots from them were fired with such force as to bring down whole pillars of the verandahs and go through the pukka (brick) walls of the hospital barracks.

"We had but one well in the middle of the intrenchment, and the enemy kept up their fire so incessantly, both day and night, that it was as much as giving a man's life-blood to go and draw a bucket of water: and while there was any water remaining in the large jars usually kept in the verandah for the soldiers' use, nobody ventured to the well. But after the second day the demand became so great that a bheestie bag of water was with difficulty got for five rupees, and a bucket for a rupee, as most of the servants of officers and merchants had deserted; and it therefore became a matter of necessity for every person to fetch his own water, which was usually done during the night, when the enemy could not well direct their shots. In fact, after the first three days' incessant firing, the rebels made it a practice, usually at about candle-light, to cease for about two hours, and at that time the crowd round the well was very great.

"There was no place to shelter the live cattle; horses of private gentlemen, as also those of the 3rd Oude battery, were obliged to be let loose. A few sheep and goats, as well as bullocks kept for commissariat purposes, were shot off; and in the course of five or six days no meat was to be got for the Europeans; they, however, now and again managed to get hold of a stray bullock or cow near the intrenchment at nights, which served for a change; otherwise dall and chappattees was the common food of all. Several hogsheads of rum and malt liquor were also burst by the enemy's cannon; but of this there was a large quantity, and the loss was not felt.

"On the evening of the second day of the firing, the 7th June, I received a bullet-wound (fortunately a spent shot

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fired from the riding-school) in my back, whilst standing as sentry under the walls of the intrenchment, which kept me off duty for nearly a week. However, I could observe the movements of the enemy, who had us well surrounded in the course of four or five days with cannon; and the musketry of the infantry had no bounds, as they took possession of all the bungalows, compound-walls, outbuildings, &c., that had been burnt down and were nearest to our camp. The church, which was also fired, proved to be the most annoying to us, as also the newly-built (unfinished) European barracks. Their encroachment, however, in the latter quarter was usually checked by the vigilance of a most brave and energetic officer, Captain Moore, of H. M.'s 32nd foot, who, though severely hurt in one of his arms, never gave himself the least rest, but wherever there appeared the most danger, was sure to be foremost, with his arm in a sling and a revolver pistol in his belt, leading, and directing the men how to act. This officer placed scouts with eye-glasses on the top of one of the unfinished barracks, whence every movement of the enemy could be seen, and which helped our artillery to direct their shots. The rebel sepoys usually took possession of the first three of these barracks; but whenever they annoyed us much, or attempted to advance nearer, Captain Moore would go out with about a dozen Europeans in the midst of the most brisk firing, and, getting under cover of the other barracks, would pepper the enemy so as to soon rout them out of their hiding-places. On such occasions the number killed on the opposite side was considerable, whereas our men generally escaped unhurt.

"This brave officer went out on two occasions under cover of the night, with about twenty-five Europeans at a time, and spiked the nearest guns of the enemy.

"The heat was very great, and what with the fright, want of room, want of proper food and care, several ladies and soldiers' wives, as also children, died with great distress; many officers and soldiers also were sun-struck from exposure to the hot winds. The dead bodies of our people had to be thrown into a well outside the intrenchment, near the new unfinished barracks; and this work was generally done at the close of each day, as nobody could venture out during the day, on account of the shots and shells flying in all directions, like a hail-storm. Our intrenchment was strewed with them; the distress was so great that none could offer a word of consolation to his friend, or attempt to administer to the wants of each other. I have seen the dead

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bodies of officers and tenderly-brought-up young ladies of rank (colonels' and captains' daughters) put out here in the verandah amongst the ruins, to await the time when the fatigue party usually went round to carry the dead to the well as above; for there was scarcely room to shelter the living. The buildings were so sadly riddled that every safe corner available was considered a great object.

"The enemy now commenced firing live shells well heated, with the intent of setting fire to the tents of officers in the compound, as also to the thatched barrack, which, though hastily covered over with tiles, was not proof against fire. The tents, therefore, had all to be struck, as several had thus been burnt; and at last, on the 13th of June, the barrack also took fire. It was about five p.m., and that evening was one of unspeakable distress and trial, for all the wounded and sick were in it, also the families of the soldiers and drummers. The fire took on the south side of it, and the breeze being very strong, the flames spread out so quickly that it was a hard matter to remove the women and children, who were all in great confusion; so that the helpless wounded and sick could not be removed, and were all burnt to ashes (about forty or upwards in number). The whole of the medicines were also there, and shared the same fate. All that the doctors could save was a box or two of surgical instruments and a small chest of medicines; so that after that was expended the sick could get no medicine. It was perfectly impracticable to save any of the wounded or the medicines, in consequence of the insurgents collecting in very large bodies in the adjacent compounds and buildings, with their muskets and swords, ready every moment to pounce down upon us; and the men were compelled to keep their places under the walls of the intrenchment, and could not bear a helping hand to those in the barracks.

"Subsequent to this almost daily attempts were made on the part of the rebels to take us by storm, but they could not stand our artillery, and therefore all their cannon were directed upon our guns, with the intention of disabling them. In this they so far succeeded, that out of eight but two sound ones remained when the intrenchment was vacated.

"One morning, I believe it was the 21st of June, a very great mob was seen collecting all round our intrenchments; their dresses were of divers patterns and descriptions (for the regular corps of infantry never came out to fight in their full dress; some few had on their jackets and caps, others even without the former, and nearly the whole dressed like recruits), for a number of Oude soldiery, or rather 'tag-rag and

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bob-tail,' had joined them. It was their intention, as I afterwards learnt from the city people, not to spare us that day, even if they should all die in the attempt; and the newly created subadar-major of the 1st native infantry, had sworn upon the gungajull (Ganges water) either to take us or die. The enemy brought large bales of cotton with them, and placing them out, they lay under cover of the same, attempting to approach us in that manner by pushing the bales on, at the same time keeping up a brisk fire with their muskets. While this sort of thing was being done towards the south-east side from the church compound, the three new barracks were filled with upwards of 500 men, endeavouring to drive away our picket, and take possession of the rest; there Captain Moore again appeared as usual, and previously arranging with our battery to send grape from the south-west corner, he took about twenty-five more men from the intrenchment, and advancing under cover of No. 5 barrack, sent a few volleys; then going ahead behind No. 4 barrack, he managed to drive them all into Nos. 1 and 2, where a few rounds of canister routed them out entirely, killing about thirty-five or forty of their number. In the mean time about a hundred of the wretches, under the cotton bales from the church compound, advanced in that manner to within 150 yards of the intrenchment. This was intended as an advanced force; for, shortly after, the insurgents in the rear gave a fearful shout, and jumping off the compound-walls, &c., advanced towards us, led on by the above-mentioned subadar-major, who was a well-made, powerful man. However, almost the very first shots from our musketry caught him, and immediately after a few rounds of canister directed towards the enemy did great execution, killing and wounding about 200 of them, and thus causing a general dispersion.

"This day I saw a very daring and brave act done in our camp about mid-day. One of our ammunition-waggons in the north-east corner was blown up by the enemy's shot, and whilst it was blazing, the batteries from the artillery barracks and the tank directed all their guns towards it. Our soldiers being much exhausted with the morning's work, and almost every artilleryman being either killed or wounded, it was a difficult matter to put out the fire, which endangered the other waggons near it. However, in the midst of all this cannonading, a young officer of the 53rd native infantry, Lieutenant Delafosse, with unusual courage, went up, and laying himself down under the burning waggon, pulled away from it what loose splinters, &c., he could get hold of, all the while throwing earth upon the flames. He was soon joined

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by two soldiers, who brought with them a couple of buckets of water, which were very dexterously thrown about by the lieutenant, and while the buckets were taken to be replenished from the drinking-water of the men close by, the process of pitching earth was carried on amidst a fearful cannonading of about six guns, all firing upon the burning waggon. Thus at last the fire was put out, and the officer and men escaped unhurt.

"It may be easily imagined that by this time our barracks were so perfectly riddled as to afford little or no shelter, yet the greater portion of the people preferred remaining in them to being exposed to the heat of the sun outside, although a great many made themselves holes under the walls of the entrenchment, covered over with boxes, cots, &c. In these, with their wives and children, they were secure, at least from the shots and shells of the enemy, though not so from the effects of the heat, and the mortality from apoplexy was considerable. At night, however, every person had to sleep out, and take the watch in their turns, so that nearly the whole of the women and children also slept under the walls of the intrenchment, near their respective relatives. Here the shells kept them in perpetual dread, for nearly all night these shells were seen coming in the air and bursting in different places, often doing mischief. Thus the existence of those that remained alive was spent in perpetual dread and fear.

"It is beyond description to attempt to give a detail of the innumerable troubles and distresses to which all in the intrenchment were subjected. The poor wounded and sick were objects of real commiseration, for their state was exceedingly wretched.

"The stench also from the dead bodies of horses and other animals that had been shot in the compound, and could not be removed, as also the unusually great influx of flies, rendered the place extremely disagreeable."

On the 24th Mr. Shepherd left the intrenchment disguised as a native cook, with authority from Sir Hugh Wheeler to negotiate with influential persons in the city, and to offer 10,000*l.*, with handsome pensions for life, to any one who, by creating dissension, or by other means, should succeed in raising the siege. Unfortunately, the emissary was seized and taken before Nana Sahib, and on being brought to trial was sentenced to three years imprisonment in irons with hard labour. That same evening Nana deputed Mrs. Greenway, an aged European lady, to proceed to the barracks and offer honourable terms of surrender to the general commanding the garrison. On the following day it was agreed that the

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besieged should give up the government money, the guns and ammunition, and that the insurgents should provide boats to convey the Feringhees to Allahabad unmolested and undisturbed. This agreement was drawn up in writing, signed, sealed, and ratified by a solemn oath by the Nana. Hostilities were then suspended on both sides, and preparations were made by the British for the evacuation of their untenable position.

It is now time to direct our attention to the proceedings of the mutineers themselves, and observe the manner in which their besieging operations were conducted. The narrator, it is needless to remark, is himself a native:—

"At that time in the city of Cawnpore it was as if the day of judgment had come; and when the sepoys of the infantry and troopers of the cavalry, the jingling of whose sword-scabbards, and the tread of whose horses' feet, resounded on all sides, proceeded with guns of various sizes, and ammunition, from the magazines, through the Gwat Tola, which forms part of the suburbs of Cawnpore, towards the intrenched camp—I, the writer of this journal was present, and saw this with my own eyes, and heard what was going on, and bodies of sepoys, both Hindoo and Mussulman, were shouting. From one side the cry came, 'Victory to Rajah Ram Chund;' and some were calling out, 'Shout, ye faithful army—Allah has routed the kafirs!' In fact, every one was saying whatever came uppermost in his mind. And all the shops in the city had been closed for several days, but in whatever shop the sepoys entered to ask for sugar or goor, they plundered everything belonging to the citizen that they could find; so much so that plunder and oppression was the order of the day. Every violent man did what came into his mind, and the troopers got possession of a note, the interest of which amounted to Rs. 25,000, belonging to Eman-oo-Daulah and Bakir Alee, sons of Nawab Aga Meer, and plundered very much property and cash and supplies, and also took these two men with them to render assistance, and gave them possession of a battery; and one troop, or thereabouts, left the cantonments and proceeded to the buildings in which the civil and revenue and judicial courts were held, and commenced firing them. At that time the state of the cantonments was such as if the people were surrounded with fire, and no citizen had hope left of his life or honour. In fact, they spoiled and destroyed the whole of the courts; and in the other direction, from all three sides, guns were fired at the English intrenchments to that extent that the ground seemed to be turning upside down. At first the Europeans

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fired round shot and grape upon the three batteries with great effect, killing two troopers and six sepoys; and when the sun became very hot, the Europeans ceased firing for about three hours, and the whole night the firing was continued, and many round shot fell upon the parapets of the rebels' battery, and also round shot fell on all sides of the barrack; nevertheless, the sepoys and troopers proposed to discharge ten 24-pounders, and take the intrenched camp by storm, and kill man, woman, and child.

"On Sunday, the 7th of June, the firing was commenced according to custom, on all sides; and about one troop of the 2nd cavalry having entered the Gwat Tola, committed a great deal of oppression upon the inhabitants; and they seized Darogha Asim Alee Khan of Lucknow, who for several years had been erecting houses near the residence of the sons of Aga Meer, and told him, 'You have brought away plenty of money from the Lucknow people by deceit, give us a lac of rupees;' and some one said that certain Europeans and women were hidden in his house. On this, without further inquiry, a gun loaded with grape was fired into his house, and two or three of his servants were killed. At last they took the darogha prisoner into their camp, and wished to tie him to a loaded gun in the presence of the Nana, but the Nana let him go on the payment of Rs. 1,000, and sent him to collect ammunition in the battery on hundreds of bullocks and elephants, and carts and doolies, &c., and whatever he could lay his hands upon. The burning of the officers' bungalows now commenced, and the burnt bungalows became, as it were, a black line, and whenever an Englishman or European, soldier or woman or child, were found, they were put to death. In the city and gardens there was so much villany committed that travelling became dangerous; and to kill a man was quite easy, and each landowner entertained fifty or 100 followers, and committed deeds of oppression and plundered each other. Some forcibly cut the grain out of the fields, and others were occupied in picking up plundered property which had been thrown down, and hundreds of rajpoots were posted on the roads, robbing the travellers; in fact, as many sepoys as plundered money from the government treasury, or any other property belonging to government, were all themselves plundered by the landowners; and if any sepoy made the slightest objection to give up his property, he was at once caused to sit upon the bed of death; and nearly Rs. 1,000 on some, and on others Rs. 500, were found folded in their waistbands. And many gentlemen, merchants, escaped into the intrenched camp with their money;

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and many other merchants thought that the troops would not offer them any molestation, for if the government became Hindostanee they would open their shops and sell their property; but the sepoys did not pay any attention to this request, and at once killed them, and hundreds of lower class servants (mahturanees), &c., who wore English clothes, were shot and cut down with swords.

"On the 10th of June, as usual, the firing commenced from the 24, 18, and 4-pounders, and one lady and one grown-up young lady and three children were coming along in a carriage from the direction of the west, and on the road some one had killed the lady's husband, but, not considering it proper to kill women and children, had allowed them to escape. However, the troopers of the 2nd cavalry caught them, and brought them into the presence of the Nana, who ordered them to be killed at once, although the lady begged the Nana to spare her life; but this disgraceful man would not in any way hearken to her, and took them all into the plain. At that time the sun was very hot, and the lady said, 'The sun is very hot, take me into the shade;' but no one listened. On four sides the children were catching hold of their mother's gown, and saying, 'Mamma, come to the bungalow, and give me some bread and water.' At length, having been tied hand to hand, and made to stand up on the plain, they were shot down by pistol-bullets.

"On the 12th of June the firing commenced as usual, and it was reported that from the direction of the Punjab a number of Europeans were assembled. Immediately one troop of cavalry and two companies of infantry were sent to reconnoitre, when it was found that about 136 European soldiers and women and children [the Futtehghur fugitives] had come in three boats from some station to the west, and when they heard that in every station disturbances had taken place between Hindoos and Mussulmans, they immediately took to their boats and started, with the intention of going to Calcutta. But the troopers seized them all and took them to the Nana, who ordered that they should all be killed; and sundry Rampoori troopers of the Mussulmans of the 2nd cavalry, whom the Nana kept with him for the express purpose, killed them all. Among them was a young lady; (probably Miss Goldie), the daughter of some general. She addressed herself much to the Nana, and said, 'No king ever committed such oppression as you have; and in no religion is there any order to kill women and children. I do not know what has happened to you. Be well assured that by this slaughter the English will not become less; whoever

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may remain will have an eye upon you.' But the Nana paid no attention, and showed her no mercy, and ordered that she should be killed, and that they should fill her hands with powder, and kill her by the explosion; and in the two or three days during which these disturbances were going on, hundreds of boats were collected from east to west, and the order was given that without permission not a single boat should be loosed, lest perhaps any European soldier or Christian might escape in it; and from all sides the importation of grain was stopped, and it became very expensive, inasmuch as before the disturbance twenty-three seers of wheat were sold for a rupee, and after three or four days only twelve seers were obtainable."

It is said that General Wheeler acted injudiciously in occupying the unfinished hospital barracks, instead of taking possession of the magazine and there holding out until succours arrived. However this may be, there is no dispute as to the heroic character of the defence made by himself and his devoted comrades. An officer who passed through Cawnpore in the middle of September with General Outram's division bears witness, in the following words, to the obstinacy with which the position was maintained.

"The road as you enter the town (from Allahabad) leads past the two buildings with their outhouses, where Wheeler with his brave band held his own so long against the hordes which surrounded him. These buildings formed what was called the European cavalry hospital. Right well and heroically must it have been defended. The walls are pitted with cannon-shot like the cells of a honeycomb. The doors, which seem to have been the principal points against which the Nana's fire was directed, are breached and knocked down into huge shapeless openings. Of the verandahs which surrounded both the buildings only a few splintered rafters remain, and at some of the angles the walls are knocked entirely away, and huge chasms gape blackly at you. Many of the enemy's cannon-shot have gone through and through the buildings; portions of the interior walls and roof have fallen, and here and there are blood-gouttes on wall and floor. Never did I yet see a place so terribly battered."

In this unsheltered post General Wheeler held out twenty-two days against an overwhelming force well supplied with heavy artillery, and of whom a large portion were disciplined soldiers. Of the 900 individuals who suffered behind the earthen mound that formed their sole protection from the enemy's fire, upwards of 300 were women and children; of military men, there was nearly an equal number; of civilians,

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merchants, drummers, and others who did good service, there wree not more than 150: the rest being native servants, who took to flight soon after the commencement of the siege. It is not surprising that after three weeks of terror, starvation, and suffering, the survivors should have eagerly accepted the favourable conditions that were proposed to them, or that they should have been too ready to trust the solemn assurances of the treacherous Mahratta. Mr. Shepherd is once more the narrator:—

"On the morning of the 27th a number of carts, doolies, and elephants, were sent to the intrenchment by the Nana, to enable the women and children and sick to proceed to the river-side. It is reported that the persons who came out that morning from the intrenchment amounted to about 450, and a general plunder took place of what property the officers and others were obliged to abandon in the intrenchment. The men and officers were allowed to take their arms and ammunition with them, and were escorted by nearly the whole of the rebel army. It was about eight o'clock a.m. when all reached the river-side, a distance of about a mile and a half. Those that embarked first managed to let their boats go; thus three or four boats got off a short distance, though deserted by their crews, but the rest found difficulty in pushing them off the banks, as the rebels had previously had them placed as high in the mud as possible, on purpose to cause delay. In the mean time the report of three guns was heard from the Nana's camp, which was the signal (as previously arranged) for the mutineers to fire upon and kill all the English; and accordingly the work of destruction commenced. The boat's crew and others were ordered to get away, some of the boats were set on fire, and volley upon volley of musketry was fired upon the poor fugitives, numbers of whom were killed on the spot. Some fell overboard and attempted to escape by swimming, but were picked off by the bullets of the sepoys, who followed them on shore and in breast-deep water. A few boats crossed over to the opposite bank, but there a regiment of native infantry (the 17th), just arrived from Azimghur, had placed itself in such a manner as to prevent their escape. The boats were then seized upon on both banks, the river not being very broad, and every man that survived was put to the sword. The women and children, most of whom were wounded, some with three or four bullet-shots in them, were spared and brought to the Nana's camp, and placed in a pukka building, called 'Subuda Kekothee,' and for the first three days no attention was paid to them beyond giving them a small quantity of parched grain each daily for food, and water

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to drink; leaving them to lie on the hard ground, without any sort of bedding, mats, &c."

The boat containing the general had pushed on ahead when the firing began; "But," says a native eye-witness of the terrible scene that ensued, "some little way down, the boat got stuck near the shore. The infantry and guns came up and opened fire. This went on all day. It did not hurt the sahib log much. They returned the fire with their rifles from the boat, and wounded several of the sepoys on the bank, who therefore drew off towards evening. The sepoys procured a very big boat, into which they all got, and dropped down the river upon the sahibs' boat. Then the sahibs fired again with their rifles and wounded more sepoys in the boat, and they drew off and left them. At night came a great rush of water in the river, which floated off the sahibs' boat, and they passed down the river; but owing to the storm and the dark night, they only proceeded three or four koss. In the mean time intelligence of the sahibs' defence had reached the Nana, and he sent off that night three more companies of the native regiment (1st Oude infantry) and surrounded the sahibs' boat, and so took them and brought them back to Cawnpore. There came out of that boat sixty sahibs and twenty-five mem sahibs (ladies) and four children—one boy and three half-grown girls. The Nana then ordered the mem sahibs to be separated from the sahibs to be shot by the Gillis pultun (1st Bengal native infantry); but they said, 'We will not shoot Wheeler Sahib, who has made our pultun's name great, and whose son is our quartermaster; neither will we kill the sahib log. Put them in prison.' Then said the Nadire pultun, 'What word is this—put them in prison? we will kill the male.' So the sahib log were seated on the ground, and two companies of the Nadire pultun placed themselves over against them, with their muskets ready to fire. Then said one of the mem sahibs,—the doctor's wife she was, I don't know his name, but he was either superintending surgeon or medical storekeeper—'I will not leave my husband; if he must die I will die with him.' So she ran and sat down behind her husband, clasping him round the waist. Directly she said this the other mem sahibs said, 'We will also die with our husbands;' and they all went and sat down beside their husbands. Then their husbands said, 'Go back;' but they would not. Whereupon the Nana ordered his soldiers, and they going in pulled them forcibly away, seizing them by the arm; but they could not pull away the doctor's wife, who there remained. Then, just as the sepoys were going to fire, the padre (chaplain)

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called out to the Nana and requested leave to read prayers before they died. The Nana granted it. The padre's bonds were unloosed so far as to enable him to take a small book out of his pocket, from which he read; but all this time one of the sahib log, who was shot in the arm and the leg, kept crying out to the sepoys, 'If you mean to kill us, why don't you set about it quickly and get the work done — why delay?' After the padre had read a few prayers he shut the book, and the sahib log shook hands all round. Then the sepoys fired. One sahib rolled one way, one another as they sat; but they were not dead, only wounded; so they went in and finished them off with swords. After this the whole of the women and children (that is, including those taken out of other boats), to the number of 122, were taken away to the yellow house which was your hospital." (This was the Bithoor rajah's house in the civil lines.)

Ten days after their capture, the women and children were removed to the assembly-rooms, and there treated with greater consideration in compliance with instructions received from the king of Delhi. Here they remained until the 15th, when the Bithoor miscreant gave orders to put them to death, together with the survivors of the Futtehghur fugitives. His pretext was that some spies had been seized and brought to him, as bearers of letters to the English ladies and to certain native merchants and bankers not well disposed to his rule.

"The native spies were first put to the sword, and after them the gentlemen, who were brought out from the outbuildings in which they were confined and shot with bullets thereafter. The poor females were ordered to come out; but neither threats nor persuasions could induce them to do so; they laid hold of each other by dozens, and clung so close that it was impossible to separate them or drag them out of the building. The troopers therefore brought muskets, and after firing a great many shots from the doors, windows, &c. rushed in with swords and bayonets. Some of the helpless creatures, in their agony, fell down at the feet of their murderers, clasped their legs, and begged in the most pitiful manner to spare their lives, but to no purpose. The fearful deed was done, most deliberately and completely, in the midst of the most dreadful shrieks and cries of the victims. There were between 140 and 150 souls, including children; and from a little before sunset till candle-light was occupied in completing the dreadful deed. The doors of the buildings were then locked for the night, and the murderers went to their homes. Next morning it was found, on opening the doors, that some ten or fifteen females, with a few of the

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children, had managed to escape from death, by falling and hiding under the murdered bodies of their fellow-prisoners. Fresh orders were, therefore, sent to murder these also; but the survivors, not being able to bear the idea of being cut down, rushed out into the compound, and seeing a well there, threw themselves into it without hesitation; thus putting a period to lives which it was impossible for them to save. The dead bodies of those murdered on the preceding evening were then ordered to be thrown into the same well."

Thus terminated this terrible episode. Inclusive of the Futtehghur fugitives, nearly one thousand persons of both sexes and all ages had perished through the instrumentality of the Mahratta chief. Never did any man work out his revenge with such relentless, inexorable cruelty. But his very triumph told against himself, for it removed him beyond all possibility of ever adding to his past possessions, and even of retaining what he already possessed.

CHAPTER IX.

Mutinies at Indore, Mhow, Saugor, and Sealkote—Battle of Shahgunge —Murder of Sir Norman Leslie.

THE month of July was rife with rebellion. On the first day of the month mutinies occurred at Indore and Mhow. At the former place Holkar's contingent mutinied in the afternoon, and proceeded with their artillery to attack the residency, after a vain though heroic attempt on the part of Colonel Travers with a handful of horsemen to capture the guns. All the European officers and residents who gained the residency succeeded in effecting their escape; the ladies being placed on the ammunition-waggons which happened to be on the grounds. The post-office and telegraph clerks, however, were not so fortunate, the majority of them being cruelly murdered. Holkar himself did all that lay in his power to re-establish discipline and order, and firmly refused to make common cause with his rebellious subjects. And when the latter reminded him of his illustrious ancestor Jeswunt Rao Holkar, and exhorted him to accompany them to Delhi, he replied that the strength of his forefathers had departed, and that he did not consider rapine and the murder of innocent beings as part of any religion. In further proof of his adherence to the British government, the young prince despatched the greater part of his treasure to the custody of the British officers at Mhow.

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The mutiny at Mhow took place a few hours after that at Indore. The unquiet spirit of the men was duly reported to Colonel Platt, but unfortunately he could not be persuaded of the reality and extent of the danger. It was with difficulty that Captain Hungerford, of the artillery, and Lieutenant Martin prevailed upon him to give orders for the occupation of the fort, to which the ladies were at once sent. The officers themselves prepared to sleep in the lines. A letter from an officer in the fort describes the commencement of the outbreak; it is dated July 6.

"Our dinner was taken down to our sergeant-major's house, close to the lines, and there we sat down. During dinner we saw a light on the roof of our mess-house. I went up, and it was put out by the cook. Not one of the sepoys of the guard was there. That made me nervous, but I went back to the lines, and we all sat in a group, talking. After a little while they came and told us there was a light on another roof. I went up and beat out the fire with my cap, and was assisted by a sepoy on guard from my own house. After extinguishing it, I went back and sat down. Some officer proposed we should then go to our beds at the bells of arms of each of our companies, and we were going, when some one said, 'The report is, the regiment will rise at ten to-night.' It then wanted ten minutes, and our major said, 'Oh, very well; let's wait and see.' By Jove, the words were hardly uttered when we heard shots in the cavalry lines, and we all sprang up, some one crying out we were attacked in rear by the Bheels. We all ran towards our companies; but as I got to mine, I was received by two shots, one in rear and one in front; an officer was behind me, and I sang out, 'The men are firing on us, there is no hope—run.' I then saw the adjutant galloping towards our quarter-guard; he was received by a volley. He, poor man, saw it was hopeless, and told Dysart to run. It was a bright, beautiful moonlight night, and we were in our white uniforms; so they could see us for a long distance. I ran and received a volley from our grenadier company, but the bullets went all round me. After a little I was dead beat, and could not move; but, seeing a syce running away with an officer's horse, I seized it and mounted; but not liking to carry away an animal that belonged to another man who might be in danger, I waited under the shade of an empty guardhouse to see for him; but I heard footsteps, and, looking round the corner, I saw the men of our hospital guard within fifty yards of me. I thought then I was done for, but put the horse to a gallop, and heard a shot ping by me quite close. I then made for the fort, and found the gateway all

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confusion. Our poor colonel was there on horseback, and, infatuated to the last, would not believe the men had mutinied, and called on the adjutant (Captain Fagan) to follow him to the lines. That was the last we saw of the poor fellows. We instantly disarmed the native guard in the fort, and turned them out, mounted sentries at the bastions ourselves, and prepared for the worst. It was a fearful night, for some of our officers were on picket duty by themselves, miles out on the Indore road, and we feared their death was certain; in fact, the escapes were wonderful. One officer, who had hid in the bazaar all night, came into the fort at daybreak, telling us the colonel and adjutant of our regiment had been killed in our lines, and that Major Harris was lying dead in the road, shot by his own troopers. Hearing the bodies were lying there, we resolved to bring them in, and went out with two guns and some officers mounted to protect them. The scene of pillage and confusion was horrible; our mess-house was burnt to the ground; my own house also. Having recovered the bodies, and not knowing how many men were near us, we returned to the fort, and had the melancholy task of burying them. Throughout all this I cannot express the admiration I feel at the way the ladies have behaved—cheerful, and assisting in every way in their power: poor things, without servants or quarters, huddled together, they have had to do everything for themselves, and employ all their time in sewing bags for powder for the guns, well knowing the awful fate that awaits them if the place is taken. There has not been a sign of fear; they bring us tea or any little thing they can, and would even like to keep watch on the bastions if we would let them. You should see the state we are in—men making up canister, ladies sewing powder-bags, people bringing plunder recovered, artillery mounting guns, and I don't know what all; all of us dirty and tired with night-watching. We mount sentry duty to take the weight of it off the artillerymen; we snatch sleep and food as we can; we have made a few foraging parties, and I succeeded in driving back our mess sheep, to the number of 150, and recovered a lot of mess stores; but all our silver and furniture have been stolen and burnt. This is not a regular fort—merely a sort of store place for spare guns, &c. But we are putting it in as defensible a state as we can, and I think we shall stagger a few before they capture it."

It was not until the beginning of August that Mhow was relieved by a movable column of Bombay troops.

The mutiny of the native troops at Saugor was attended with some peculiar circumstances. The brigade consisted of the 31st and 42nd native infantry, and the 3rd irregular

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cavalry. Having delayed the open exposition of his suspicions as long as prudence would permit, Brigadier Sage at last found it necessary to order the Christians of every rank and age into the fort, and to take all necessary precautions against a surprise. A dispute, however, arose between the two infantry regiments, in which the cavalry took part on both sides. The result was a fight, in which the 31st came off victorious, and the 42nd and the greater portion of the cavalry were driven out of the station. It was fortunate that matters took this turn, for the fort was still unrelieved on the 26th of September. For nearly three months the little garrison, consisting of sixty-three gunners and the same number of officers, clerks, Indo-Britons, and native Christians, had sufficed for the protection of 190 women and children and an important arsenal filled with warlike stores.

The next regiment to mutiny was the 14th native infantry, at Jhelum, in the Punjab. The authorities at Lahore, having resolved to disarm that corps, a wing of her Majesty's 24th, under Colonel Ellice, was ordered up for that purpose. It happened that the 14th were on the parade-ground when the Europeans came in sight. Seized with a sudden panic, they rushed off to their lines, and fought desperately under cover of their huts. Captain Spring and twenty-four men were killed; Colonel Ellice, Lieutenant Streatfield, Lieutenant Chichester, Ensign Scott, and fifty men were wounded. On the same day (the 7th of July) 200 men of the 14th native infantry and the whole of the 58th native infantry were disarmed at Rawul Pindee, after a slight resistance. Of the Jhelum mutineers, above a hundred fled into Gholab Singh's territories, where they were seized and sent back. Others were cut up by the Punjab police, and very few succeeded in reaching the plains of Hindostan.

Two days later, a more serious affair took place at Sealkote, where the 46th native infantry and the 9th irregular cavalry massacred seven Europeans, including Colonel F. Brind, C.B., commanding the brigade. "On the morning of the 9th," writes a cavalry officer,—

"I was fast asleep in my house at Sealkote, when I was awoke by a woman running in screaming. This was the wife of our sergeant-major, who was followed shortly after by her husband, with a wound in his forehead. He said that he had had five or six shots fired at him by our men. By the time I had dressed and got my pistols and sword, on the havildar-major came and said that early that morning the Mussulmans of the 1st troop began saddling their horses, and as there was no parade ordered, he asked them what they were doing;

when they told him to mind his own business. I rode to the brigadier's, and in a short time he came out with Chambers, the joint magistrate. Balmain just then rode up and said that when he went down to the lines the Hindoos told him to go and remain in his house, or he would certainly be killed. We heard, too, that some of our men had ridden to the 46th native infantry lines to raise them, and then we knew it was all up with Sealkote; for so many instances have occurred of the cavalry riding down to the infantry lines, and the latter invariably join them. Brigadier Brind, Balmain, Chambers, and I rode out of the compound, and then we perceived a large body of our men posted so as to cut us off from the fort in the city, who, immediately they saw us, commenced chasing and firing at us. We first of all made straight for the cantonments, so as to bring them after us, and then on a sudden we turned off to the right and rode for a bridge which was between the cantonments and the city. By this manœuvre I found myself leading, and being mounted on a good horse I could have gone off without coming into collision with the rascals again. As I was nearing the bridge, Balmain, who was close behind me, called out, 'Stop, and make a stand, or the brigadier is lost!' We both turned on the bridge, and then I saw the brigadier trying to get across the nullah with a number of our men after him. The foremost of them, who was a little in advance of the others, as soon as he saw me stop, turned from following the brigadier and came at us. I had just time to draw and cock my pistol, when down he came on me at full gallop with carbine levelled. I could have almost touched him when he fired, and the bullet whizzed past me. At the same moment I fired, but, owing to the pace he was coming, I missed. I was perfectly cool, and made up my mind not to fire until he had done so and was close on me. If I had used my sword instead of my pistol, I must have killed him. Balmain had two shots at him, but also missed. All this did not take half a minute, but it gave time for the brigadier to cross the nullah, and we then rode on to the fort without interruption. It was not till we got there that I discovered that the brigadier had been wounded badly, and it was with great difficulty he got along, but he bore up bravely; he has since, I am sorry to say, died of his wounds. I thought it best to trust to my horse, so I rode on to Goojeranwallah, a distance of thirty miles, where I arrived at about nine a.m., more dead than alive. My horse could hardly walk in the last five miles, and once dropped with me. In an hour or two more two infantry officers came in who had made a long *détour* across country.

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This was the account they gave — four of our men rode down to their lines and began exciting the men to mutiny; most of the officers were at parade at the time. The men asked permission to get to their arms to keep our troopers off. As soon as they obtained it they rushed to their lines, instead of to the places where the arms are usually kept, and then came out and began firing at their officers. Those that were mounted made off at once."

Within the fort were assembled a considerable number of women and children, 300 new Sikh levies, and some of the Punjab police. An earthwork was speedily thrown up to prevent the gate from being blown open, muskets and ammunition were served out, and the bastions manned with anxious but determined watchers. The first step taken by the mutineers was to release the 350 prisoners in the gaol, who lost no time in firing both private and public buildings. They then plundered the treasury, burnt down the bazaar, and blew up the two powder-magazines. Their triumph, however, was shortlived. While crossing the Ravee, they were encountered by H.M.'s 52nd and a Punjab force under Brigadier Nicholson, and almost totally annihilated.

Meanwhile Agra itself had been seriously imperilled by the approach of the Neemuch and Nusseerabad mutineers. On their arrival at Futtehpore Seekree—the favourite residence of the great Akhbar—the European residents were ordered to leave their houses and retire into the fort. The Kotah contingent, 700 strong, horse, foot, and artillery, remained stanch till the 3rd, when they also went off in the night-time. At this time there were between four and five thousand Christians in the fort, a very large proportion of whom were non-combatants. In fact, the military force consisted of the 3rd European fusiliers, 650 strong, and 200 militia, horse and foot. There was no lack, however, of heavy guns and ammunition, and ample stores of provisions had been laid in. On the morning of the 5th, the enemy advanced to Shahgunge, a village only five or six miles distant, and it became evident that their further progress must be checked at any hazard. The numerical force of the mutineers on this occasion has been variously estimated. It was probably about 2,500 infantry, 500 cavalry, a company of light field artillery, and a battery of horse artillery. To oppose this formidable body of trained soldiers, Colonel Riddell had barely 500 men, of whom at least fifty were civilians; his artillery consisted of a battery of six guns, and his cavalry of eighteen volunteers. The rebels were posted behind a village in an open plain, their guns flanking

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the village and protected by their cavalry. The English advanced in line, with three guns on either flank, and the mounted militia in the rear. In this manner they marched steadily up to within half a mile of the village, when a tremendous fire of grape and canister opened upon them. The infantry being ordered to lie down, the contest was confined to the artillery on both sides; this continued for nearly two hours, when one of our tumbrils blew up, and ammunition consequently began to run short. Under these circumstances the Fusiliers, who had gradually worked up to within two hundred yards of the enemy's position, were ordered to carry it at the point of the bayonet. With a manly cheer they sprang forward, and, after a fierce struggle, gained the village. Previous to this, however, the rebel horse made a wide sweep, and nearly succeeded in getting to the rear of the British force. They were only checked by a gallant charge of the eighteen mounted volunteers. Soon after the village was carried, another tumbril exploded, so that it became absolutely necessary to beat a retreat. Could the Fusiliers have held their ground a few minutes longer, the victory would have been complete, as the mutineers also had exhausted their ammunition, In ignorance of this circumstance the order was issued to retire, and the shattered remnants of the British force slowly and sullenly retraced their steps to the fort, the enemy following them with one gun to the very outskirts of the city. Their loss was exceedingly heavy; out of little more than 500 actually engaged, fifty were killed and ninety-two wounded. About the middle of the action Captain D'Oyly, commanding the artillery, was wounded by a grape-shot in the right side. His horse was shot under him very early, and he was stooping over to put his shoulder to the wheel to extricate one of his guns, when he received his death wound. He then sat down on one of the guns, and went on giving his orders till the pain overpowered him. "Ah!" he exclaimed, "they have done for me now. Put a stone over my grave, and say I died fighting my guns." He was carried off the field, but died next day. Lieutenant Lamb, of the artillery, and Major Thomas, of the 3rd European fusiliers, were likewise mortally wounded. The rebels are said to have lost nearly 500 men, and made no further efforts to molest the garrison. That same evening, indeed, they moved off towards Muttra; but the prisoners escaping from the gaol and being joined by all the worthless characters in the city, plundered and burnt the bungalows, destroyed the churches, college, government house, and all other public buildings,

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and murdered thirty-four Christians who had neglected to repair to the fort. The amount of property stolen, or wantonly destroyed, has been estimated at £100,000.

In this same month of July apprehensions were entertained that the virus of rebellion was about to spread into the Madras presidency. The scene of disturbance was Hydrabad, and the rioters a large body of Rohillas, animated in equal proportions by fanaticism and the hope of plunder. Perhaps, too, they presumed upon the inexperience of the new ruler of the Deccan; but if so they were quickly undeceived.

"On Thursday, the 16th of July, intelligence was received at the residency, which stands clear of the city, but at a distance of some few miles from the cantonments, that the mob in the city was much excited, and that a scheme was on foot to press the Nizam to demand the release of certain deserters from the Aurungabad regiment; and, failing success in that, to attack the residency.

"The gathering for the fray was to be after the midday prayers on the following day. Notice was sent from the residency to Salar Jung, the Nizam's minister, and preparations were made to meet the attack. At one o'clock on the Friday there came a messenger from Salar Jung to the residency to say that the people, after meeting at prayer, had dispersed quietly, and that he thought the storm had passed; but about five o'clock came another messenger with a different story,—the minister had ascertained, he said, that at least 500 men had stolen out of the city, a few at a time, so as to escape notice, and that the resident must be on his guard.

"Not a moment was lost; the guard (including three guns of a troop of Madras native horse artillery) turned out, and just as the artillery got clear of the residency compound the mob came swarming up to the attack. The guns, under the command of Captain Holmes, opened on them at once, and a few rounds of grape settled the business. The mob, carrying with them twenty or thirty of their comrades, dead or wounded, dispersed in the bazaar and among the neighbouring houses, and night coming on, pursuit was not thought advisable. One of the leaders, a Rohilla, was brought in the next day desperately wounded."

The 12th Lancers were then telegraphed for from Poonah, and the residency guard strengthened so as to render any desultory attacks hopeless and vain. On only one other occasion did any symptoms of disaffection manifest themselves within the bounds of the Madras presidency. The 8th cavalry having volunteered to serve in Bengal, were being marched

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down to Madras, when they suddenly refused to proceed any further unless the old rate of extra allowances was granted to them. This untimely and insolent conduct was met by the Government with judicious firmness. The men were dismounted and disarmed with the exception of their swords, and sent to do duty on foot at Arcot, their horses being sent to Calcutta to mount the new corps of yeomanry cavalry.

The holy city of Kashee was again twice thrown into a state of terror and agitation. The 12th irregular cavalry mutinied at Segowlie on the 23rd of July, and killed their commandant, Major Holmes, and his wife, as they were taking an airing in their buggy. At the same time Dr. Garner, his wife, and one child were burnt to death in their own house, a second child being saved by the fidelity of a native servant. The second alarm was of a still more serious character, for three entire regiments fled from Dinapore and jeopardised the communication between Calcutta and the upper provinces. That untoward disaster, however, more properly belongs to the subject of the following chapter.

In the Punjab the 26th native infantry, although disarmed, rose upon their officers, killed Major Spencer, who was in command of the regiment, and then dispersed themselves over the country. Their fate was miserable. Many fell by the hands of the villagers, some were drowned, others starved to death, and many more captured and executed.

At Rohnee, in the Santhal district, a cowardly outrage was perpetrated on some officers of the 5th irregular cavalry. Lieutenant Sir Norman Leslie was seated in the verandah of his bungalow, conversing with Dr. Grant and Major Macdonald of the same corps, when three of their troopers rushed upon them from behind with drawn swords. Sir Norman was run through the back and fell forward on his face, his assailant slashing him at the same time across the head. He survived about half an hour, murmuring to the last, "What will become of my poor wife and children?" Dr. Grant received a sabre wound on the arm and another on the hip, and Major Macdonald was nearly scalped by three rapid sword cuts. Snatching up a chair, however, he defended himself with the courage and strength of despair until the ruffians lost heart and fled from the spot. Their subsequent fate is thus related by the gallant major himself:—

"Two days after my native officer said he had found out the murderers, and that they were three men of my own regiment. I had them in irons in a crack, held a drumhead court-martial, convicted, and sentenced them to be hanged the next morning. I took on my own shoulders the respon-

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sibility of hanging them first, and asking leave to do so afterwards. That day was an awful one of suspense and anxiety. One of the prisoners was of very high caste and influence, and this man I determined to treat with the greatest ignominy, by getting the lowest caste man to hang him. To tell you the truth, I never for a moment expected to leave the hanging scene alive, but I was determined to do my duty, and well knew the effect that pluck and decision had on the natives. The regiment was drawn out; wounded cruelly as I was, I had to see everything done myself, even to the adjusting of the ropes, and saw them looped to run easy. Two of the culprits were paralysed with fear and astonishment, never dreaming that I should dare to hang them without an order from government. The third said he would not be hanged, and called on the Prophet and on his comrades to rescue him. This was an awful moment; an instant's hesitation on my part and probably I should have had a dozen of balls through me; so I seized a pistol, clapped it to the man's ear, and said, with a look there was no mistake about, 'Another word out of your mouth, and your brains shall be scattered on the ground.' He trembled, and held his tongue. The elephant came up, he was put on his back, the rope adjusted, the elephant moved, and he was left dangling. I then had the others up, and off in the same way. And after some time, when I had dismissed the men of the regiment to their lines, and still found my head on my shoulders, I really could scarcely believe it."

CHAPTER X.

Nana Sahib's Proclamations—Havelock's march to Cawnpore—Relics of the slain—Mutiny at Dinapore—Arrah Expedition—Relief of Lucknow.

When the news of the massacre of the Cawnpore garrison became noised abroad, great numbers of the natives flocked to the standard of Nana Sahib. By the 10th of June, that monster found himself at the head of from 12,000 to 15,000 armed miscreants ready for any crime and eager for plunder. His power over these unruly followers depended, however, entirely on his chance of success, and the liberality of his disbursements. As it was quite impossible to satisfy their greed out of his private resources, he was compelled to connive at their extortions from bankers and other wealthy

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individuals. The natural result of this lawless oppression was to enlist the interested sympathies of all respectable persons in favour of the British government, and to cause them to stand aloof in this supreme struggle of their countrymen for independence and misrule. This consideration had, probably, little weight with the Nana, who could not fail to be conscious of the impotence of his utmost efforts to cast off the Feringhee yoke. But he had gone too far to recede. The bridge was broken down behind him—before him yawned an impassable gulf—but he must clear it, or perish. His position he knew to be one of extreme peril, but he faced it without flinching, and exhibited an energy, decision, and tact, of which none of his former European acquaintances ever dreamed that he was capable. "Fresh corps were raised, and recruits daily entertained. A new horse battery was formed. The zemindars all around were directed to bring in the revenue due by them; new offices were created and bestowed daily upon favourites. The Ganges canal (built with so much trouble and at so great a cost to government) was bestowed upon the villain Azimoollah, who, together with about 150 of the Mussulman troopers of the 2nd regiment of light cavalry, and Tuka Singh, soubadhar of the same regiment, created a brigadier-general of the Cawnpore division at the time, were at the bottom of all the mischief." The Mahratta chief likewise appealed to the credulity of his countrymen, and published lying proclamations with unsurpassed effrontery. He had the assurance to cause the following mendacious statements, scarcely rivalled by the bulletins of Chinese commissioners, to be proclaimed by beat of tom-tom through the city of Cawnpore and the adjacent country:—

"A traveller just arrived at Cawnpore from Calcutta states that, in the first instance, a council was held to take into consideration the means to be adopted to do away with the religion of the Mahomedans and Hindoos by the distribution of cartridges. The council came to this resolution, that, as this matter was one of religion, the services of 7000 or 8000 European soldiers would be necessary; as 50,000 Hindostanees would have to be destroyed, and then the whole of the people of Hindostan would become Christians. A petition with the substance of this resolution was sent to the Queen Victoria, and it was approved. A council was then held a second time, in which English merchants took a part, and it was decided that, in order that no evil should arise from mutiny, large reinforcements should be sent for. When the despatch was received and read in England, thousands of European soldiers were embarked on ships as speedily as

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possible, and sent off to Hindostan. The news of their being despatched reached Calcutta. The English authorities there ordered the issue of the cartridges, for the real intention was to Christianize the army first, and, this being effected, the conversion of the people would speedily follow. Pigs' and cows' fat was mixed up with the cartridges; this became known through one of the Bengalees who was employed in the cartridge-making establishment. Of those through whose means this was divulged, one was killed and the rest imprisoned. While in this country these counsels were being adopted, in England the vakeel of the sultan of Roum (Turkey) sent news to the sultan that thousands of European soldiers were being sent for the purpose of making Christians of all the people of Hindostan. Upon this the sultan issued a firman to the king of Egypt to this effect: 'You must deceive the Queen Victoria, for this is not a time for friendship, for my vakeel (minister or agent) writes that thousands of European soldiers have been despatched for the purpose of making Christians the army and people of Hindostan. In this manner, then, this must be checked. If I should be remiss, then how can I show my face to God; and one day this may come upon me also; for if the English make Christians of all in Hindostan, they will then fix their designs upon my country. When the firman reached the king of Egypt, he prepared and arranged his troops, before the arrival of the English army at Alexandria, for this is the route to India. The instant the English army arrived, the King of Egypt opened guns upon them from all sides, and destroyed and sunk their ships, and not a single soldier escaped. The English in Calcutta, after the issue of the order for the cartridges, and when the mutiny had become great, were in expectation of the arrival of the army from London; but the great God in his omnipotence had beforehand put an end to this. When the news of the destruction of the army of London became known, then the Governor-general was plunged in grief and sorrow, and beat his head."

On the 1st of July, two more proclamations were issued equally characteristic:—

"As by the kindness of God and the ikbal (good fortune) of the emperor, all the Christians who were at Delhi, Poonah, Satarah, and other places, and even those 5000 European soldiers who went in disguise into the former city and were discovered, are destroyed and sent to hell by the pious and sagacious troops who are firm to their religion; and as they have all been conquered by the present government, and as no trace of them is left in these places, it is the duty of all

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the subjects and servants of the government to rejoice at the delightful intelligence, and to carry on their respective work with comfort and ease."

"As by the bounty of the glorious Almighty God and the enemy-destroying fortune of the emperor, the yellow-faced and narrow-minded people have been sent to hell, and Cawnpore has been conquered, it is necessary that all the subjects and landowners should be as obedient to the present government as they had been to the former one; that all the government servants should promptly and cheerfully engage their whole mind in executing the orders of the government; that it is the incumbent duty of all the ryots and landed proprietors of every district to rejoice at the thought that the Christians have been sent to hell, and both the Hindoo and Mahometan religions have been confirmed; and that they should, as usual, be obedient to the authorities of the government, and never to suffer any complaint against themselves to reach the ears of the higher authority."

But the sands of time were fast running out; the hour-glass was even then being inverted. The troops lately employed in the Persian expedition had nearly all returned to India, and a considerable portion of them were marching up country to relieve Cawnpore, at the very moment that Nana Sahib was proclaiming the annihilation of the British armies. On the 7th of July Brigadier-General Havelock left Allahabad with 1,300 European soldiers, and joined Major Renaud's advanced column three hours before daybreak on the 12th. Their united forces consisted of 600 men of the 64th, 600 of the 78th, 500 of the 1st Madras fusiliers, a company of royal artillery under Captain Maude from Ceylon, some twenty mounted volunteers, and a handful of irregular cavalry. At eight o'clock they encamped about four miles from Futtehpore, wearied with their long march. The tents, however, were hardly pitched before Col. Tytler, who had gone forward to reconnoitre, galloped back with the intelligence that the enemy was advancing. Their apparent audacity was afterwards discovered to be owing to a mistaken notion on their part, that the troops before them were only the advanced guard under Major Renaud. They were soon made aware of their mistake. The royal artillery played upon them with such effect that they speedily abandoned their guns, one after the other; when the Enfield rifles of the skirmishers drove them out of the inclosures into the streets, and out of the streets into the open country beyond. But the excessive heat, and their previous long march, rendered it impossible for the troops to pursue the flying enemy. The irregular

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cavalry, moreover, misconducted themselves in a very shameful manner, and two days afterwards were disbanded. Eleven guns, however, had been taken, and the mutineers taught their inability to cope with British soldiers. On the following morning the brave old general issued this address to his men:—

"Brigadier-General Havelock, C.B., thanks his soldiers for their arduous exertions of yesterday, which produced, in four hours, the strange result of a whole army driven from a strong position, eleven guns captured, and their whole force scattered to the winds, without the loss of a single British soldier!

"To what is this astonishing effect to be attributed? To the fire of the British artillery, exceeding in rapidity and precision all that the brigadier-general has ever witnessed in his not short career; to the power of the Enfield rifle in British hands; to British pluck, that good quality that has survived the revolution of the hour; and to the blessing of Almighty God on a most righteous cause,—the cause of justice, humanity, truth, and good government in India."

On the next day, Monday, the general halted to refresh his little army, but on Tuesday he advanced sixteen miles, occasionally harassed by the enemy. Two actions were fought on the 15th. The enemy were strongly posted, and held out for nearly three hours. Their cavalry at one time threatened to get round to the rear, until they were checked by a spirited charge of the mounted volunteers. At length they fell back, abandoning three guns, but took up a second position on the other side of a bridge over a small stream about four miles distant. They had two large guns, a 24 and a 32-pounder, which, if properly worked, would effectually have stopped Havelock's further advance for that day. The artillerymen, however, were knocked over and disheartened by the Enfield rifles; and on a determined rush being made by the Madras fusiliers, they turned and fled with their comrades. Indeed, throughout this strange mutiny, the artillerymen rarely, if ever, displayed that devotion to their guns which usually characterizes that arm of the service. On the side of the British there were several casualties on this day; the most to be regretted being the death of Major Renaud, who was hit in the leg, and a part of the scabbard of his sword forced into the wound. The limb was amputated, which seemed to afford him great relief, when he suddenly expired. When he was struck, one of his officers wished to remain by his side and assist him; but the fine old soldier thought only of duty, and exclaimed, "Go on with your men."

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The next day a very severe action was fought. At two o'clock in the afternoon, after a fatiguing march under a vertical sun, which struck down several of the men, Havelock's force came upon the mutineers advantageously posted, with eight heavy guns. The British soldiers marched straight upon the batteries, under a withering storm of grape and round-shot. The first battery was carried in splendid style; but the second poured forth such terrible volleys of round-shot and grape, that the men were ordered to lie down. Their own artillery was still two miles in the rear, and the overworked cattle were unable to drag the guns through the mire. The sun had now gone down, and darkness was imminent. There was not a moment to be lost. The general then rode up and said:—"64th and 78th, those guns must be taken by the bayonet. No firing; and remember that I am with you." The gallant fellows sprang to their feet at the instant, and with a ringing cheer dashed forward. The enemy did not wait to receive them, but fled in dismay to Cawnpore. This was their last stand, and by far the most desperate one. The British soldiers were too much exhausted to advance another step. They sunk down to rest for the night on the ground they had so hardly won. The conduct of the 78th was the theme of universal admiration. "I never saw anything so fine," says an eye-witness. "The men went on, with sloped arms, like a wall; till within a hundred yards not a shot was fired. At the word 'Charge,' they broke just like an eager pack of hounds, and the village was taken in an instant. I was up almost as soon as they, and one man told me, with a grin, he had just killed three men out of one house. The enemy were now in retreat, for we had turned their position; but the fight was still hard, for their cavalry came round down upon our rear, and the guns had to be halted and opened on them. After that we got so far forward towards Cawnpore that, without knowing it, one of their heavy guns in position was passed, and they managed to slew it round and open fire on our rear. So we had to turn, and go back and take it. This was done by the 64th. In fact it was, in point of heavy fire and fatigue, a very hard fight; but the end was, that we took eight guns in all, and utterly routed the enemy, who evacuated Cawnpore during the night, and blew up the arsenal and magazine. We bivouacked on the field, with little bed and supper, and marched into Cawnpore next morning."

In eight days General Havelock's force had marched 126 miles, fought four actions against overwhelming numbers, and taken twenty-four guns of various calibre, and that in

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the hottest and most sultry month of an Indian summer season. They had recovered Cawnpore by superhuman exertions, but, alas! they arrived in time only to avenge their murdered countrymen—too late to save them. The manner of their death has already been told, and need not be repeated; while the frightful spectacle that met the horrified gaze of the British soldiers is too appalling to describe. The floor of the shed in which the massacre took place was many days afterwards still two inches deep in blood. Portions of dresses, children's frocks, frills, and socks, ladies' under-clothing, boys' trousers, ladies' round hats, all thickly clotted with blood, lay strewed about. Leaves of Bibles, and of a book called *Preparation for Death*, were scattered in all directions, mixed up with broken daguerreotype-cases, back-combs, and bunches of long hair torn out by the roots. The wooden pillars in the shed were hacked with sword-cuts, in which stuck tresses of female hair. In one corner a mutilated Prayer-Book was picked up. It had lost the cover, but on the fly-leaf was written, "For dearest mamma, from her affectionate Tom, June, 1845." It had apparently been opened at the Litany, and had lost some pages at the end—terminating with the 47th Psalm. Another visitor found a piece of paper on which was written, "Ned's hair, with love," and inside was a tuft of hair tied up with riband. A third gathered some scraps of paper from among the clothing, spotted with blood, and inscribed with the following terrible entries in pencil by a female hand, evidently that of Miss Caroline Lindsay (daughter of Mrs. G. Lindsay), who thus witnessed the destruction of her family; herself and one sister surviving only to share a more horrible death:—

"Mamma died, July 12.
"Alice died, July 9.
"George died, June 27.
"Entered the barracks, May 21.
"Cavalry left, June 5.
"First shot fired, June 6.
"Uncle Willy died, June 18.
"Aunt Lilly, June 17.
"Left barracks, June 27.
"Made prisoners as soon as we were at the river."

The other scrap contained a brief journal of events, likewise traced by a female hand:—

"We went into the barracks on the 21st of May, the 2nd cavalry broke out at two o'clock on the morning of the 5th of June, and the other regiments went off during the day. The next morning, while we were all sitting out in front of

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the barracks, a 24-pounder came flying along, and hit the intrenchment; and from that day the firing went on till the 25th of June; then the enemy sent a treaty, which the general agreed to, and on the 27th we all left the B. to go down to A. in boats. When we got to the river, the enemy began firing on us, killed all the gentlemen and some of the ladies, set fire to the boats; some were drowned, and we were taken prisoners and taken to a house, put all in one room."

The well in the same compound was a still more dreadful spectacle. Nearly 200 women and children had been thrown into it; some torn limb from limb, others still alive and slowly suffocated by the superincumbent bodies. Arms and legs were protruding from the mouth of the well when first discovered; but no time was lost in covering it in, and building it up as one large grave. The collector who gave the order for the massacre was taken prisoner on the 19th, and hanged from a bough of the nearest tree. "His death was accidentally a most painful one, for the rope was badly adjusted, and, when he dropped, the noose closed over his jaw. His hands then got loose, and he caught hold of the rope and struggled to get free; but two men took hold of his legs and jerked his body until his neck broke."

It was stated by a native, that when Lieutenant Sanders, of her Majesty's 84th, was brought before Nana Sahib, he pulled out his revolver and shot dead five of the guards. With his sixth round he missed the rajah, and was immediately seized and overpowered. He was then nailed to the ground, and his nose, ears, fingers, and toes were chopped off. Next day the work of mutilation was continued, until death released him from his unutterable agony. General Neill, who now took the command at Cawnpore, instituted measures of stern, inexorable justice, and struck terror into the hearts of all evil-doers. In his own words:—

"Whenever a rebel is caught, he is immediately tried, and unless he can prove a defence, he is sentenced to be hanged at once; but the chief rebels or ringleaders I make first clean up a certain portion of the pool of blood, still two inches deep, in the shed where the fearful murder and mutilation of women and children took place. To touch blood is most abhorrent to the high-caste natives; they think by doing so they doom their souls to perdition. Let them think so. My object is to inflict a fearful punishment for a revolting, cowardly, barbarous deed, and to strike terror into these rebels. The first I caught was a subadar, or native officer, a high-caste Brahmin, who tried to resist my order to clean up the very blood

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he had helped to shed; but I made the provost-marshal do his duty, and a few lashes soon made the miscreant accomplish his task. When done, he was taken out and immediately hanged, and after death buried in a ditch at the road-side. No one who has witnessed the scenes of murder, mutilation, and massacre, can ever listen to the word 'mercy,' as applied to these fiends."

It is a relief to turn from these horrors, which make one shudder to read or to relate. Their effect upon the spectators was very sad and lamentable. It is grievous to observe the revengeful and relentless feelings they excited, even in the breasts of gentle, delicate, Christian women. We are asked to admire the "courage" of an English lady who shook her fist in the face of a manacled sepoy and called him "Kafir!" After this, it is not surprising to hear that both officers and privates, both military men and civilians, strung up every armed native they could seize, and exulted over his death. A magistrate, being disturbed in his imitation of Calcraft, shot through the heart two men whom he had just hanged, lest they should, perchance, be cut down before the vital spark was quite extinguished. Two officers shot two Mahomedans who scowled upon them, and were justified by the verdict of a court of inquiry. Parties of soldiers are described as surrounding villages and then setting them on fire, without taking any precautions to prevent women and children, the sick and the infirm, from being involved in one common massacre. That is the only word applicable to such a distortion of justice. There can be no just condemnation until after a fair trial, and this appears to have been the last thing thought of. The only possible consequence of such merciless severity will be the alienation of the entire population, and a guerilla warfare of extermination. It is utter lunacy to dream of holding India, if the people turn against us; nor would the possession of the country be worth the loss of life that it would entail. But it is time to return to the gallant Havelock and his brave companions in arms.

On the 19th he again resumed active operations, and Bhitoor, Nana Sahib's palace and stronghold, twelve miles distant, was occupied without resistance. Sixteen guns and a number of elephants and camels were the prize of the victors. After blowing up his powder-magazine and setting fire to his palace, the troops returned to Cawnpore.

After a brief repose, the little army, now sadly reduced in numbers, crossed the Ganges, and boldly advanced to the relief of Lucknow. On the 29th they reached Oonao, a small town flanked by an extensive swamp, and the only

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approach defended by fifteen guns. There was, consequently, no alternative but to try the bayonet, which succeeded, as it always does in British hands, in putting the enemy to flight, with the loss of all his guns. Here the victors halted for four hours during the fierce noontide heat, and then marched on to Busserut Gunge. This place also was surrounded with water, four guns were mounted over the gateway, the road was broken up, and the gate itself strongly barricaded. Notwithstanding these formidable obstacles, an assault was given after a short cannonade, and, after a severe struggle, the town fell into the hands of the British. Their loss, in proportion to their numbers, had been very serious. Eighty-eight men and officers were killed or wounded; sickness, too, now broke out, and the triumphant progress of the column was greatly impeded. Another action was fought on the 5th August, with the usual result; but that night the order was issued for a retrograde movement. The entire force was reduced to 1,200 men. Sickness and battle were carrying off nearly fifty a day. In front was a numerous and disciplined enemy, strongly posted behind a ravine and protected by guns in position. Even if he succeeded in driving them from this line of defence, the British general had no cavalry to follow them up and prevent them from making a second stand a little further on. Neither had he any means of conveyance for the additional number of wounded men he might expect to have upon his hands. Under these circumstances he bowed to necessity, and with heavy hearts his men faced about and retraced their steps to the Ganges. This éxpedition, however, had not been altogether ineffective. Their approach had drawn off the main body of the besieging force from before the residency, and had enabled the garrison to make a sortie, and lay in a sufficient store of provisions to last them for at least three weeks. The retreat was effected in excellent order, though the enemy hung on the rear and incessantly threatened an attack. On the 11th of August, General Havelock reached the left bank of the river, and immediately sent over the wounded, the sick, and the heavy baggage. He himself remained until the next day, with 800 men, all that remained fit for service. Emboldened by the apparent feebleness of this force, and their total want of artillery, the mutineers advanced within range, and opened a murderous fire upon the 78th, from two 9-pounders. The brave Highlanders, already reduced to a skeleton corps, must inevitably have been annihilated, had they not taken a desperate resolution. Springing up from the ground with a loud yell, they threw

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themselves on the guns, and captured them without the loss of a single man. Startled by the impetuosity of their charge, the enemy fired over their heads. General Havelock rode up to the heroic band and cried aloud, "Well done, brave Highlanders! You have this day saved yourselves and your comrades!" After this brilliant feat of arms, the British soldiers crossed the Ganges without further molestation, and regained Cawnpore.

Four days afterwards, Havelock marched a second time against Bithoor, which had been reoccupied by a large body of the enemy, computed at 4,000, with two guns. The British force was about 1,300 strong, with fourteen pieces of artillery. Their right wing rested on the Ganges, their left on a deep ravine crossed by a bridge. The enemy stood their ground with unusual determination, but were at length driven from their position, with the loss of their guns and 250 men killed and wounded. The British loss in the action itself did not exceed fourteen killed and thirty wounded; but the cholera was raging through their devoted ranks, and men fell out at every moment. Slowly and sadly the wasted column returned to Cawnpore from the scene of their ninth victory; and on the morrow the general endeavoured to rally their drooping spirits by a complimentary order of the day.

"The brigadier-general commanding congratulates the troops on the result of their exertions in the combat of yesterday. The enemy were driven, with the loss of 250 killed and wounded, from one of the strongest positions in India, which they obdurately defended. They were the flower of the mutinous soldiery, flushed with the successful defection at Saugor and Fyzabad; yet they stood only one short hour against a handful of soldiers of the state whose ranks had been thinned by sickness and the sword. May the hopes of treachery and rebellion be ever thus blasted; and if conquest can now be achieved under the most trying circumstances, what will be the triumph and retribution of the time when the armies from China, from the Cape, and from England, shall sweep through the land? Soldiers! in that moment your labours, your privations, your sufferings, and your valour will not be forgotten by a grateful country. You will be acknowledged to have been the stay and prop of British India in the time of her severest trial."

Had the expected reinforcements from the lower provinces arrived when due, General Havelock would again have pushed forward to the relief of Lucknow; but the incapacity of a single man had disconcerted the whole plan of operations,

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and imperilled anew the safety of the British troops in Oude, and also at Allahabad, Cawnpore, and Agra.

It had long been known that the native brigade at Dinapore, consisting of the 7th, 8th, and 40th regiments, were only kept in check by the presence of H.M.'s 10th foot and a field-battery of six guns. General Lloyd, who commanded at that station, was in vain importuned to disarm them while it was yet time, but he turned a deaf ear to all allegations against the fidelity of his beloved sepoys. Even when it was no longer possible to entertain a doubt as to the disaffection of the troops, he adopted temporizing measures, and finally allowed them to go off with all their arms, ammunition, and accoutrements. Before the European regiment could be turned out under arms, the mutineers were already in full flight. Not above thirty of them were killed; the rest crossed the Soane, at a point about sixteen miles distant, and next morning marched into Arrah, where they released the prisoners, and were joined by a neighbouring rajah, named Koer Singh, with 2,000 or 3,000 armed followers. Mr. Wake, the magistrate, had presciently fortified a two-storied brick-built house, with a flat roof, and laid in a good supply of provisions and ammunition. Thither the European residents repaired on the first intimation of danger, and prepared for a gallant defence. The garrison consisted of fifty Sikhs and fourteen or fifteen Europeans, among whom was Mr. Boyle, a railway engineer, whose professional skill became of inestimable service.

In the mean time two days elapsed before General Lloyd could be induced to send out a force in pursuit. This consisted of 230 men of H.M.'s 37th, 150 of the 10th, and fifty Sikhs, besides ten or twelve volunteers, officers and civilians; the whole under the command of Capt. Dunbar, of the 10th. At ten o'clock at night they halted about three miles from Arrah, but after a brief repose pushed on again. A civilian who accompanied the expedition describes in the following words the terrible disaster that ensued:—

"What possessed us I know not; up to this time we had made the Sikhs throw out skirmishers, but now we marched in a body,—Ingleby and Dunbar, who was talking to me, with about twenty Sikhs, some 200 yards in advance of the main body. After marching to within half a mile of Arrah, we arrived at a thick tope of trees, and the moonlight hardly showed through; in fact, the moon was setting. Well, we had got nearly through, when, like a flash of lightning, all along our left side came one blaze of musketry, and then another, and then a third volley. By the light the firing

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made we could see we were surrounded. We got behind the trees and tried to return the fire; Dunbar, myself, three of the 10th, and two Sikhs, got together and blazed away. Foolishly I had given my powder-flask and bullets, &c., to a native to carry; of course he disappeared, and after firing off two barrels I was powerless—not for long, however, for the next minute we got a volley into us. I fancy our firing showed where we were. Poor Dunbar fell against me, mortally wounded. I was covered with his blood. A ball hit me in the thigh, cutting it slightly only; at the same time two of the 10th and one Sikh also fell. I immediately picked up an Enfield rifle belonging to the 10th man, and his cartridge-box, and began blazing away. I then shouted out that Dunbar was killed; that the first officer in command had best give orders. This brought another volley on us, and another man dropped. We then tried to join the main body, and ran from tree to tree; the Europeans seeing us coming, all Sikhs nearly, thought we were the enemy, and fired into us, killing several; in fact, I fear as many of our men were killed by their own comrades as by the enemy. In the night it was difficult to tell friend from foe; and, after having to dodge round a tree, you in the dark could hardly tell where your friends were, and where your foes. At last most of us got together and beat a retreat towards a tank, near which was a high bank; we got to the other side of this bank, and lay there all night, the enemy firing into us every five minutes, and foolishly our men would return the shot. It was bad policy, it showed where we were, and we could not afford to throw away a single shot. Young Anderson, a very nice young fellow of the 22nd native infantry, a volunteer, was standing up behind the hedge; he was shot through the head, and jumped up like a buck—of course killed on the spot. About daylight we counted our forces, and found that we were about 350 strong, 100 missing; afterwards about fifty of these joined us, being concealed in a village close by; the rest were killed. We could see the enemy, and tried to make out their number; there were the three Dinapore regiments drawn up in order, with bugles sounding the advance, about 2,000 men, with long matchlocks, belonging to, and headed by, Baboo Koer Singh, and more than 1,000 of the disbanded sepoys, who had managed to join him, and a large rabble armed with swords, spears, &c., not formidable in themselves, but who made themselves useful killing all the wounded, beating them like dogs. We tried to make the men charge; but they were tired, wet, and a great number wounded. My leg, from lying on the damp ground and from the bleeding,

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was so stiff I could hardly walk; however, I soon warmed up. Unfortunately, the doctor was one of the first wounded; and though he did his best, poor fellow, he could not bind up the wounds properly. There were no dhoolies; so that the wounded had to march with the rest. Then commenced our retreat. They completely surrounded us, and fired into us all the way back—twelve miles; men dropping every minute, and some, badly wounded, were, I fear, left behind and killed by the enemy. By the time we reached the boats, 100 must have been killed; and then commenced the massacre. The boats, which we expected to have been taken away, were all there; so with a cheer we all rushed to them, when, to our dismay, we found they had fastened them securely to the shore, and had dragged them up out of the water, and had placed, about 300 yards off, a small cannon, with which they blazed into us. (I forgot to say that all the way they pitched into us with four small cannons.) The men, to escape the shot, got into the boats; and of course, as long as they were in them, it was impossible to push the boats off. So a number of men stripped themselves, throwing away their rifles and everything, and some of them managed to reach the other side. The wounded men, of course, could not swim, and some of us knew we could never reach the shore; so out we jumped, and managed to get two of the boats off. Well, then we were at the mercy of the wind and stream, for not an oar had they left us. The wind was favourable, and we started off splendidly, when, lo and behold, we gradually turned towards the shore, and then I saw they had tied our rudder, so as to bring us in again. I told the men to cut it, but no one moved; and so I got a knife and climbed up to the rudder. It was one of those country boats, covered in except just at the stern. The moment they saw what I was at, they blazed at me; but God in His mercy preserved me. Two bullets went through my hat, but I was not touched. The rope was cut, and we were saved; but about halfway across we struck on a sandbank, and then the bullets poured in so fast that nearly every one jumped overboard. One young officer jumped over as he was, with his sword on, and down he went; another (Ingleby) was shot in the head, and either drowned or killed. I threw my pistol overboard; my coat I had thrown away early in the morning, as, being a coloured one, it made me conspicuous among the soldiers, who were all in white. How I swam on shore I know not, as it is not an accomplishment I am a 'dab' at. When once on shore we were pretty safe, and 250 out of 450 reached the steamer alive. Since then nearly 100 more, from wounds, exposure,

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&c., have died; making a loss of 300 out of 450—the worst that has befallen us yet; nearly every one was wounded. Of the volunteers who went with the troops, eight were killed, two wounded, poor Garston badly, shot right through the body from hip to hip; myself slightly in two places, the thigh and on the shin, the latter cutting my trousers in two places, cutting two holes in a Wellington boot, and luckily only cutting a flesh-wound. The eighth volunteer, young Mangles, John Lowis's brother-in-law, was knocked on the head and stunned for some ten minutes. He had a great lump on his head, but the bullet did no more damage; it must have just glanced off."

In consequence of this untoward affair, the party of Europeans and Sikhs were placed in imminent jeopardy.

"On the 28th (Mr. Wake afterwards reported to Government) two small cannon were brought to play on our bungalow, one throwing 4-pound shot; and they were daily shifted to what the rebels thought our weakest spots. Finally, the largest was placed on the roof of Mr. Boyle's dwelling-house, completely commanding the inside of our bungalow, and the smallest behind it, at a distance of twenty yards. Nothing but the cowardice, want of unanimity, and ignorance of our enemies, prevented our fortification being brought down about our ears. During the entire siege, which lasted seven days, every possible stratagem was practised against us. The cannons were fired as frequently as they could prepare shot, with which they were at first unprovided, and incessant assaults were made upon the bungalow. Not only did our Sikhs behave with perfect coolness and patience, but their untiring labour met and prevented every threatened disaster. Water began to run short; a well of eighteen feet by four was instantly dug in less than twelve hours. The rebels raised a barricade on the top of the opposite house; ours grew in the same proportion. A shot shook a weak place in our defence; the place was made twice as strong as before. We began to feel the want of animal food and the short allowance of grain. A sally was made at night and four sheep brought in, and finally we ascertained beyond a doubt that the enemy were undermining us: a counter-mine was quickly dug. On the 30th troops sent to our relief from Dinapore were attacked and beaten back close to the entrance of the town. On the next day the rebels returned, and, telling us that they had annihilated our relief, offered the Sikhs and the women and children (of which there were none with us) their lives and liberty if they would give up the government officers. August 1, we were all offered our

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lives and leave to go to Calcutta, if we would give up our arms. On the 2nd the greater part of the sepoys went out to meet Major Eyre's field-force, and, on their being soundly thrashed, the rest of them abandoned the station, and that night we went out and found their mine had reached our foundations, and a canvassed tube filled with gunpowder was lying handy to blow us up; in which, however, I do not think they could have succeeded, as their powder was bad, and another stroke of the pick would have broken into our countermine. We also brought in the gun which they had left on the top of the opposite house. During the whole siege only one man, a Sikh, was severely wounded, though two or three got scratches and blows from splinters of bricks."

From this perilous position they were released, after eight days' beleaguerment, by a small party of the 10th, with a field battery under Major Vincent Eyre, of Cabul celebrity. The major twice defeated vastly superior numbers of the enemy, and followed up his success by the capture of the fort of Jugdespore, the stronghold of Koer Singh.

In consequence, however, of the Dinapore mutiny, all communication between Benares and Lower Bengal was interrupted, and the troops marching up to Cawnpore were delayed, to restore tranquillity to Behar. General Lloyd was, of course, superseded, and General Sir James Outram, who had lately returned from Persia, was appointed to the command of the Dinapore division. That energetic officer lost no time in gathering together the different detachments as they arrived from Calcutta, and in organizing a movable column for the purpose of relieving Lucknow.

On the 1st of September he arrived at Allahabad with her Majesty's 5th fusiliers, the 90th, and a company of artillery —in all nearly 1,500 men. With characteristic magnanimity, Sir James Outram—happily eulogized by Sir Charles Napier as the "Bayard of India"—intimated to General Havelock his intention of accompanying him in his civil capacity alone as chief commissioner of Oude, and of tendering his military services as a volunteer. On his march to Cawnpore, being harassed on his right flank by a small body of mutineers who had crossed over from Oude, he despatched Major Eyre with a detachment of all arms to drive them across the river. This duty was gallantly executed, and on the 16th the entire column effected a junction with General Havelock's force at Cawnpore.

On the 19th the army of relief crossed the Ganges by a bridge of boats, and the rebels fell back upon the village of

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Mungarwar. The British force amounted to 2,700 men and seventeen guns, besides a small party of volunteer cavalry. Next day they attacked the enemy, and drove him from his position with the loss of four guns. Two of these, together with the regimental colours of the 1st native infantry, were captured by a brilliant charge of the volunteers, led on in person by Sir James Outram. As Havelock advanced, the rebels rapidly retreated, abandoning four more guns, besides throwing several into wells. On the 22nd Sir James Outram reported to government that firing at Lucknow was distinctly audible, and that a royal salute had been fired to announce the approach of the army of deliverance. Three days later the force under General Havelock, skirting the city, overcame all obstacles, and on the evening of the 25th the garrison was relieved. In a few hours it would have been too late. Two mines had been driven under the chief works, and as soon as they were loaded and sprung, would have placed the garrison at the mercy of the rebels. On the following day the insurgents were driven, after a stout resistance, from several intrenched positions in the city, and for the moment joyous congratulations were interchanged between the survivors and their preservers. Our loss, however, had been terribly severe. Upwards of 400 had fallen; and among the slain were General Neill, Major Cooper commanding the artillery, and four other officers. Nor was it possible to march back to Cawnpore, with more than 1,000 women and children, and sick or wounded men. The communications with that station had already been interrupted; the country was naturally difficult, being intercepted by many watercourses; the enemy was 50,000 strong; and there was no means of conveyance. Under these circumstances there was no alternative but patiently to await the arrival of reinforcements.

CHAPTER XI.

Mutiny at Jubbulpore—Temper of the Bombay troops—The Punjab—The Doab—Calcutta.

In order to avoid any interruption to the consecutiveness of the details concerning the siege of Delhi, it has been deemed advisable to collect under one head all the particulars relating to other parts of India up to the end of September, without reference to their precise chronological order. Two of the

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last regiments to mutiny in the Bengal army were the 50th and 52nd. The former were stationed at Nagode, and appear to have remained stanch until they heard of the rumoured approach of Koer Singh's levies. They then permitted their officers to blow up the magazine, spike the guns, destroy a few spare muskets, and retire to Jubbulpore, the head-quarters of the 52nd native infantry. In anticipation of the possible defection of this corps, the Residency had long since been intrenched and fortified. "It is a beautiful place," writes an officer of that corps, "so we all came here one evening; and such a business you never saw. There were ten ladies, with ever so many children, and a number of sergeants' and writers' wives. The next morning we began intrenching ourselves, bricking up all the verandah, only leaving loopholes to fire through. We put quantities of sandbags on the top of the house all round, cut down all trees within a certain distance of the house, laid in stores of grain for three months, and staked the ground all round, to prevent a rush. We also managed to find two old 4-pound guns, which we planted on the front side of the house, where they present a most imposing appearance. During this time our men kept quiet, and have done so ever since; regimental work went on as usual; no parades, but marching off the guards, and drill as usual. Of course we did not allow our men into the fortifications, but we allowed them to give us two guards of fifty men each outside at a little distance. We inside number about forty-five fighting men, about twenty women, and as many children. Three of us are of course on sentry-duty throughout the night, relieved every hour by three others. We feel quite safe now, but were very hard worked at first. We are very strong, and nothing but guns could dislodge us."

This was in July, and until the latter part of September nothing worthy of remark occurred to disturb the tranquillity of the station. It was then discovered that treasonous meetings were being held at the house of Rajah Shunker Shah, a Gond chief befriended by the British government. The rajah, his son, and twenty other conspirators were adroitly surprised and seized, and in his house was found a bundle of seditious papers. Among the latter was a Hindu prayer to Bhowany, or Devee, the goddess of destruction, which is inserted here as a model oraison for future patriots of the same stamp:—

"Shut the mouth of slanderers, bite and
Eat up backbiters, trample down the sinners,
You, Sutrsingharka [one of the names of Devee, implying here, destroyer of the enemy],

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Kill the British, exterminate them, Matchundee [another of the names of the goddess Devee];
Let not the enemy escape, nor the wives and children
Of such, O Singharkha [another of the goddess's names];
Show favour to Shunker; support your slaves;
Listen to the cry of religion.
Mathalka [another of the goddess Devee's names],
Eat up the unclean,
Make no delay,
Now devour them,
And that quickly,
Ghormatkelka" [another of the goddess Devee's names]:

The proofs of the old man's guilt were so clear, that both he and his son were blown away from guns. That same evening the 52nd native infantry, with the exception of ten men, deserted with their arms and ammunition, taking with them one officer, Lieutenant Macgregor, as a hostage. Having moved off to a short distance, they addressed the following letter to Colonel Jamieson:—

"TO HIS EXCELLENCY THE LORD OF CLEMENCY, THE BOUNTIFUL OF THE AGE, HIS EXCELLENCY COLONEL SAHIB BAHADOOR.

"May his power be perpetual!

"After respects, the representation is this:—That Shaik Diamutt Allee, havildar-major; and Salar Buksh, naik; and Dirguz Singh, naik; and Chundee Deen Mise, sepoy; and Jutchmun Mise, sepoy; and Lall Mund Sookool, sepoy; and Shaikh Nuzzuff Allee, sepoy; and Bhowanee Singh, sepoy; and others (named in the original): these sepoys, sir, send here; and this regiment the havildar-major ruined, and said that the Major Sahib and Moxon Sahib told the Madras sepoys to seize all the arms of the regiment and kill them, then you will receive thirty rupees per man as reward and be promoted to soubadar bahadoors. This speech the havildar-major made to the havildars on duty. If he had not said this, we would not have deserted and saved our lives by flight, as only from the havildar-major's speech we deserted. It is proper that these men should, by some means or other, be sent to us. Let them be seized and sent. We have committed no injury to the government; and as for the muskets and cartridge-boxes which we brought away with us, we have left our property in lieu thereof. Having sold it, take the price. Each sepoy left about thirty rupees' worth of property. Also

send pay for one month and fifteen days. We are men of honour, and are doing government good service here.

"Your lordship answered that the Madras sepoys are not under my authority. Then, having become helpless, we came away here by your order to save our lives. And on the 19th of May, when you officers fled, then we, being faithful to our salt, did not say anything to your lordships, and at that time the Madras regiment was not present; and when the adjutant sahib was attacked by a sepoy with a bayonet, if we had not been true to our salt, why did we seize the sepoy and make him over to you? And your highness is our lord and master; but when we did not find any way to save our lives, we fled and came here, and we had regard to your lordship's salt—if not, at that time we might have killed you. And if you do not let these sepoys go, then this sahib (meaning Lieutenant Macgregor) we will not kill, but, having bound him, will take him to Delhi; and if you will send those sepoys, then we will cause the sahib to arrive where you are. Moreover, having seized those sepoys, send them with a guard of police, and it will be well; and, if life remains, we will again be present in your service. We will not run away.

"This letter is written on the part of all the sepoys and non-commisioned officers. All the sepoys, non-commissioned and commissioned officers, send salaam."

Two companies of this regiment were doing duty with the movable column of Madras troops under General Miller, at Dumoh. That officer immediately pushed forward and encountered the mutineers at Kuttingee, about ten miles from Jubbulpore. In the action that ensued, the 52nd were routed, with the loss of 150 men slain; but the corpse of Lieutenant Macgregor was found in Kuttingee, with a ball through the neck, both arms broken, and his body perforated with upwards of thirty wounds: the sum of eight hundred pounds had been in vain offered for his release.

The Joudpore legion followed the example of so many other contingents, and took up a strong position in the village of Awah. Here they were attacked by the rajah of Joudpore, but they easily repulsed his raw levies, and on the 18th of September fought a drawn action with Brigadier Lawrence. Captain Monk Mason, the commissioner, was murdered in the jungle, while wandering about in search of the British camp.

The spirit of disaffection at length reached the Bombay army, which has been so often invidiously compared with the Bengal army, and extolled to the skies as a model for imitation. Notwithstanding their vaunted discipline and fidelity, the 27th native infantry mutinied at Kolapore and murdered

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three officers, and would have treated them all in the same manner, had they not been forewarned through the fidelity of two native officers. The outbreak seems to have been mainly suppressed by the prompt arrival of Lieutenant Kerr with a party of the Southern Mahratta horse. In twenty-four hours that fine young officer marched seventy-six miles at the head of fifty horsemen, without a single man or horse knocking up, although they swam three deep and rapid rivers on the way.

The Bombay troops in Scinde exhibited an equally unsatisfactory spirit. At Shikarpore and Hyderabad the artillerymen were barely disarmed in time; and at Kurrachee the 21st native infantry had conspired to rise at night and murder every European in the station. The plot, however, was fortunately discovered, and two companies of the 2nd Bombay fusiliers, supported by the horse artillery, compelled the mutineers to lay down their arms. In Bombay itself, at a little later period, some sepoys of the 10th native infantry were detected in a similar conspiracy, and two of them were blown away from guns in the presence of a vast concourse of spectators. About the same time an insurrection took place among the Bheels of Candeish, and Lieutenant Henry, superintendent of police, lost his life in a rash attempt to dislodge them from an almost inaccessible position.

In the Punjab the real inhabitants testified, from the commencement of the military revolt, an ardent attachment to the British government. Thousands of them eagerly offered their services to fight against the rebels, and on every occasion acquitted themselves as good soldiers. Towards the latter end of September, the predatory tribes on the Gogaira succeeded in interrupting all communication between Lahore and Mooltan, but they were soon cut to pieces by the Punjab police.

The rich and fertile district lying between the Ganges and the Jumna, and therefore known as the Doab, was the chief scene of misery and misrule. From Meerut detachments of horse and foot now and again sallied forth to scour the country and destroy the numerous bands of marauders. At Saharunpore the energy of Mr. Robert Spankie, the magistrate, was taxed to the utmost to preserve the semblance of tranquillity. In the Deyrah Dhoon Mr. H. G. Keene distinguished himself in a similar manner, and had the moral hardihood to establish a paper currency, and to obtain for it a ready circulation. In Rohilcund the Hindoos soon wearied of the insolence of the temporarily dominant Mahomedans. Frequent strife broke out between them, and,

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could a handful of Europeans have been spared from any other quarter, Bareilly need not long have remained in the power of the rebels. Khan Bahadoor Khan, who gained for himself such an unenviable notoriety at the time of the Bareilly mutiny, more than once threatened to attack the European fugitives at Nynee Tal. But Colonel McCausland at Almorah, and Captain Ramsay at the former place, were officers of too great experience and courage to be alarmed by threats. When at last Khan Bahadoor's nephew attemped to fulfil his uncle's menaces, he found himself suddenly opposed to a valiant band of Ghoorkas trained by European officers. His followers were speedily overthrown, and he himself was slain in the fight or flight.

As the Mahomedan festival of the Mohurrum drew to a close, the panic in Calcutta gradually subsided. The unexpected, but opportune, arrival of Lord Elgin with 1,700 soldiers on board the *Shannon* and the *Pearl*, no doubt, contributed to the restoration of public confidence. Captain Peel was immediately instructed to proceed to Allahabad with a naval brigade consisting of 400 blue jackets and ten sixty-eight-pounders. Sir Colin Campbell also arrived, to take the chief command of the forces in India, and thus Sir Patrick Grant was enabled to return to his own sphere of duties at Madras. The unpopularity of Lord Canning, however, rather increased than diminished. All manner of false statements and absurd anecdotes were put in circulation, touching the ill feeling that was erroneously imagined to exist between the governor-general and the new commander-in-chief. An appointment made by his lordship about this time became the object of especial animadversion. Mr. John Peter Grant, a member of council, was appointed lieutenant-governor of the central provinces, with Allahabad for his seat of government, until such time as Mr. Colvin should be in a position to act from Agra. It was alleged, but very unjustly, that Mr. Grant was instructed to supersede the military authorities, and to restore the slow legal process of the ordinary tribunals, even in the case of mutineers seized with arms in their hands. It was also mentioned as a fact, that his first act was to liberate 150 of the Cawnpore miscreants, but that the 78th Highlanders bayoneted the wretches as they were released from confinement. There does not appear to have been any foundation for these idle tales, which exemplify the wisdom of Lord Canning's conduct in licensing the press. The agitation of men's minds was not altogether surprising, or unnatural, when every steamer that arrived from the upper provinces brought

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down crowds of helpless women and children, many of them without ears, or lips, or fingers, or nose, and otherwise horribly maltreated, and all of them destitute of food, money, or clothing. Very many were the widows and orphans: still more numerous were those who had lost friends and property, employment and hope. But British charity is never appealed to in vain. Subscriptions poured in rapidly from all quarters, headed by the munificent gift of £1,000 from the governor-general. The appeal was responded to with still greater warmth in England, and before the commencement of November a quarter of a million sterling had been collected for the relief of the sufferers in India.

CHAPTER XII.

British forces before Delhi—The Eed—Action at Nujuffghur—Assault and Capture of Delhi.

While rebellion, treachery, and murder were thus stalking through the fairest provinces of Hindostan,—while regiment after regiment was falling away from its allegiance—while brave men were being tortured, or shot down by their own companions in arms—while comely matrons and delicate maidens were being subjected to mutilation and the vilest indignities—while little children were being torn asunder, or hewed in pieces—while humanity was everywhere being outraged, society subverted, and government set at naught—the little army of observation steadfastly held its ground before Delhi, and, like a murderer's conscience, grimly assured the mutineers of a certain and terrible retribution.

The month of July set in with heavy rains, which caused much discomfort to the dwellers in tents, but failed to damp their martial ardour. The mutineers kept behind their walls until the 9th, when they sallied out about seven, a. m., and a body of their cavalry, which had formerly belonged to an irregular regiment, got to the rear of the camp through the supposed connivance of a picket of the 9th irregular cavalry. They failed, however, to do much harm, except among some of the camp followers, and they were finally driven out with the loss of their leader and several of their men. At one period of the engagement, Lieutenant Hills, of the horse artillery, with two guns, supported by eighty of the carabineers, while advancing to the front, came suddenly upon 120 of the enemy's cavalry. The carabineers, seized with a panic, turned,

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and fled. The guns being limbered, he could do nothing with them; but rather than follow the dastardly example of the troopers, the gallant fellow charged by himself. Two of the enemy he shot dead, and unhorsed a third by hurling his pistol in his face. Two horsemen then charged him, and rolled him and his steed over on the ground. As he regained his feet a sepoy rushed at him with his sword uplifted to strike. Hills rushed in, closed with him, and felled him with a blow in the face. But at that moment he was himself cut down from behind, and would presently have been despatched, had not Major Tombs been drawn to the spot by the sound of firing, and shot his assailant. The major then ran another man through the body, and carried off his young comrade from the field. The hottest part of the fight, however, was, as usual, in the Subzee Mundee—or, as it was called by the soldiers, "Sunday Monday." There 200 of them were killed, but not without the loss on our side of nine officers wounded—one, mortally— and forty-two rank and file killed, and 160 wounded.

This severe punishment impressed the mutineers with salutary dread; but on the 14th, they again recovered courage to issue forth from the city in a column 9,000 strong. Their attack was directed against the right flank, and heavy skirmishing was kept up among the inclosures for three hours. They then lost heart, and made for the protection of their friendly walls. Flushed with success, the British soldiers followed them up too far, and got within the range of both grape and musketry. Before they could be recalled, sixteen officers and 230 men were put *hors de combat.* Among the former was Brigadier Chamberlain, adjutant-general of the army, who was struck by a grapeshot on the arm.

Another affair took place on the 18th, but was in no way eventful, save by the death of Lieut. Crozier, of H.M.'s 75th. On the 23rd, however, the enemy marched out in great force against the left of the British position, and advanced against the battery at Metcalfe-house. But as the ground on that side of the city is less obstructed by ruins and inclosures than on the right flank, they were exposed to a fierce onslaught by Brigadier Showers, who chased them back to the Cashmere gate. On this occasion we lost one officer, Lieut. Law, 10th native infantry, and twelve men; four officers and fifty-nine men were wounded. Ill health now compelled General Reed to repair to the hills, and resign the command to Brigadier Wilson, of the Bengal artillery, a cautious though brave and active officer.

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Up to the evening of the 30th, the enemy refrained from even molesting the pickets, but on the 31st they ventured out in great force, both from the Cashmere and the Ajmere gates. "The former column," says an eye-witness, "moved rapidly away to the right towards the residency, and the houses near, and got a couple of 9-pounders, from which they played on the mosque, also sending shots to the centre battery. During this time the guns on the different bastions were not idle; they fired shells both from mortars and howitzers, which fell either short or went over the ridge, and burst harmlessly amongst the trees in the valley of death. The Moree was troublesome as usual with the 24-pounders. The Pandies might be seen in the houses to the left of the residency; shots were fired at them from the centre battery, and shells from the mortars and howitzers, which made Pandy depart; he remained lurking about, and firing occasional shots with his musket. They are not allowed to return to the city till four o'clock; so they wile away the time by sitting behind a rock and smoking their hookahs, and taking an occasional shot at a thousand yards. This is what they do on the left; but on the right they come within a hundred yards in some places, and farther off in others, of the breastwork, which extends from the mosque known by the name of the Ram Sammy house to the road, and another from the three 9-pounder battery to the Crow's-nest and Subzee Mundee pickets. During this time, cavalry and infantry and about twelve guns came out of the Ajmere gate, went behind the Eed Gah, and took the road to Rhotuck. They were coming out in one continued stream from seven o'clock till twelve; they had elephants and laden bullocks with them."

This second column endeavoured to get to the rear of the camp, but were unable to cross the canal, and thus returned to the city without any result. Throughout that night an incessant fire was directed against the outposts, the bugles continually sounding the advance, and the sepoys shouting to one another, *Chulo, bhai, chulo*—"Come on, brother, come on"—but no one venturing to set the example. The roar of artillery resounded without intermission from the evening of the 31st July until noon of the 2nd August. At times, drugged up to enthusiasm, the rebels rushed up to our breastworks, but only to be shot down by dozens. The British soldiers, being held well in hand, passed almost unscathed through this fiery ordeal. Our total loss was Capt. Travers, of the Punjab rifles, and nine men killed, and

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thirty-six of all ranks wounded. On their side above 200 were killed, and at least twice that number wounded.

An officer present with the force thus describes the appearance of the camp at this time:—

"What a sight our camp would be even to those who visited Sebastopol. The long lines of tents, the thatched hovels of the native servants, the rows of horses, the parks of artillery, the English soldier in his gray linen coat and trousers, the Sikhs with their red and blue turbans, the Affghans with their red and blue turbans, their wild air, and their gay head-dresses, and coloured saddle-cloths, and the little Ghoorkas, dressed up to the ugliness of demons, in black worsted Kilmarnock hats and woollen coats—the truest, bravest soldiers in our pay. There are scarcely any Poorbeas (Hindoos) left in our ranks, but of native servants many a score. In the rear are the booths of the native bazaars, and further out on the plain the thousands of camels, bullocks and horses that carry our baggage. The soldiers are loitering through the lines or in the bazaars. Suddenly the alarm is sounded. Everyone rushes to his tent. The infantry soldier seizes his musket and slings on his pouch, the artilleryman gets his guns harnessed, the Affghan rides out to explore; in a few minutes everybody is in his place.

"If we go to the summit of the ridge of hill which separates us from the city, we see the river winding along to the left, the bridge of boats, the towers of the palace, and the high roof and minarets of the great mosque, the roofs and gardens of the doomed city, and the elegant-looking walls, with batteries here and there, the white smoke of which rises slowly among the green foliage that clusters round the ramparts.

"It was anticipated the enemy would make a desperate attack on the Eed, the anniversary of the sacrifice Abraham intended to make of Ishmael, as the Mussulmans represent it. It is commemorated on the 1st and 2nd of August. The enemy made an attempt to get their guns across the little river to our rear, but the bridge they erected was carried down by a sudden flood, and they returned to the city. A large convoy entered our camp in safety next morning. On the evening of the 2nd they commenced an attack on our batteries, which was continued the whole night.

"The noise in camp was most alarming, and the roar of the guns from either batteries, the incessant crack of musketry, the yells of the enemy, and the shouts of our men, gave the

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idea of a sanguinary fight raging through the hours of darkness. In the morning, however, it appeared that we had only lost twenty-two men in killed and wounded, that the enemy never advanced nearer than twenty yards of our breastworks, and had been always easily turned by a steady volley from our troops, who kept well under cover, and certainly killed above 200 of the enemy."

This noisy demonstration was succeeded by a lull of three days. On the 6th, the enemy made a feeble attack upon the pickets, though their artillery fire was heavy and well maintained. Lieutenant Brown, 3rd native infantry, and one private were killed, and several wounded. On the 10th, the enemy established a battery outside the walls, bearing upon the picket at Metcalfe-house. As the fire from these guns gave much annoyance, Brigadier Showers was ordered to take them. This he accomplished on the morning of the 12th, and brought into camp one 24-pounder howitzer, two 9 and one 6-pounder guns. His loss was considerable, amounting to 113 killed and wounded; among the former was Lieutenant Sheriff, 2nd fusiliers. A less successful attempt was made by the engineers to destroy the bridge of boats, by means of infernal machines, but the swiftness of the stream swept them on to an island, where they stranded and stuck fast. However, the time for action was now at hand. In the middle of August Brigadier Nicholson, a host in himself, arrived in camp with his movable column of 1,000 Europeans and 1,400 Sikhs, and reported the approach of a heavy siege train from Ferozepore. This welcome reinforcement raised the numerical force of the British army to 9,700 fighting men, of whom 4,600 were English.

Nothing worthy of note occurred until the morning of the 25th, with the exception of a large body of the enemy being observed to take the road to Rhotuck. Being pursued by Lieutenant Hodson, of the guide corps, with 300 irregular cavalry, who were afterwards joined by horsemen belonging to our trusty ally, the Jheend rajah, the rebels were twice attacked and cut to pieces. At the same time General Van Cortlandt, who so signally distinguished himself in the Mooltan campaign, was doing excellent service at Hansi and Hissar, dispersing the rebels, keeping open the roads, and collecting the revenue. But the crowning triumph of this month was reserved for Brigadier Nicholson.

"Information was received in camp that a force of the enemy, to the number of 7,000 of all arms, with eighteen guns, had marched from Delhi, with a view of crossing the Nujuffghur Jheel Drain, in order to operate on our rear and

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cut off our supplies. A moveable column, under the command of Brigadier-general Nicholson, was ordered to march on the 25th inst., at four a.m., to Nujuffghur, to check this movement. This column consisted of a squadron of lancers, under Captain Sarel; the guide cavalry, under Captain Sandford; Her Majesty's 61st, under Colonel Renny; 1st European fusileers, under Major Jacob; Coke's rifles, Green's 2nd Punjaub infantry; Major Tomb's troop of horse artillery, and that commanded by Captain Remington; the Mooltan horse, and a party of sappers and miners under an engineer officer, for the purpose of blowing up the bridge at Nujuffghur, making a total of about 1,000 Europeans and 2,000 native troops. On arriving at a village some nine or ten miles from camp a halt was made for the purpose of reconnoitring the road and gaining information of the enemy's movements and position. A cavalry picket was discovered some distance ahead, which tried to intercept our reconnoitring party, but did not succeed. From the reports of the villages we heard that the enemy had crossed the bridge and were encamped, or were preparing to encamp at Nujuffghur. The march was immediately resumed and after a further ten-mile march (in the course of which we had to cross an extensive sheet of water about three feet deep) we arrived at Nujuffghur at half-past five p.m. Here we found a sharp fire of musketry and light guns directed on the advanced column, which was halted there. Brigadier-general Nicholson then gave the order to the 1st Europeans and 61st foot to form line, and addressed a short speech to them, pointing out how in the Crimea the gallant 93rd and other regiments achieved such brilliant successes by the careful reserve of their fire until close to the enemy, and exhorting the men in the present instance to emulate that example. A troop of horse artillery formed on either flank of this line, and galloped forward, and opened fire on a serai which the enemy, had occupied in force, with four guns in position. At the same time the word was given, 'Line will advance;' and with fixed bayonets the whole stepped off as steadily as if on parade, straight on to the serai. When within a short distance, the charge was made, and with a British cheer they rushed forward and captured the building with its four guns, doing great execution among the defenders. The enemy beaten from here, retreated towards the bridge, several other guns being taken *en route.* They again attempted to make a stand at the bridge, but were speedily broken by a well-directed fire of artillery, and four more guns were taken here. A company of the 1st European fusiliers were now sent to hold the bridge as a covering party, while preparations were

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being made for blowing it up. The enemy had managed to carry off two or three guns, from which they opened a well-directed fire on the bridge of round shot and grape, one of the former blowing up an ammunition-waggon which had been abandoned by the enemy, severely injuring several men of the 1st; two were also killed by round shot. They, however, managed to hold the bridge in spite of this very heavy fire, nor did it deter the engineer officer, Captain Geneste, from laying his charges for destroying the bridge. Several times the enemy tried to recapture the bridge, but the Europeans, now increased to three companies, managed uniformly to repulse them. Unfortunately the grog for the men had not arrived, nor commissariat rations; and it was wonderful how they bore up against the privations of a long march, some hard fighting, and no food. A little grumbling was occasionally heard, but good humour and cheerfulness were the order of the day. About two o'clock at night the charges were laid and everything ready; accordingly, the covering party was withdrawn to camp, and some minutes afterwards the explosion took place. On visiting the bridge next morning, it had completely disappeared, leaving, literally, 'not a wreck behind.' All the baggage being behind, the men had to sleep on the damp ground during the night—at least such as could sleep at all, many being employed in dragging in the captured guns. Very large stores of ammunition, &c., were destroyed, ten or twelve waggons being blown up, no carriage being available; some of the regiments were fortunate enough to find some bags of rupees, one man I heard of having managed to get 900 rupees. Coke's rifles and the 61st foot suffered much in an attack on a village, the commanding officer of the former, Captain Lumsden, being killed, and two officers, Lieutenants Gabbett and Elkington, of the latter. We marched homewards next morning at 4·30, reaching the halfway-house at about twelve, where we halted for two hours, and then to camp, where we arrived very tired, but in high spirits at our success, at six o'clock. Our loss was estimated altogether at about 120 killed and wounded. Thirteen guns were captured, and great loss inflicted on the enemy."

On the morning of the 26th the mutineers made an attack on the outposts in a desultory manner, but were much cut up by grape from the centre battery. This was their last attempt to molest the besiegers in the month of August. On our part, the engineers were actively engaged in preparing the ground for the breaching batteries, and in removing all

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obstructions between them and the city walls. It was decided that the attack should be made on the north face of the city, between the Moree and Water bastions.

"These bastions had been greatly altered and improved by our engineers many years ago, and presented regular faces and flanks of masonry with properly cut embrasures; the height of the wall was twenty-four feet above the ground-level, of which, however, eight feet was a mere parapet three feet thick, the remainder being about four times that thickness; outside the wall was a very wide berm, and then a ditch sixteen feet deep and twenty feet wide at bottom, escarp and counterscarp steep, and the latter unrevetted, and the former revetted with stone, and eight feet in height. A good sloping glacis covered the lower ten feet of the wall from all attempts of distant batteries."

When the moment for the assault drew near, General Wilson promulgated the following order to his troops:—

"The force assembled before Delhi has had much hardship and fatigue to undergo since its arrival in this camp, all of which has been most cheerfully borne by officers and men. The time is now drawing near when the major-general commanding the force trusts that their labours will be over, and they will be rewarded by the capture of the city for all their past exertions, and for a cheerful endurance of still greater fatigue and exposure. The troops will be required to aid and assist the engineers in the erection of the batteries and trenches, and in daily exposure to the sun, as covering parties.

"The artillery will have even harder work than they yet have had, and which they have so well and cheerfully performed hitherto; this, however, will be for a short period only, and when ordered to the assault, the major-general feels assured British pluck and determination will carry everything before them, and that the bloodthirsty and murderous mutineers against whom they are fighting will be driven headlong out of their stronghold or be exterminated; but to enable them to do this, he warns the troops of the absolute necessity of their keeping together and not straggling from their columns—by this can success only be secured.

"Major-General Wilson need hardly remind the troops of the cruel murders committed on their officers and comrades, as well as their wives and children, to move them in the deadly struggle. No quarter should be given to the mutineers; at the same time, for the sake of humanity, and

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the honour of the country they belong to, he calls upon them to spare all women and children that may come in their way.

"It is so imperative, not only for their safety, but for the success of the assault, that men should not straggle from their column, that the major-general feels it his duty to direct all commanding officers to impress this strictly upon their men; and he is confident that, after this warning, the men's good sense and discipline will induce them to obey their officers and keep steady to their duty. It is to be explained to every regiment that indiscriminate plunder will not be allowed; that prize-agents have been appointed, by whom all captured property will be collected and sold, to be divided, according to the rules and regulations on this head, fairly among all men engaged; and that any man found guilty of having concealed captured property will be made to restore it, and will forfeit all claims to the general prize; he will also be liable to be made over to the provost-marshal to be summarily dealt with. The major-general calls upon the officers of the force to lend their zealous and efficient co-operation in the erection of the works of the siege now about to be commenced. He looks especially to the regimental officers of all grades to impress upon their men that to work in the trenches during a siege is as necessary and honourable as to fight in the ranks during a battle. He will hold all officers responsible for their utmost being done to carry out the directions of the engineers, and he confidently trusts that all will exhibit a healthy and hearty spirit of emulation and zeal, from which he has no doubt that the happiest results will follow, in the brilliant termination of all their labours."

On the morning of the 4th, the siege train of thirty to forty heavy guns, mortars, and howitzers, with vast supplies of ammunition, arrived in camp, escorted by a wing of H. M.'s 8th, two companies of the 61st, and a wing of the 1st Belooch battalion. Two days later came 200 of the 60th rifles and 100 artillery recruits from Meerut, with forty-five troopers of the 9th lancers. On the 7th arrived the 4th Punjab infantry, and on the 8th the Jheerd rajah's levies and the Cashmerian Dograhs. The batteries were now pushed forward with the utmost resolution and rapidity, and on the 11th nine 24-pounders opened upon the Cashmere bastion and adjacent curtain. The other batteries followed in quick succession, and by the evening of the 13th two breaches were declared practicable by escalade near the Cashmere and Water bastions.

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At daybreak on the 14th September, 1857, the troops moved out to the assault. One column, consisting of the Cashmere levies and Ghoorkas, under Major Reid, attacked the Kishengunge and Pahareepore suburbs, but were repulsed with considerable loss. The object, however, was gained of making a diversion. The other attacks were all completely successful. The first column, under Brigadier Nicholson, stormed the Cashmere bastion, occupied the main-guard, and advanced towards the Lahore gate, when their heroic leader fell mortally wounded. At the same moment the second column, under Brigadier Jones, scaled the breach at the Water bastion, and gave the hand to the third column, under Colonel Campbell, which had entered through the gate. The blowing open of this gate was one of the most gallant and perilous exploits of the day. It has been thus described in the columns of the *Times* :—

"The explosion party, under Lieutenants Home and Salkeld, which so gallantly performed the desperate duty of blowing in the Cashmere gate of the city of Delhi, in broad daylight, in the face of the enemy, on the 14th of September, was composed of the two officers above named, Sergeant John Smith, Sergeant A. B. Carmichael, and Corporal F. Burgess, all of the sappers and miners; Bugler Hawthorne, H.M.'s 62nd foot; fourteen sappers and miners, natives; and ten Punjab ditto, muzbees, covered by the fire of H.M.'s 60th rifles. The party advanced at the double towards the gate, Lieutenant Home, with Sergeants Smith and Carmichael, and Havildar Madhoo, of the sappers, leading, and carrying the powder-bags, followed by Lieutenant Salkeld, Corporal Burgess, and a section of the remainder of the party. The advance party reached the gateway unhurt, and found that part of the drawbridge had been destroyed; but, passing across the precarious footing supplied by the remaining beams, they proceeded to lodge their powder-bags against the gate. The wicket was open, and through it the enemy kept up a heavy fire upon them. Sergeant Carmichael was killed while laying the powder, Havildar Madhoo being at the same time wounded. The powder having been laid, the advance party slipped down into the ditch, to allow the firing party, under Lieutenant Salkeld, to perform its duty. While endeavouring to fire the charge, Lieutenant Salkeld was shot through the leg and arm, and handed over the slow match to Corporal Burgess, who fell mortally wounded, just as he had successfully accomplished this arduous duty. Havildar Tilluck Singh, of the Sikh muzbees, was wounded, and Rembeth, sepoy, of the same corps, killed, during this part

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of the operation. The demolition of the gate having been most successful, Lieutenant Home, happily unhurt, caused the bugler to sound the call to the 52nd as the signal for the advancing columns; but fearing that, amid the noise of the assault, the sound might not have been heard, he had the call repeated three times, when the troops advanced and carried the gateway with complete success—thus most materially contributing to the brilliant success of the day."

The three columns uniting now advanced into the city, and before nightfall were in possession of the whole line of works from the Water bastion to the Cabul gate, including the Cashmere and Moree gates and bastions, the church, the college, the premises of the *Delhi Gazette*, and Skinner's house, where head-quarters were established. The following day was occupied in securing this position and in battering the magazine, in which a breach was effected that same evening. At daybreak of the 16th a detachment of the 61st sprang forward with such impetuosity that the artillerymen dropped their lighted portfires and fled without discharging a single gun; six heavy pieces of artillery, loaded with grape, commanded the breach. On the following morning the Bank and its extensive grounds, formerly the residence of the Begum Sumroo and her adopted son the unhappy Dyce Sombre, fell into the possession of the British, and enabled them to bring their guns to bear upon the bridge of boats and the palace. On the same day the Jumma Musjid was stormed, and the adjutant-general of the army reported to government the capture of 206 pieces of artillery, besides enormous quantities of shot, shell, percussion-caps, and other warlike *matériel*. But this prize had not lightly been won. Eight officers, 162 rank and file, and 103 native soldiers, had been killed; 52 officers, 510 rank and file, and 310 natives, had been wounded. One-third of the entire storming party had been rendered unfit for service; but the survivors were sufficient to complete the occupation of the city and suburbs by the evening of the 20th. The king and his sons fled to Hoomayoon's tomb, and were there discovered and seized by Captain Hodson, of the Guides. The old monarch, in pity to his ninety years and hoary hair, was spared, together with the Begum Zenat Mehal; but his two sons and his grandson were led out and shot, and their bodies exposed in the Kotwalee, or mayor's court. Thus has terminated the dynasty of Timour. Unjust, sensual, and oppressive in their days of power and grandeur, that line of monarchs has passed away from the world under circumstances of the most retributive degradation. In the palace of the Great Mogul, in that

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famous Dewan-i-Khas, famous throughout the world for the vainglorious inscription,

> "If paradise be on the face of the earth,
> Here it is, here it is, here it is"—

—in that once resplendent Hall of Audience, the Feringhee conqueror drained a goblet to the health of Queen Victoria, and thousands of triumphant voices shouted "God save the Queen!" The glories of that crime-polluted palace have departed, and ere long the traveller will sigh as he repeats the well-known lines from Sadi,

> "The spider hath woven his web in the royal palace of the Cæsars;
> The owl standeth sentinel on the watch-towers of Afrasiab."

The palace and the fortifications will, no doubt, be levelled with the ground, but the city will be spared, to become the peaceful abode of wealthy merchants and industrious artisans. A population of 150,000 inhabitants cannot lightly be turned adrift into the world, or converted into desperate and implacable enemies.

With the capture of Delhi General Wilson's task was done. His health had succumbed to the climate and the arduous labours of his post; and he now resigned the command to Brigadier Penny, C.B., a brave and experienced veteran. Two movable columns of 1,600 foot, 500 horse, and seventeen guns, were despatched in pursuit of the retreating and disheartened enemy. One column under Colonel Greathed, H.M.'s 84th foot, encountered the Jhansi rebels at Bolundshuhur, and dispersed them with the loss of their guns and ammunition; and on the same day the other column overtook the Delhi fugitives at Muttra, and accelerated their retreat.

The distinguished achievements of Generals Wilson and Havelock were gracefully celebrated in a proclamation of the governor-general. More substantial honours were awarded to these gallant soldiers by their grateful sovereign. They were immediately created Knights Commander of the Bath, and have since been raised to the well merited dignity of baronets of the United Kingdom, under the style of Sir Henry Havelock, "of Lucknow," and Sir Archdale Wilson, "of Delhi." The Companionship of the noble order of the Bath has also been conferred on Generals Van Cortlandt and Chamberlain. Higher honours, we may well believe, yet await them.

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